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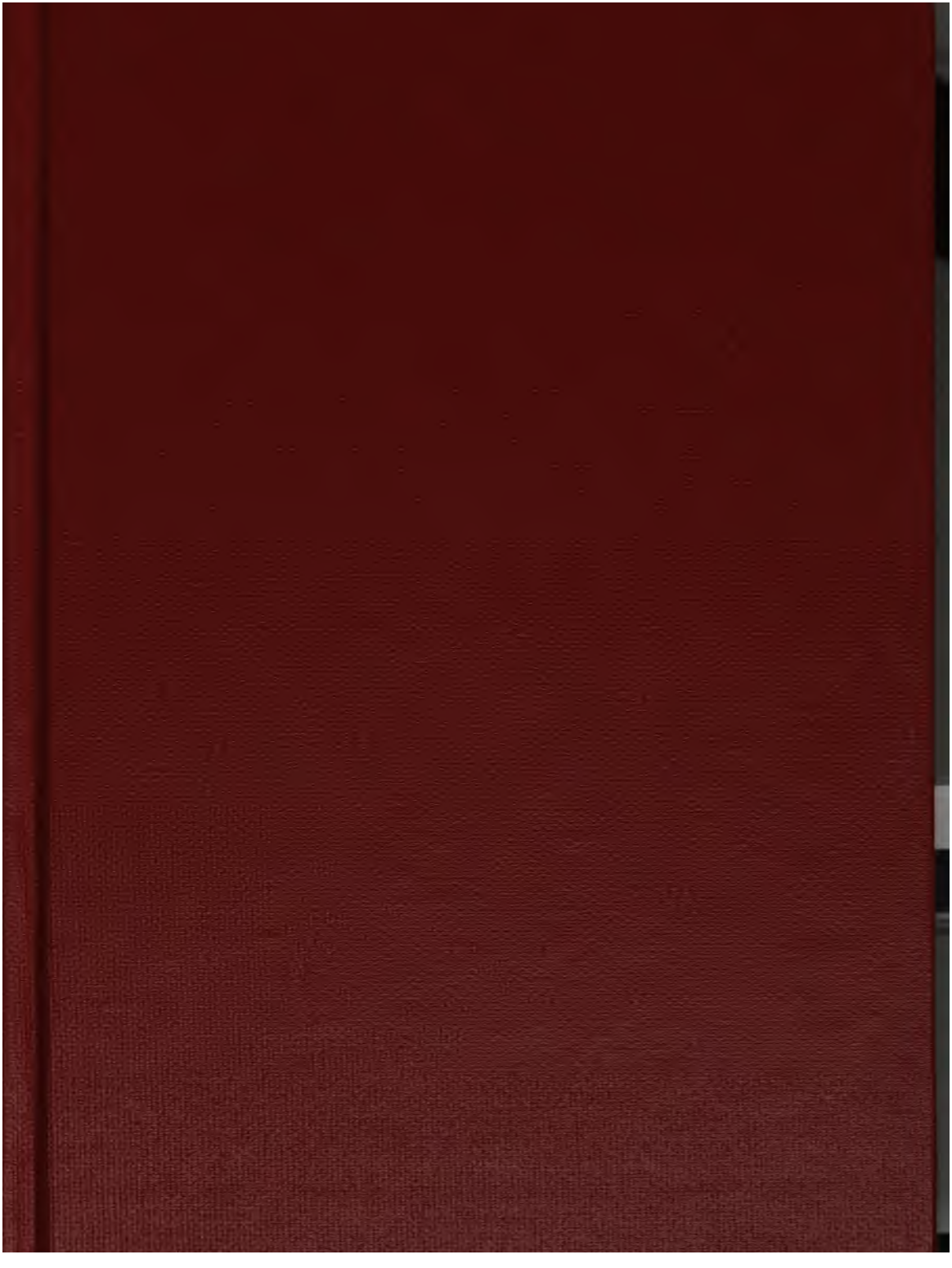

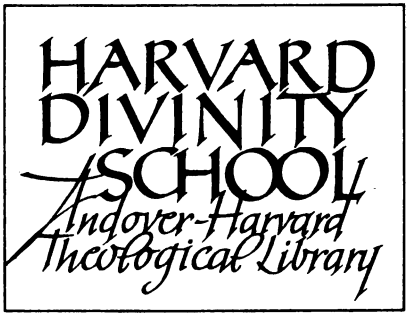
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1898

THIS Hymnal has been prepared by the following Committee:—

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PREFACE

THE HYMNAL was prepared as a complete manual of praise designed especially for Sunday worship, but adapted to all the services of the Church. THE CHAPEL HYMNAL is issued in response to the demand for a smaller hymnal for use in prayer-meetings, young people's societies, and other social services.

This hymnal, like the larger book, was projected by the Presbyterians, but on the cordial invitation of their committee the undersigned were appointed by the Publication Committee of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society to coöperate with them. It seems fitting, as was indicated by the Presbyterian Committee, that two Churches having in many respects a common history should have a common book as an expression of their worship in song. The collaboration has been in every respect satisfactory, the main work falling, of course, upon the Presbyterian Committee, but calling for no little time and labor from us. The result, we believe, is a book better adapted to its purposes than if wholly prepared by either committee alone.

THE CHAPEL HYMNAL consists principally of those hymns in THE HYMNAL which are best adapted for use in devotional meetings and of such tunes as can be used to good advantage on such occasions. Ordinarily the familiar association of hymn and tune has been retained. In addition, there have been included in this book some standard hymns and tunes reserved for this work when THE HYMNAL was prepared, together with some fresh selections of a popular character and a number of the more desirable "Gospel Hymns."

Preface

Acknowledgment is made to those who have freely granted the use of copyright hymns and tunes; especially to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the hymns of Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier; the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., for No. 255; and Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. and Mr. Lewis H. Redner, for No. 76.

As far as possible the hymns are printed as their authors wrote them. When any changes have been adopted, the fact has invariably been noted beneath the hymn. The dates set to the tunes are the dates of first publication. The date set to the hymn is the earliest date obtainable, ordinarily that of its composition, in some cases necessarily that of its first publication. Where two dates are given they indicate that of the original form of the hymn, and that of the author's revised text used in his book.

GEO. M. BOYNTON,
M. C. HAZARD.

NOTE

The abbreviation "publ." indicates that the date of writing is unknown, and that the date of publication is posthumous. The letter *c* (*circa*) before a date is used where exact certainty is unobtainable. Where dates, either of hymns or tunes, are altogether wanting, the dates of the author's or composer's birth and death are given in parentheses, *e. g.* (1816–1893), or when living, that of his birth only, *e. g.* (1838–), or the date of death, when that alone is known *e. g.* (–1850).

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The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME; THY KINGDOM COME; THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD; AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

The Ten Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the Name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

HEAR also the words of our Lord Jesus, how He saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Apostles' Creed

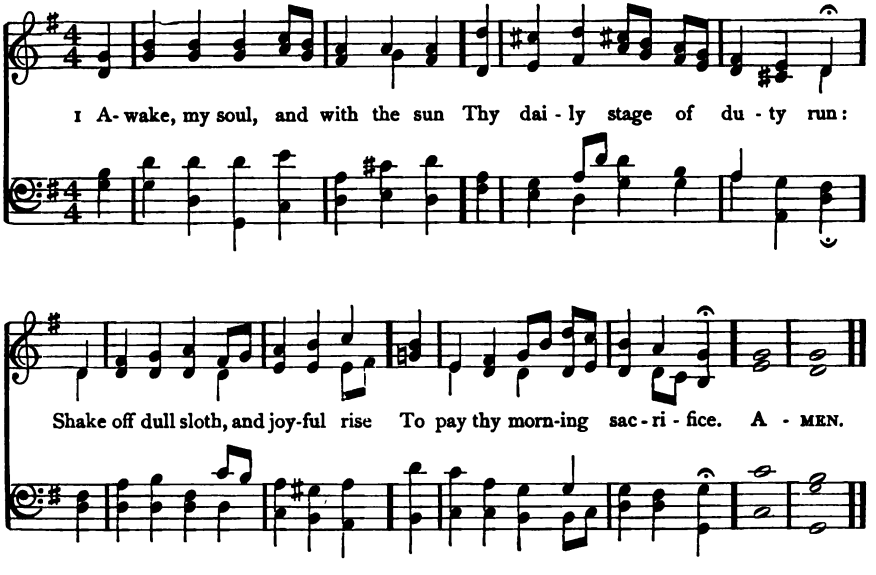
I BELIEVE in GOD THE FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in JESUS CHRIST His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; * the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

* *i. e.* Continued in the state of the dead and under the power of death until the third day.

Morning

I MORNING HYMN L. M. François H. Barthélémon, 1791

1 A- wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

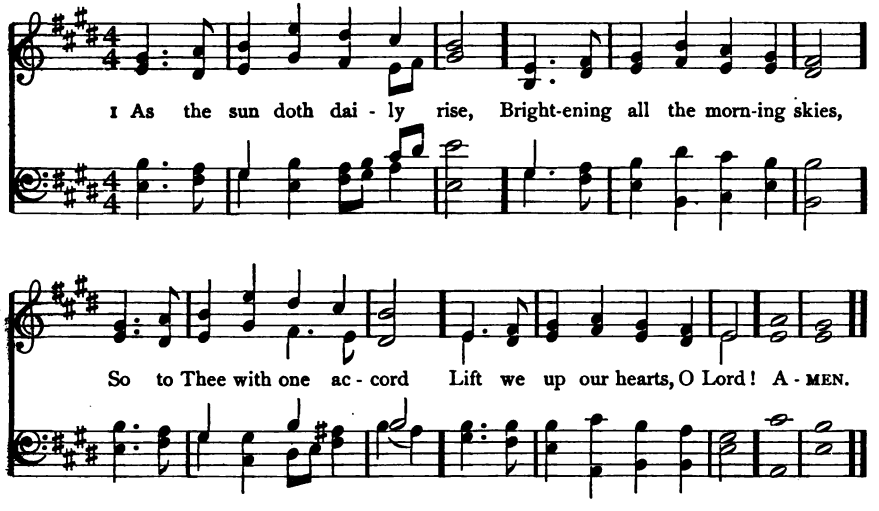
5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1695 (Text of 1709)

Morning

2 INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French Melody

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

6 Praise we, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Thee would we with one accord
Praise and magnify, O Lord!

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. "O. B. C." Recast by Earl Nelson, 1864

3 (WARWICK) C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

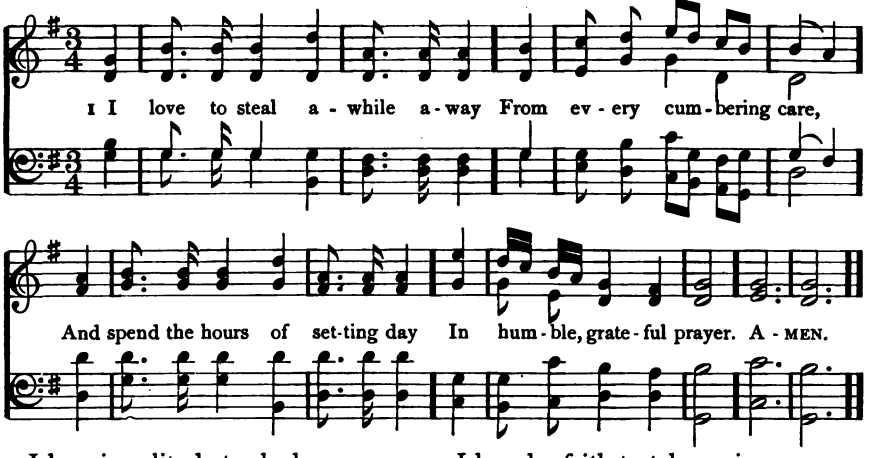
4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

4 WOODSTOCK C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, Jr., 1829



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

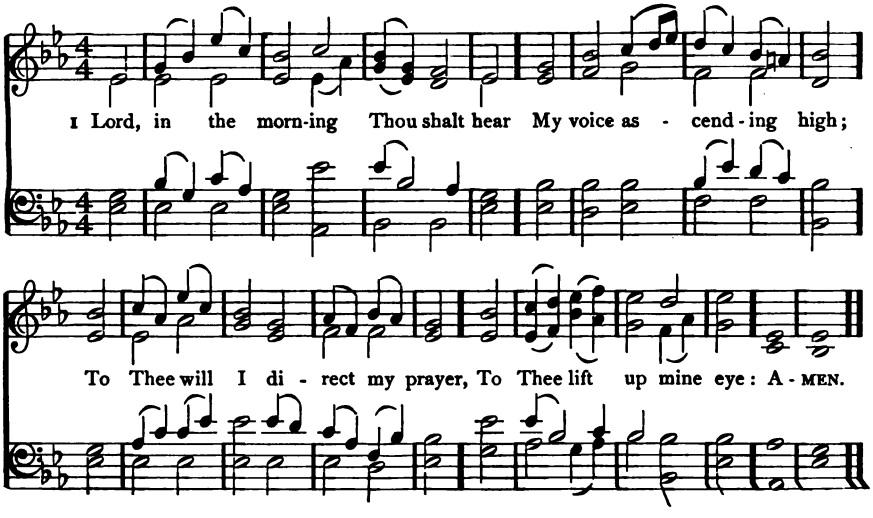
3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

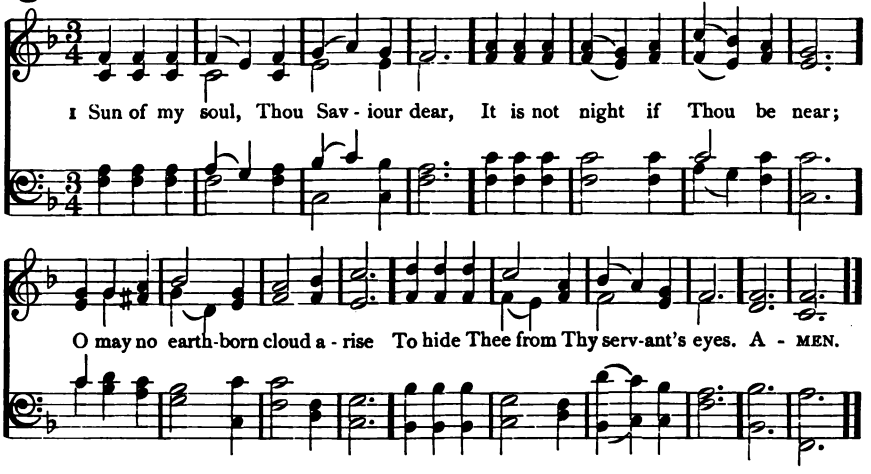
5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe H. Brown, 1818: alt. in Village Hymns, 1824

WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800

5 HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792. Arr. by Wm. H. Monk, 1861


1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes. A - MEN.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble, 1820

6 (TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN) L. M.

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

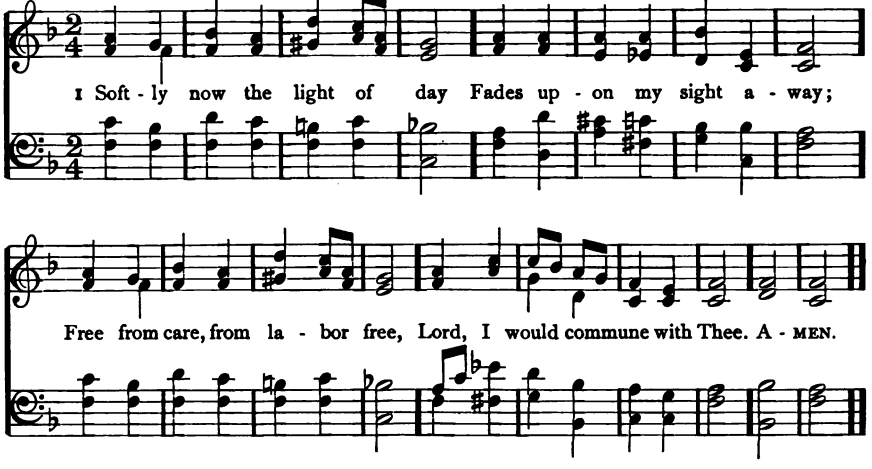
4 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

5 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693 (Text of 1709)

Evening

7 SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

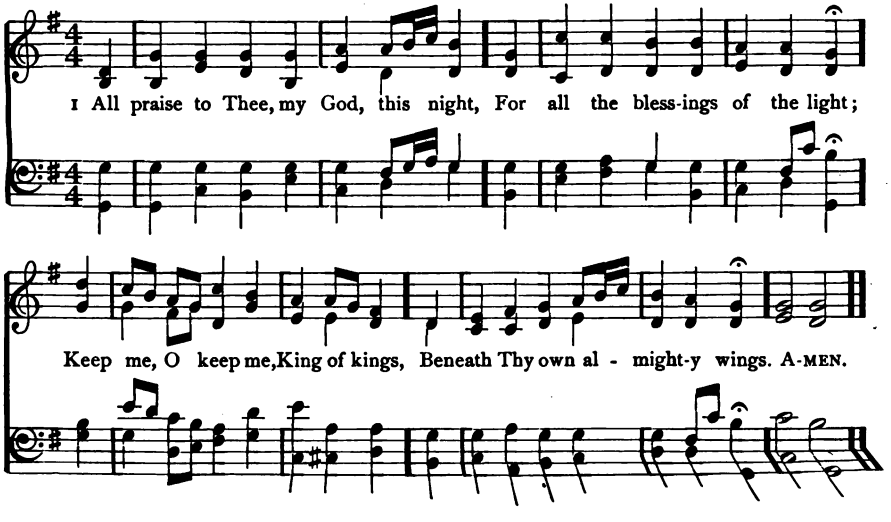
Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

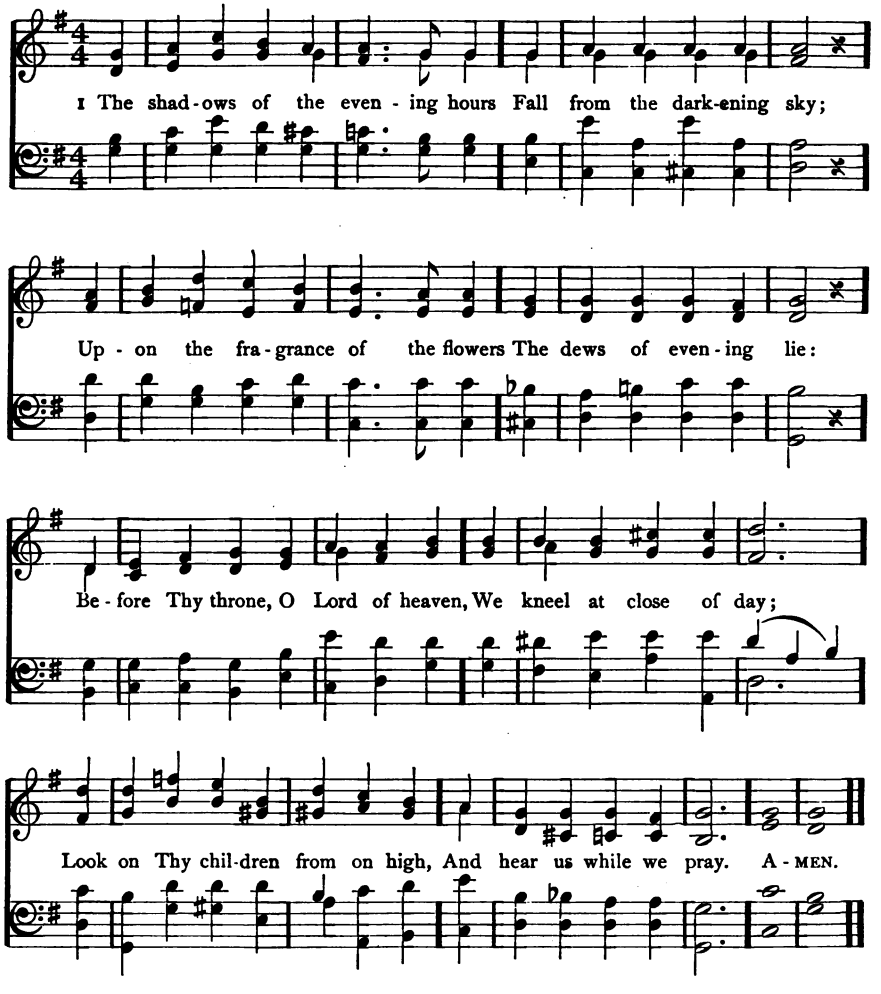
4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Alt. from Thomas Tallis, 1560

1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thy own al - might-y wings. A-MEN.

8 ST. LEONARD (HILES) C. M. D.

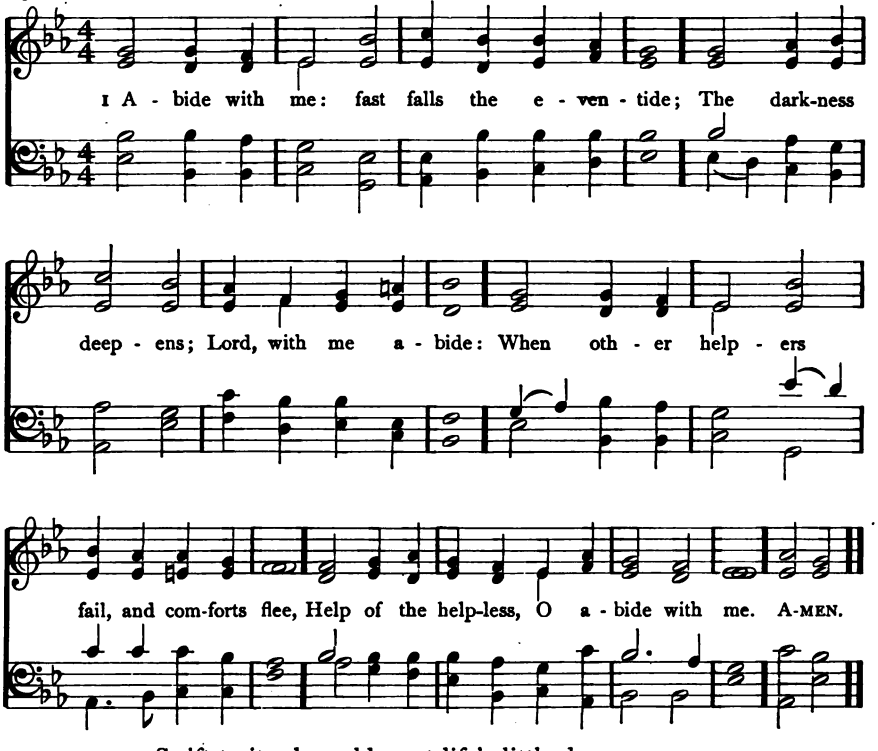
Henry Hiles, 1868

1 The shad-ows of the even-ing hours Fall from the dark-ening sky;
Up-on the fra-grance of the flowers The dews of even-ing lie:
Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-MEN.

2 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things Divine.

3 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1862: verse 3, l. 7, alt.

9 EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861

1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A-MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

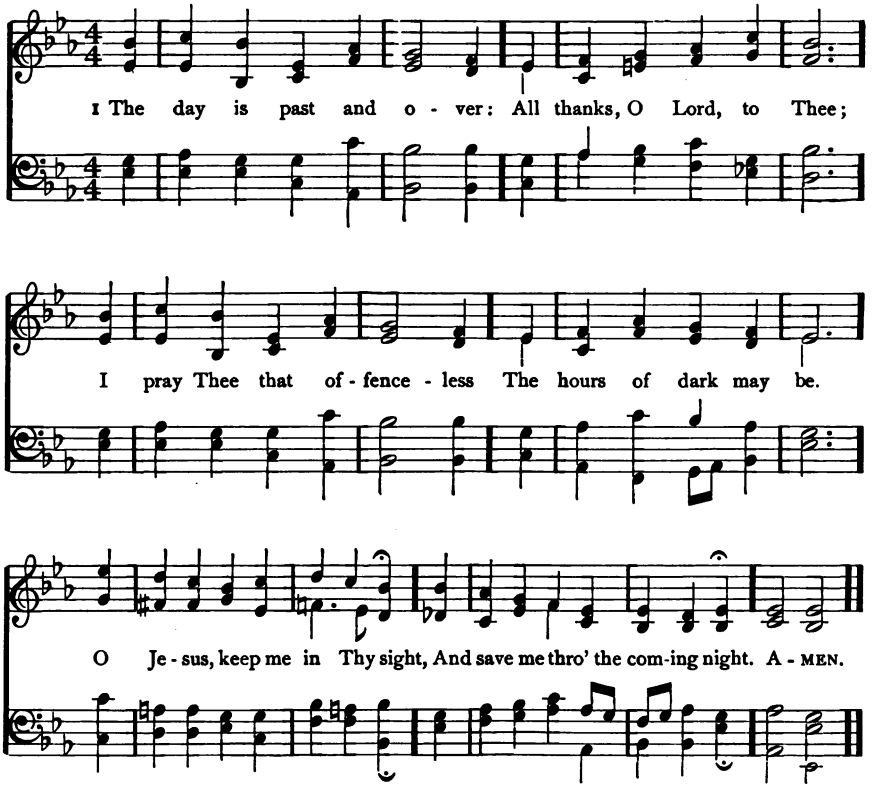
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847

10 ST. ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur H. Brown, 1862

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.
O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night. A - MEN.

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

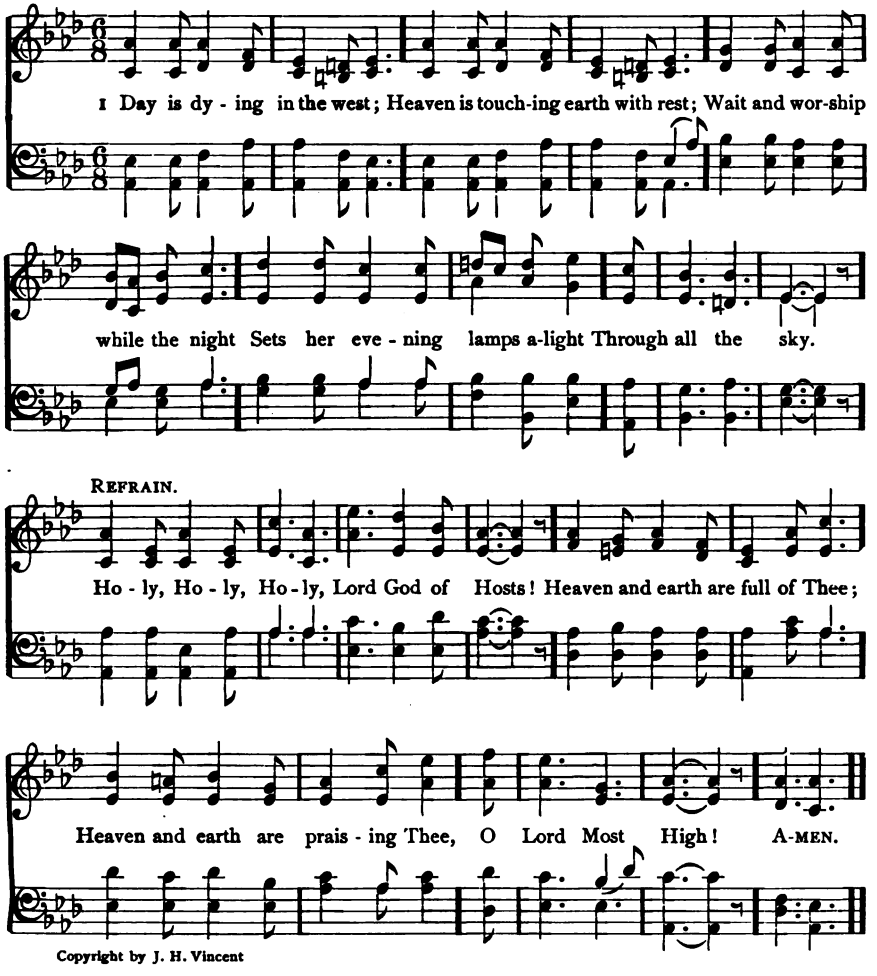
3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Cento from early Greek Service Bk.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1853, 1862

II EVENING PRAISE 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. with Refrain

William F. Sherwin, 1877

1 Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship
while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a-light Through all the sky.
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee;
Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A-MEN.

Copyright by J. H. Vincent

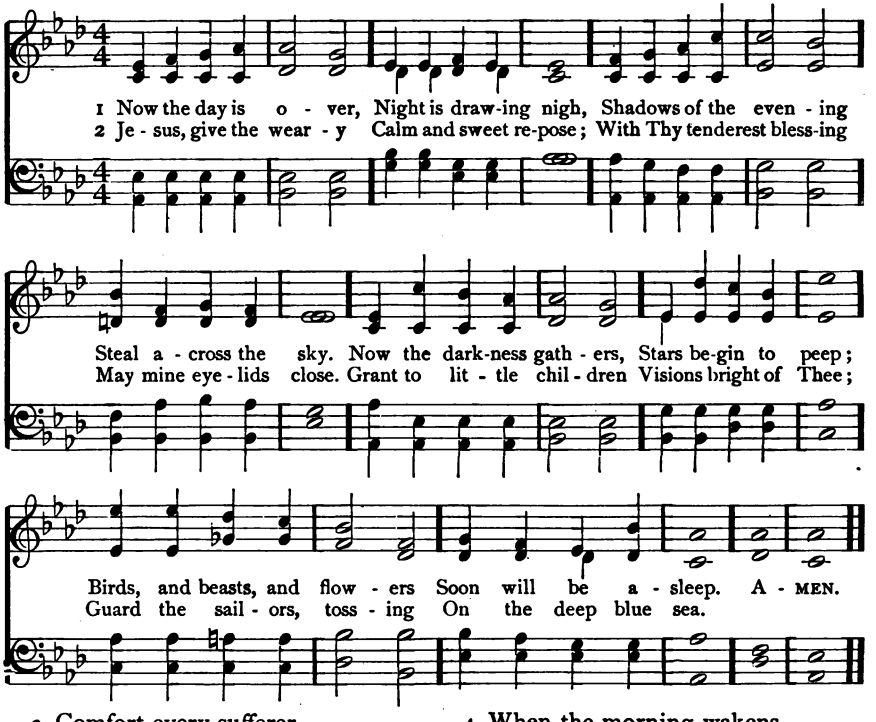
2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.—REF.

4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.—REF.

Mary Ann Lathbury, 1877

12 REPOSE 6.5.6.5. D.


1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shadows of the even - ing
2 Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re-pose; With Thy tenderest bless-ing
Steal a - cross the sky. Now the dark-ness gath - ers, Stars be-gin to peep;
May mine eye - lids close. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Visions bright of Thee;
Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep. A - MEN.
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

3 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.
Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

13 (EVENING PRAYER) 8.7.8.7.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-
Ere repose our spirits seal; [ing,
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

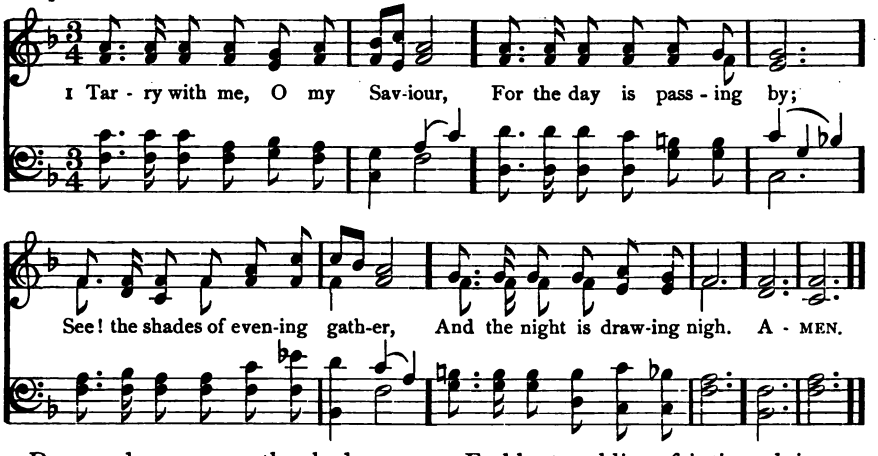
3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb, [us,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

14 ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862



2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

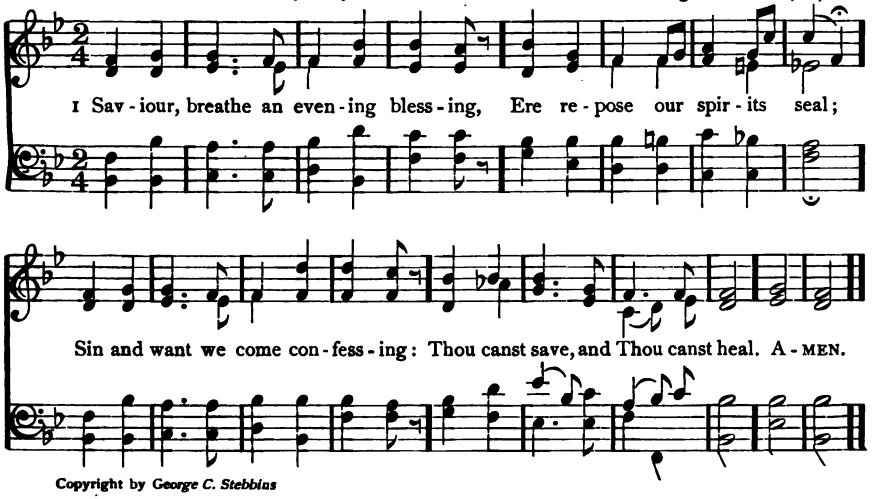
3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

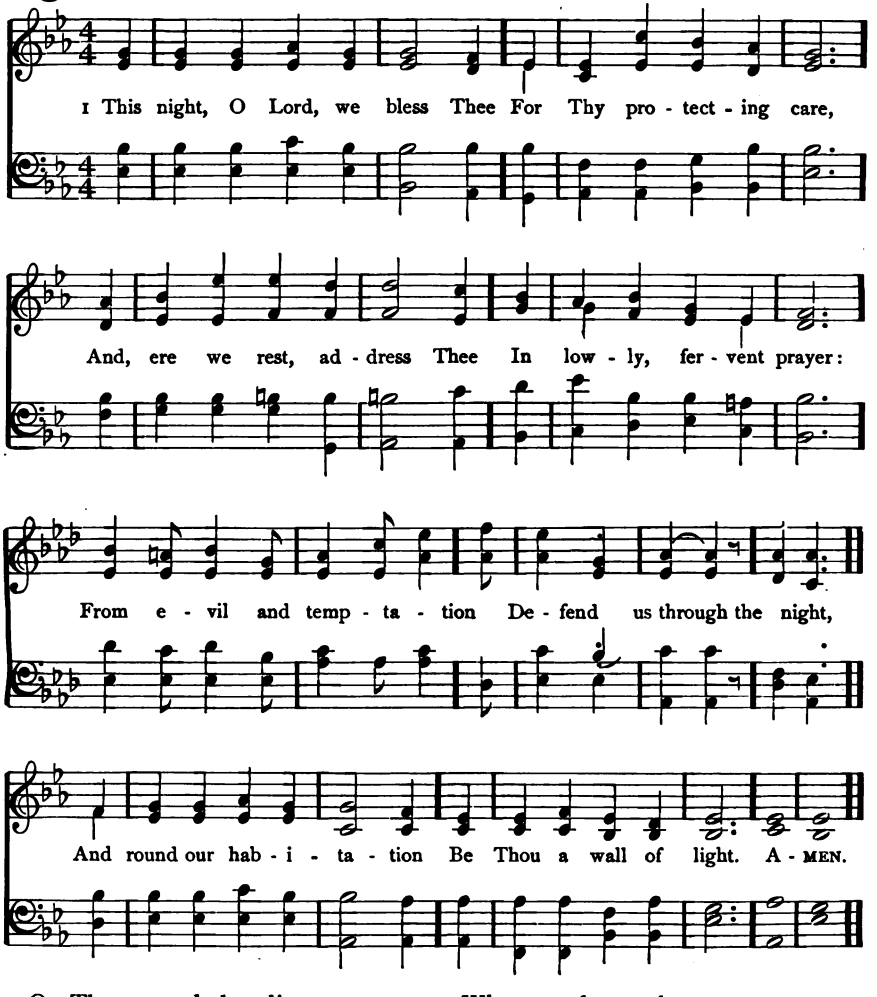
Caroline L. Smith, 1853: recast in Plymouth Coll., 1855, and Songs of the Church, 1862

EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7.

George C. Stebbins, 1878

1 Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - MEN.

Copyright by George C. Stebbins

15 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

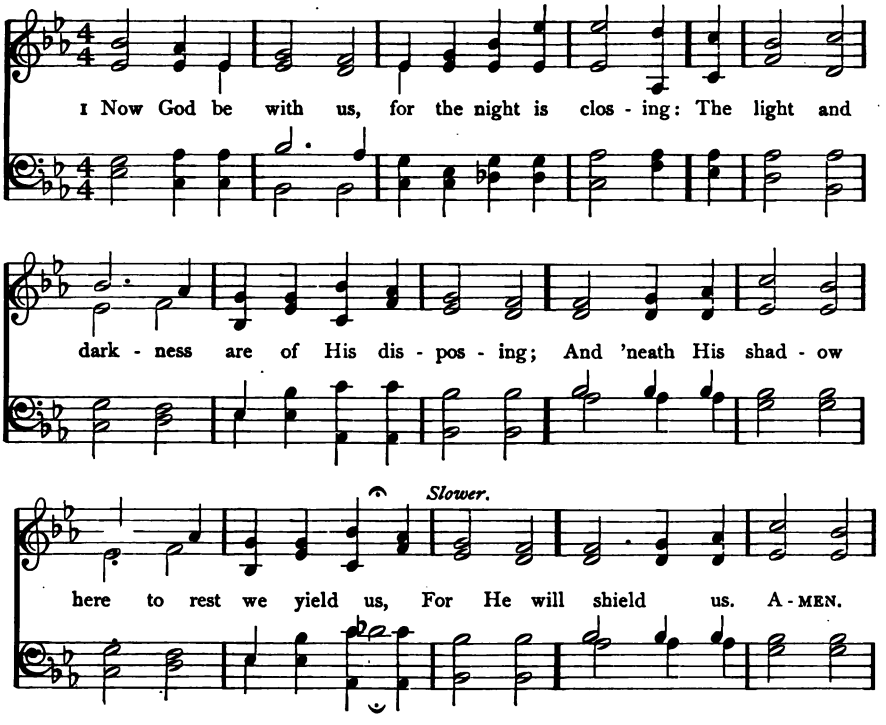
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 This night, O Lord, we bless Thee For Thy pro - tect - ing care,
And, ere we rest, ad - dress Thee In low - ly, fer - vent prayer:
From e - vil and temp - ta - tion De - fend us through the night,
And round our hab - i - ta - tion Be Thou a wall of light. A - MEN.

2 On Thee our whole reliance
From day to day we cast,
To Thee, with firm affiance,
Would cleave from first to last;
To Thee, through Jesus' merit,
For needful grace we come,
And trust that Thy good Spirit
Will guide us safely home.

3 What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from Thee.
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of Thy sure promise,
The shield of Thy true love.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1856

16 NOW GOD BE WITH US 11. 11. 11. 5.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1 Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and
dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His shad - ow
Slower.
here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A - MEN.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

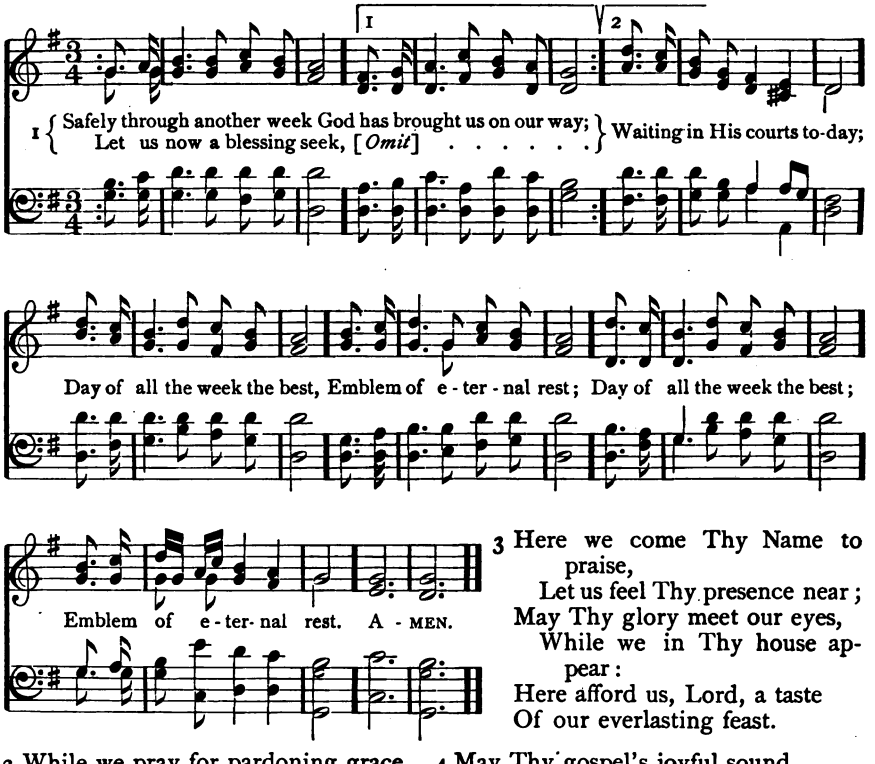
3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 As Thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

5 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

Rev. Petrus Herbert, 1566. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

17 SABBATH 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Lowell Mason, 1824

1
2
1 Safely through another week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek, [Omit] . . . . . .
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of e - ter - nal rest. A - MEN.

3 Here we come Thy Name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774: alt.

18 (LISBON) S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

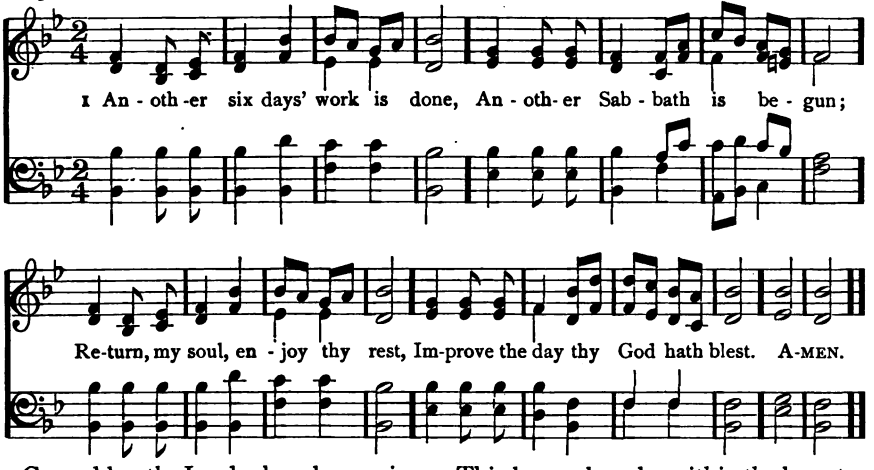
2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709: verse 4, ll. 3, 4, alt.

19 ERNAN L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850

1 An - oth-er six days' work is done, An - oth- er Sab - bath is be - gun;
Re-turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im-prove the day thy God hath blest. A-MEN.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

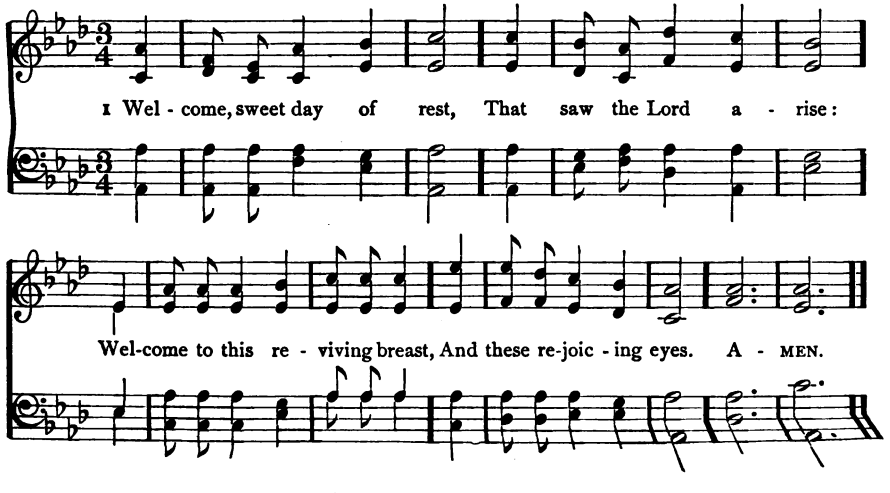
3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

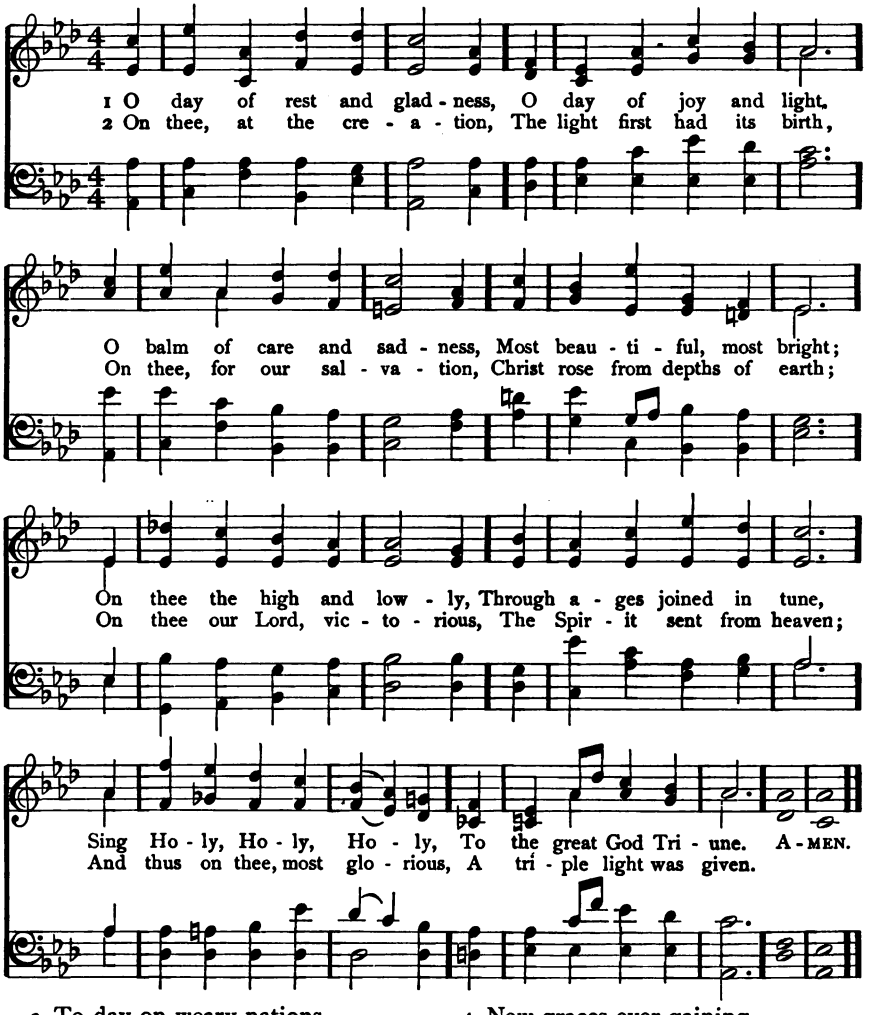
4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett, publ. 1732: alt. Ash and Evans Coll. 1769

LISBON S. M.

Daniel Read, 1785

20 ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875

1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2 On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
On thee our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heaven;
Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - MEN.
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was given.

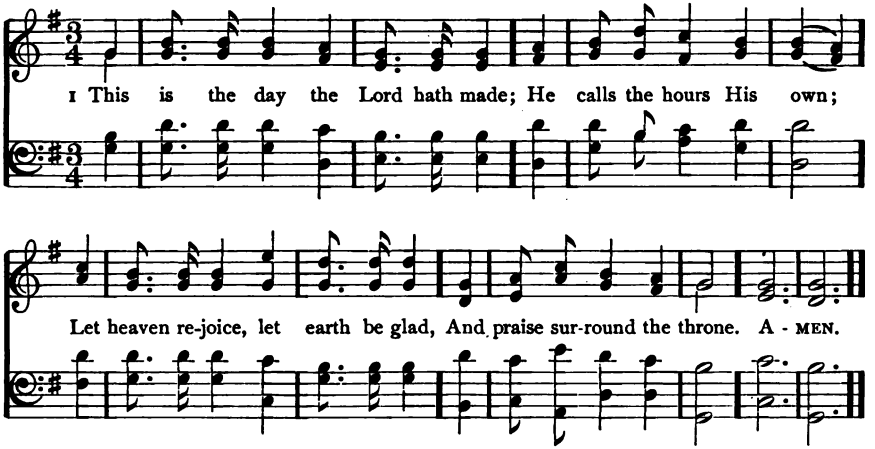
3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

21 ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762


1 This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne. A - MEN.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

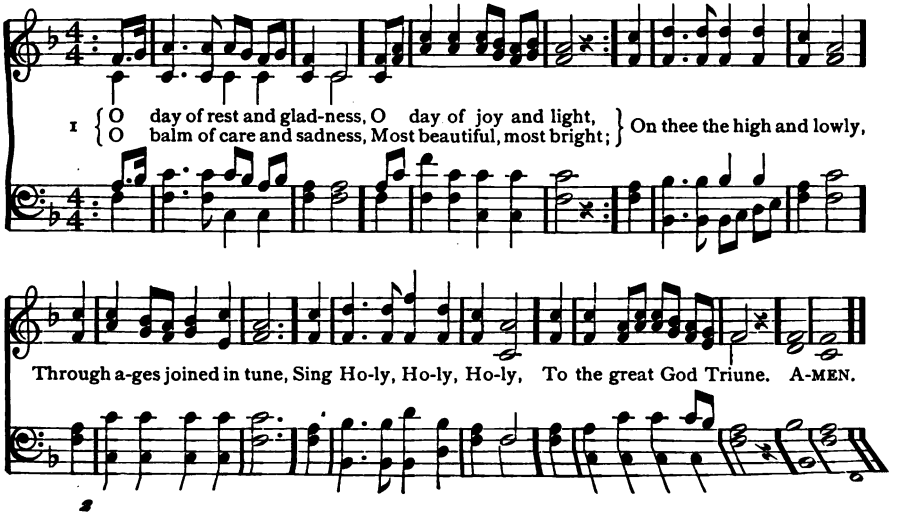
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's Name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

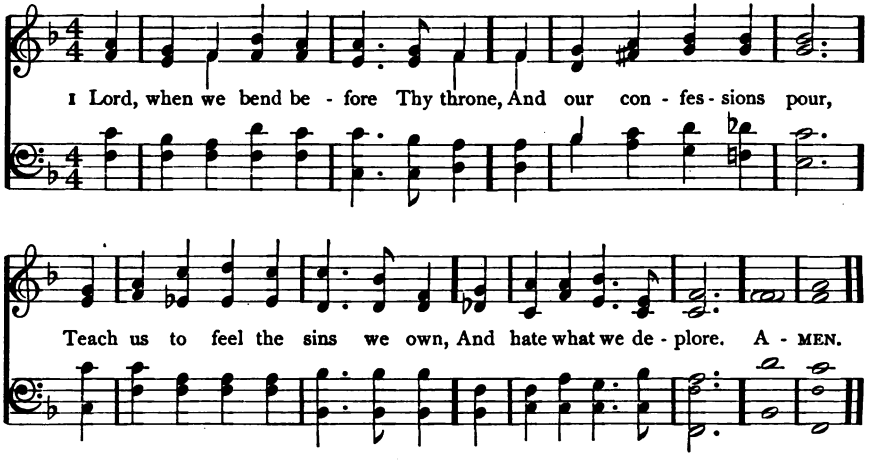
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

MENDEBRAS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

German Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839


1 O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through a-ges joined in tune, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great God Triune. A-MEN.

22 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872

1 Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - MEN.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

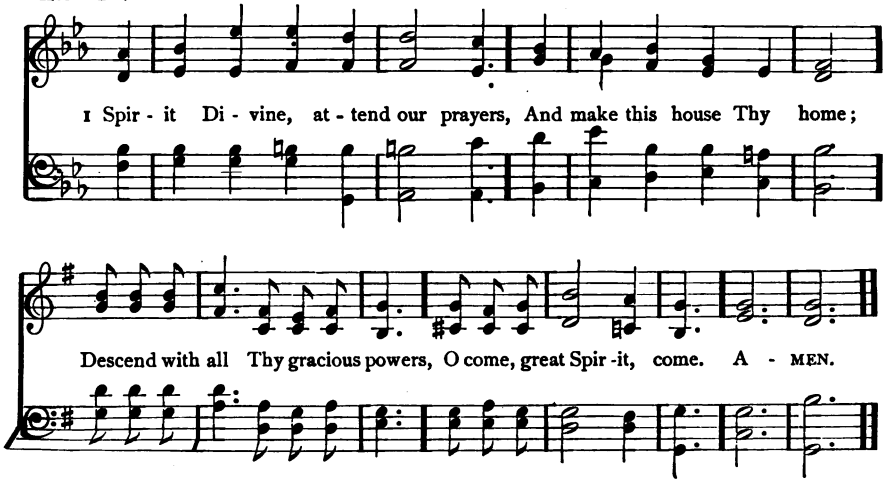
3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

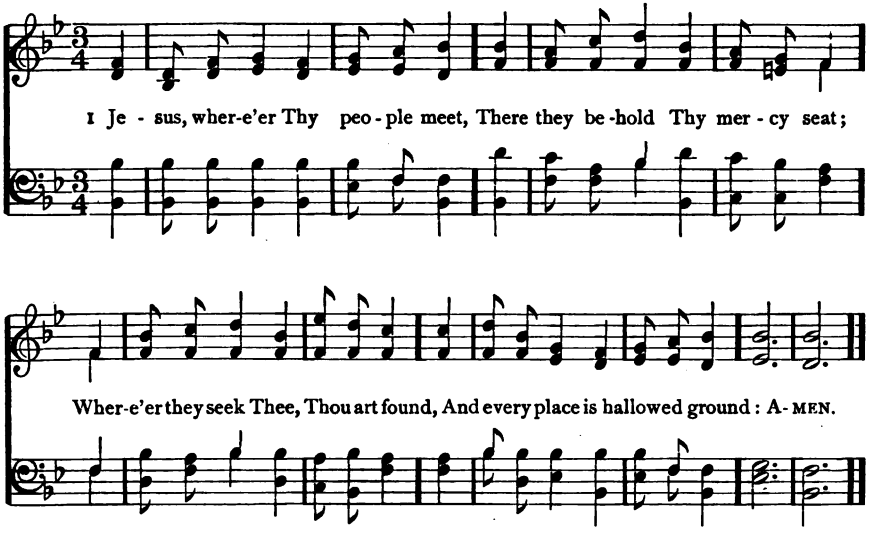
Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802

LAMBETH C. M.


1 Spir - it Di - vine, at - tend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers, O come, great Spir - it, come. A - MEN.

23 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830


1 Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer - cy seat;
Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground: A-MEN.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper, 1769

24 (LAMBETH) C. M.

1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

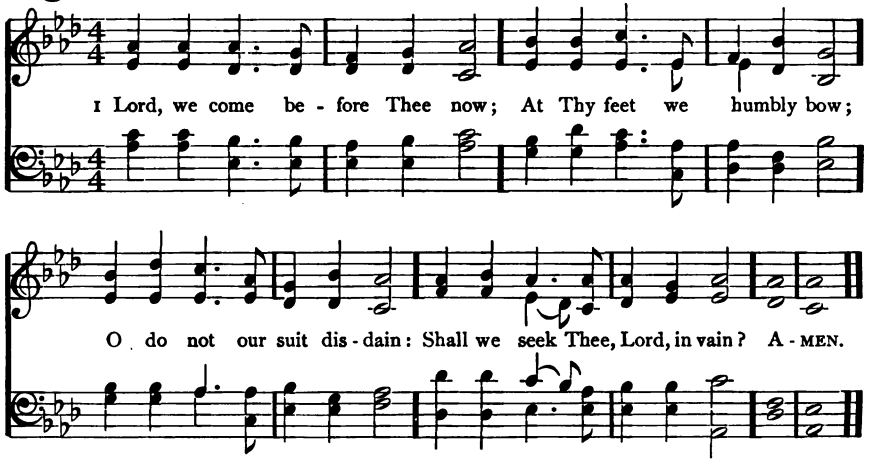
3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love; [wings,
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as Thy Church above.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1829

25 ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

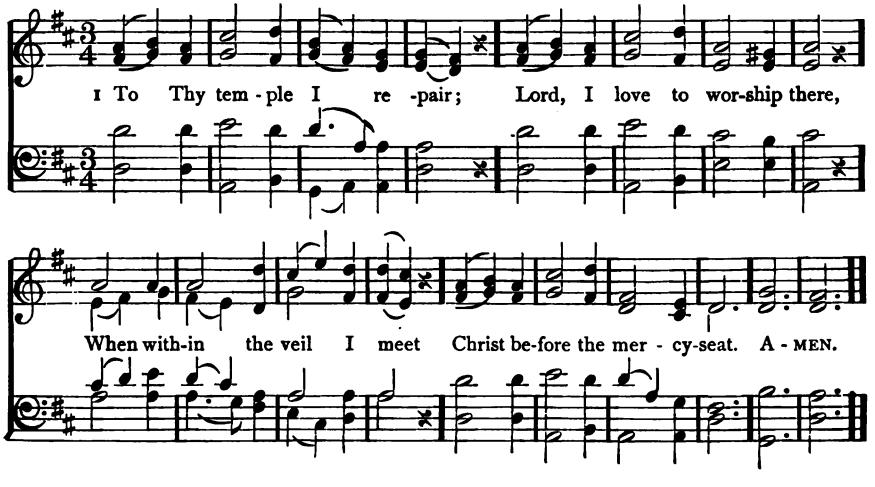
4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

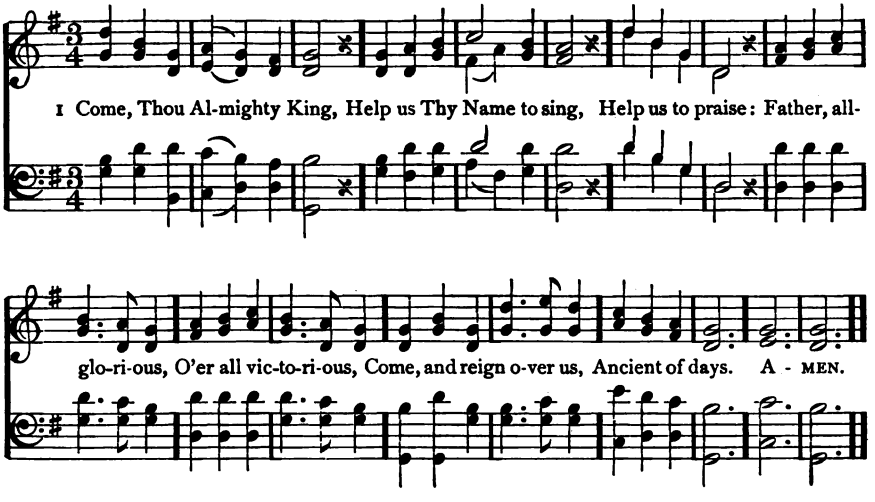
Rev. William Hammond, 1745

DALLAS 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Maria L. Cherubini (1760–1842)



26 TRINITY 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1 Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise: Father, all-
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days. A - MEN.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see.
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon. c. 1757

27 (DALLAS) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

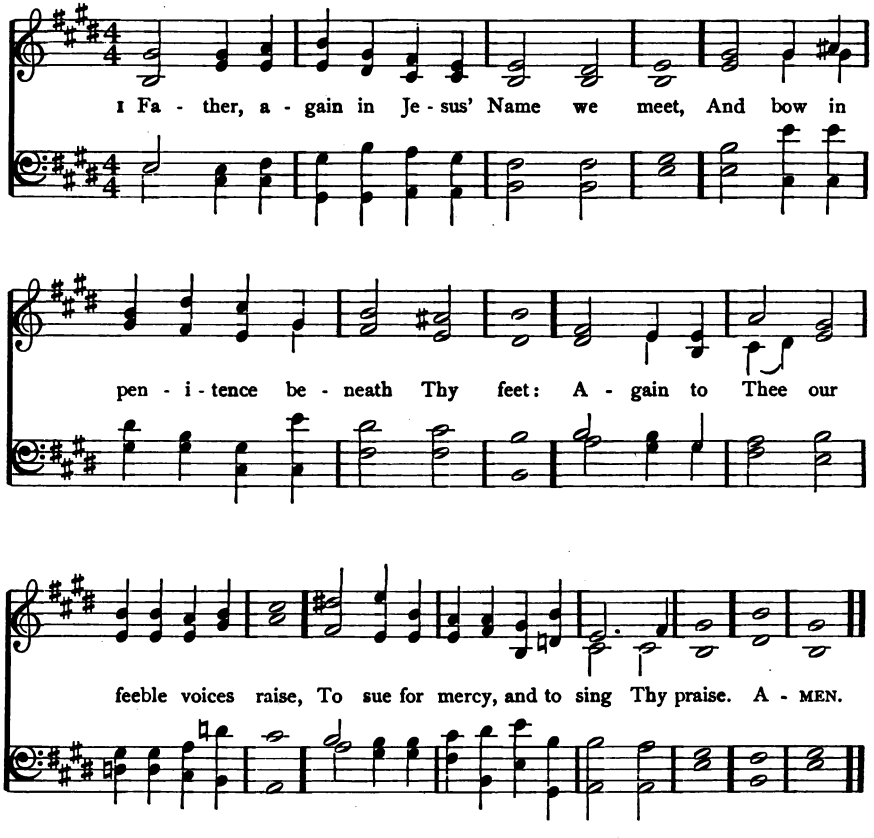
3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery, 1812

At the Opening of Service

28 LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1 Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' Name we meet, And bow in
pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet: A - gain to Thee our
feeble voices raise, To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise. A - MEN.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

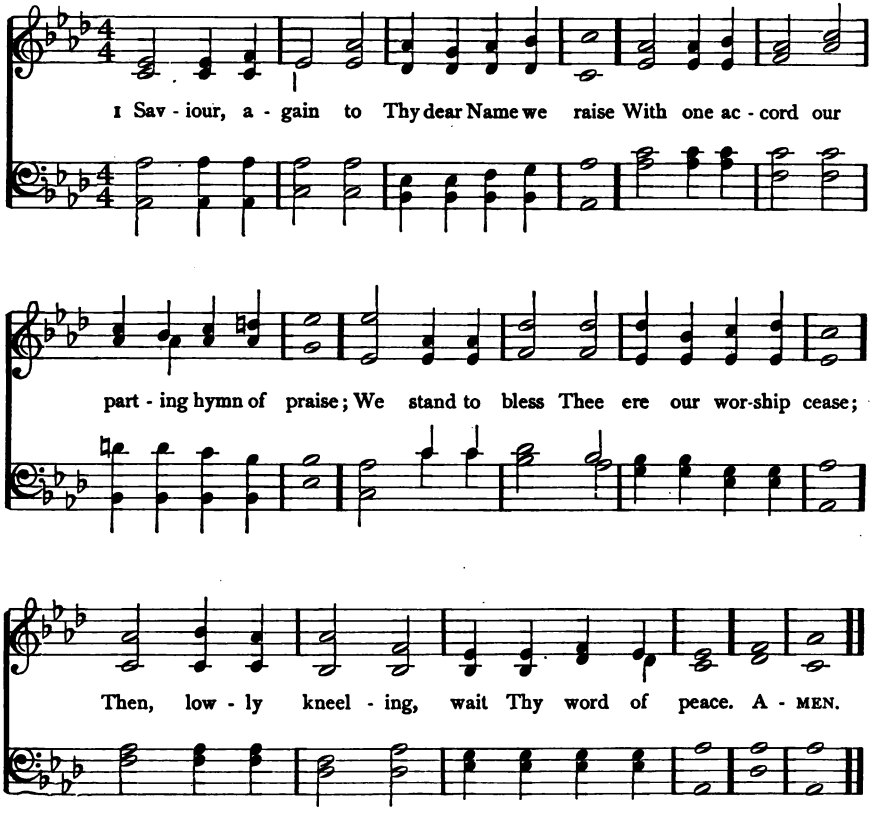
3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 O by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

Lady Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1824: verse 3, l. 2, verse 4. l. 4, alt.

29 ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1868


1 Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - MEN.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

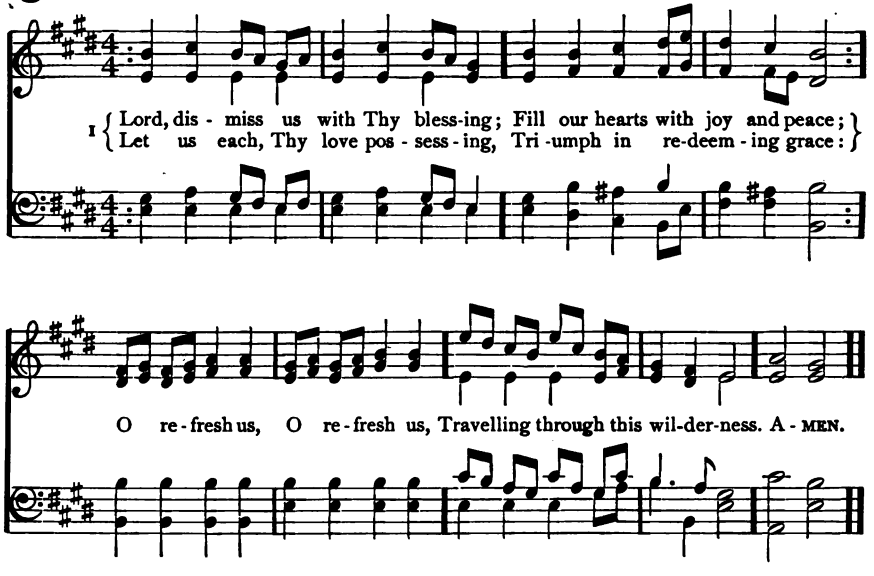
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866 (Text of 1868)

30 SICILIAN MARINERS 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Sicilian Melody


1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re-deem - ing grace:
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil-der-ness. A - MEN.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Let no fear of death appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Anon. 1773 (ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett):
verse 1, l. 6, alt.; verse 3, recast by Rev. G. Thring

31 (DENNIS) S. M.

1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night; at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

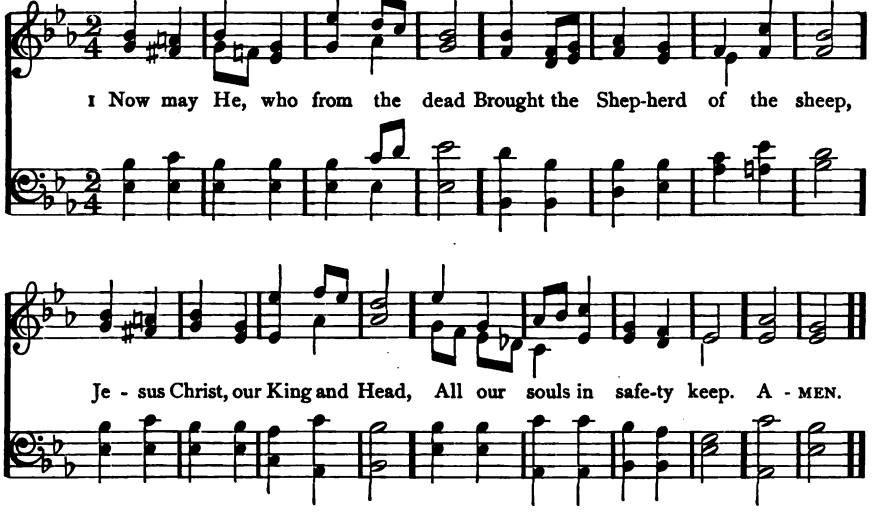
4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857

32 SOLITUDE 7.7.7.7.

Lewis T. Downes, 1851

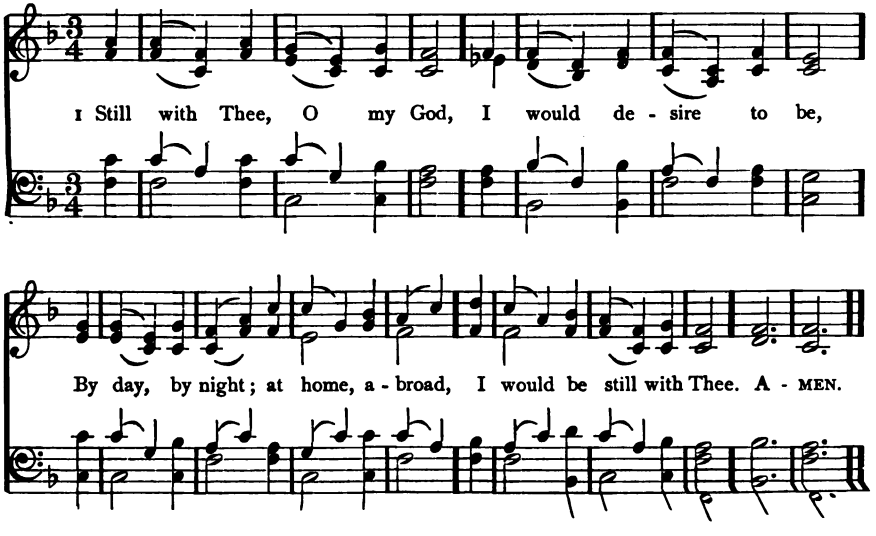

1 Now may He, who from the dead Brought the Shep-herd of the sheep,
Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe-ty keep. A - MEN.

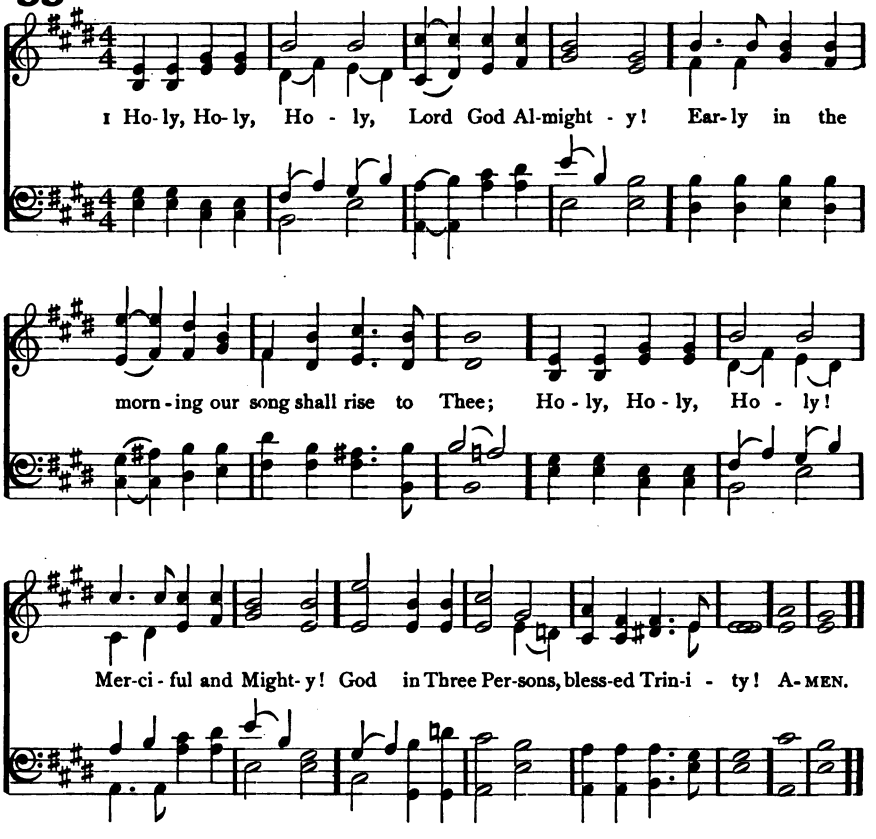
2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845

The Holy Trinity

33 **NICÆA** 11. 12. 12. 10. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

1 Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
Mer-ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty! A-MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

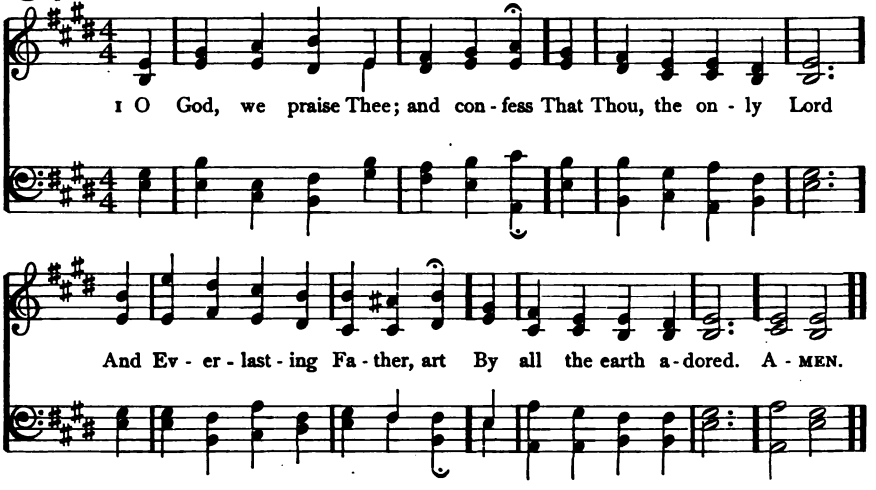
4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

The Holy Trinity

34 **DUNDEE** C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553



2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic ray.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty;

6 Thy honored, true, and only Son;
And Holy Ghost, the Spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Century.) Tr. Tate and Brady's Supplement, c. 1700

God the Father Almighty

35 **(DUNDEE)** C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

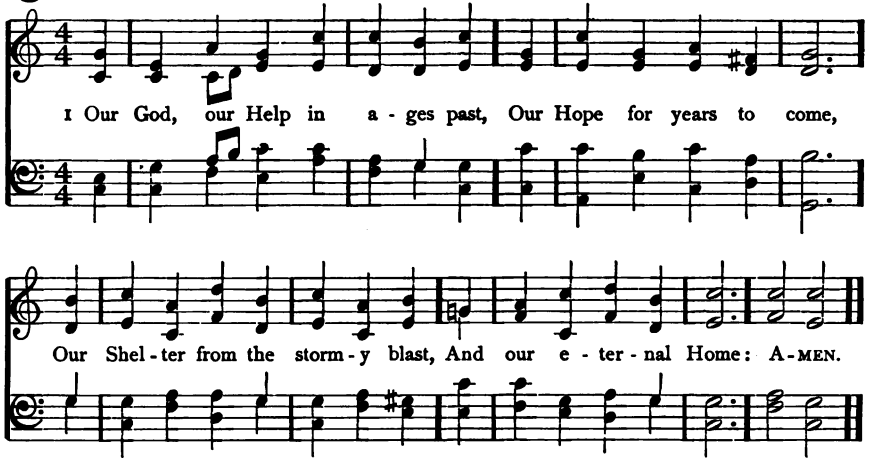
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1774

36 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

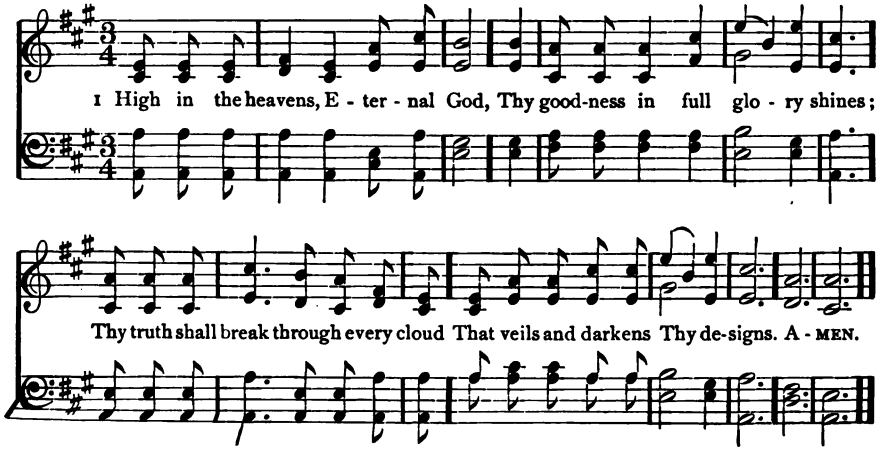
3 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our Help in ages past;
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

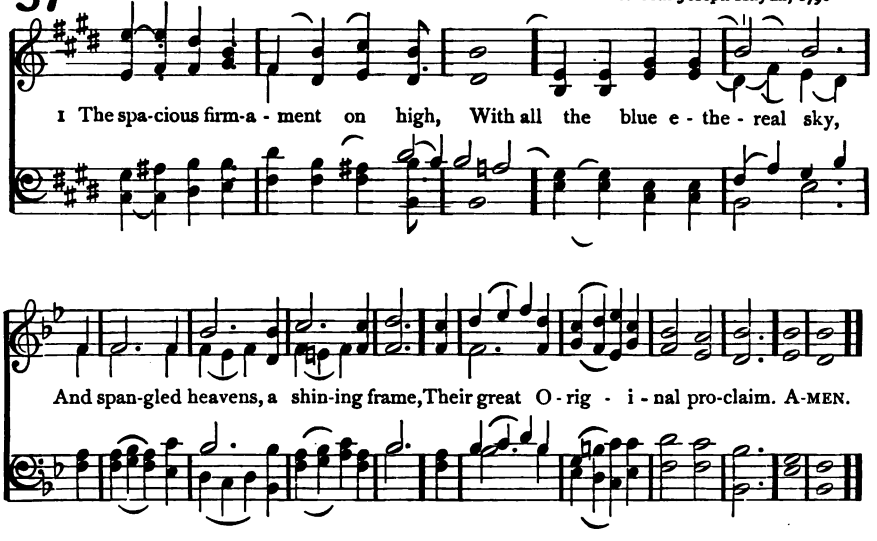
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

WARE L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838

1 High in the heavens, E - ter - nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud That veils and darkens Thy de-signs. A - MEN.

37 CREATION L. M.

Arr. from Joseph Haydn, 1798


1 The spa-cious firm-a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
And span-gled heavens, a shin-ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro-claim. A-MEN.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

38 (WARE) L. M.

1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

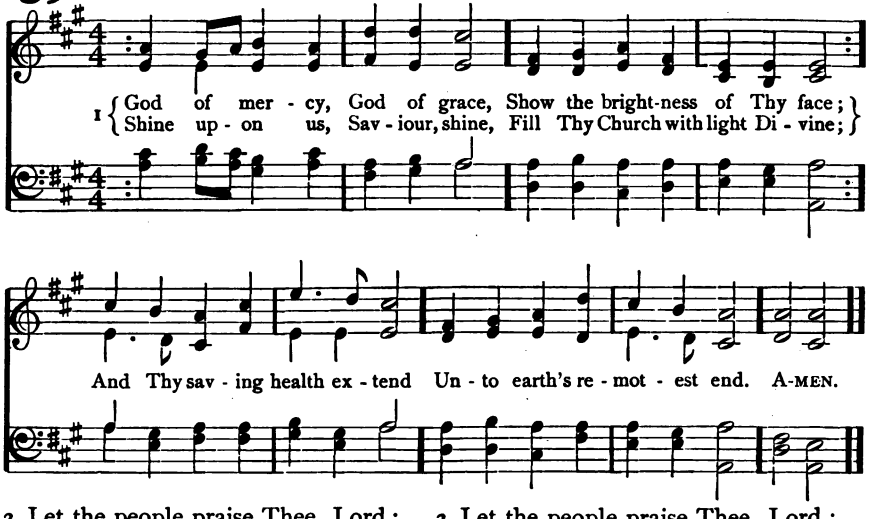
5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

God the Father Almighty

39 DIX 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838


1 God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face;
Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light Di - vine;
And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end. A-MEN.

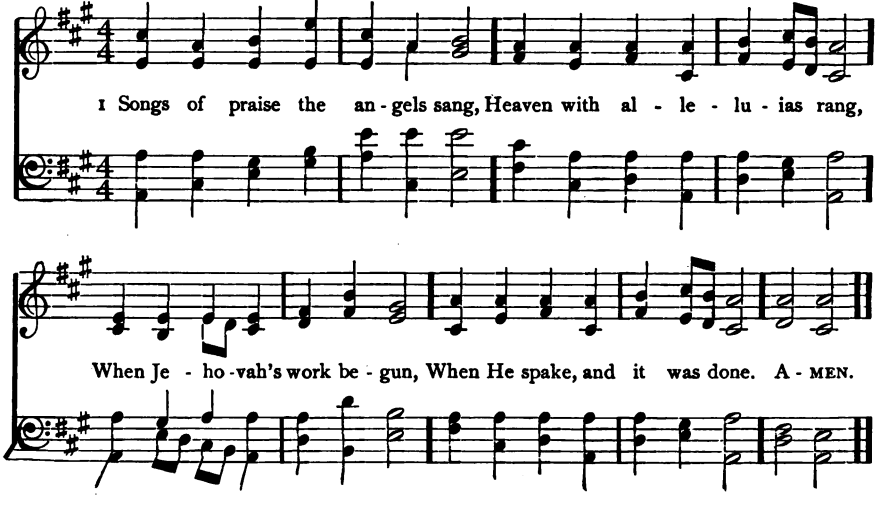
2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

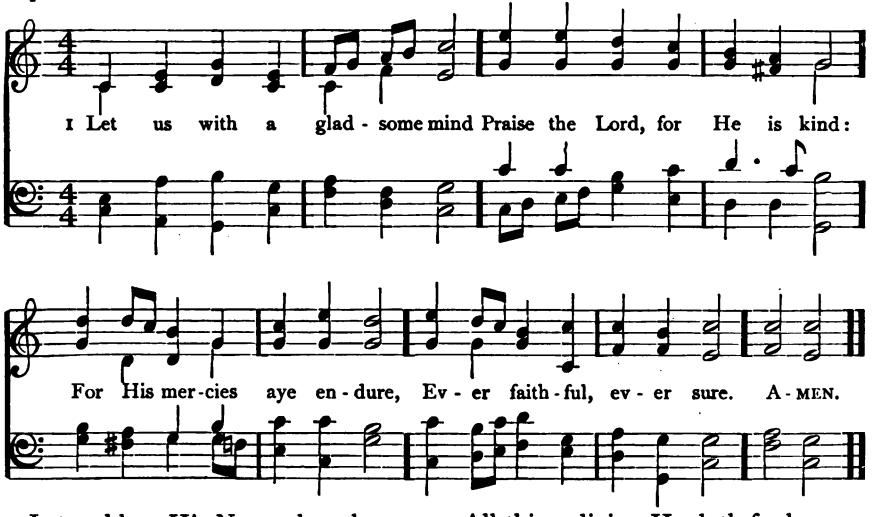
NUREMBERG 7. 7. 7. 7.

Alt. from Johann R. Ahle, 1664



God the Father Almighty

40 **MONKLAND** 7.7.7.7. Arr. by John B. Wilkes, 1861



2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1624: alt.

41 **(NUREMBERG)** 7.7.7.7.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

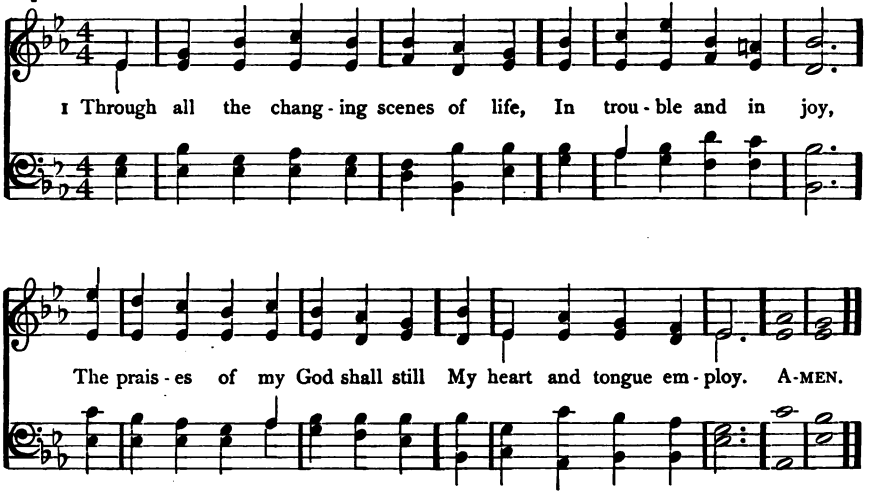
4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

James Montgomery, 1819

42 DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832


1 Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, In trou - ble and in joy,
The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy. A-MEN.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

5 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696, 1698

43 (GENEVA or DOWNS) C. M.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

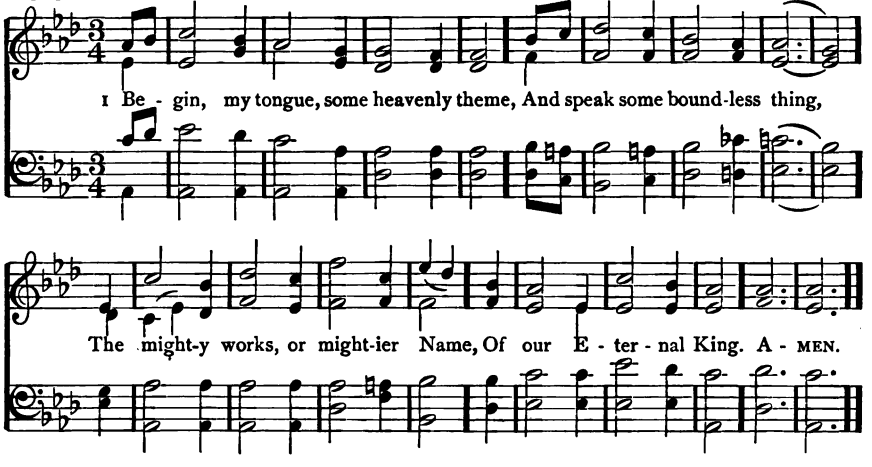
5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1712

44 MANOAH C. M.

Arr. from Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)


1 Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some bound-less thing,
The might-y works, or might-ier Name, Of our E - ter - nal King. A - MEN.

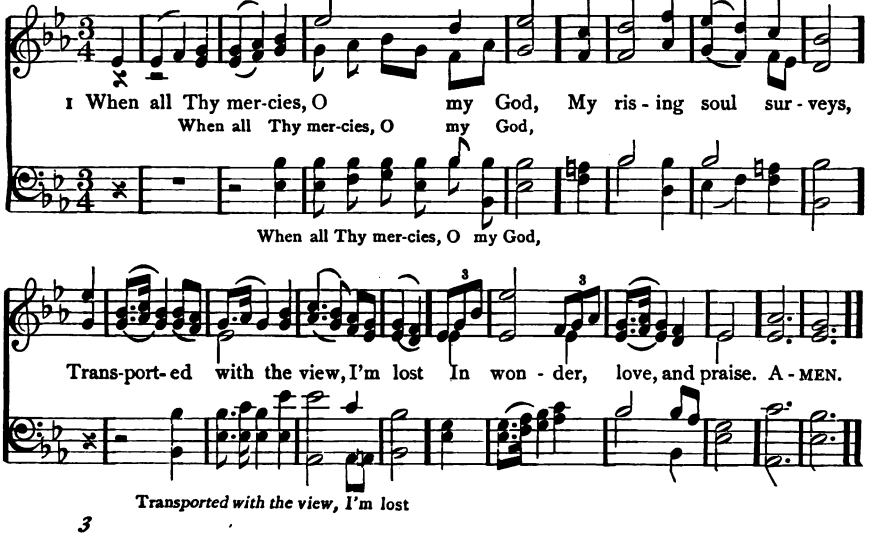
2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art Mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost Divine.

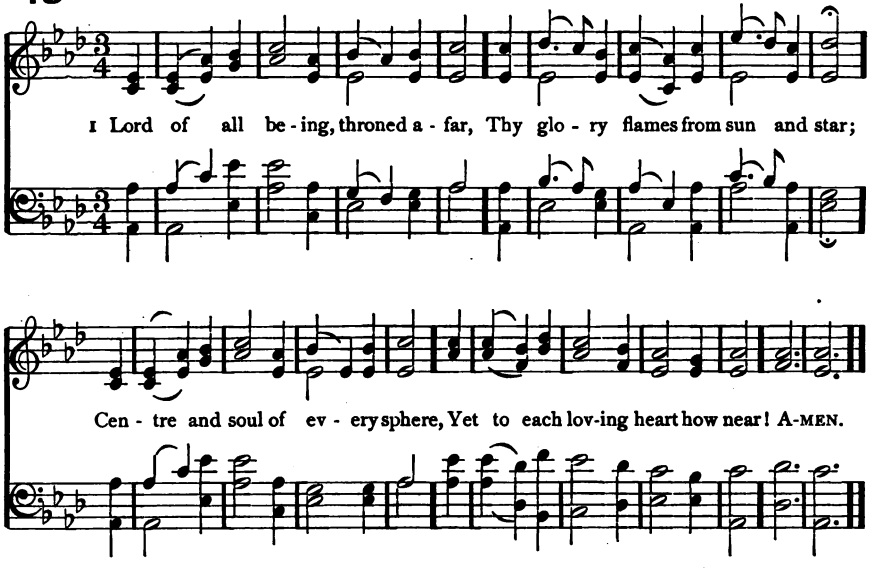
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

GENEVA C. M.

John Cole, 1800

1 When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,
When all Thy mer-cies, O my God,
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.
Transported with the view, I'm lost

God the Father Almighty

45 **LOUVAN** L. M. Virgil C. Taylor, 1847


1 Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near! A-MEN.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848

46 **(LOUVAN)** L. M.

1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

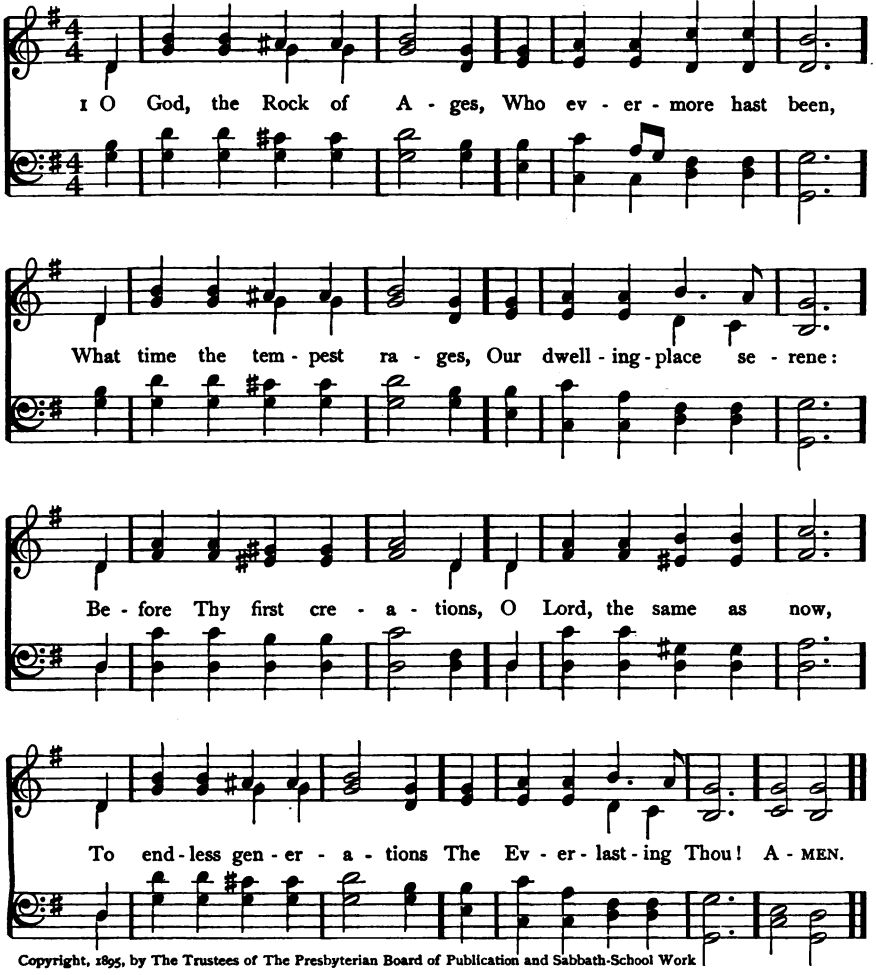
3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

God the Father Almighty

47 **SCHUBERT** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Arr. from Schubert by Wm. W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene:
Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end - less gen - er - a - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - MEN.

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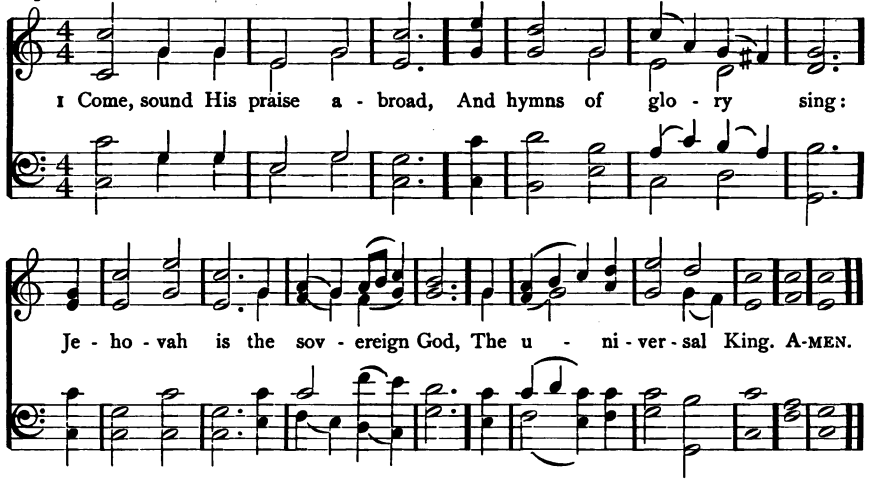
2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860

48 SILVER STREET S. M.

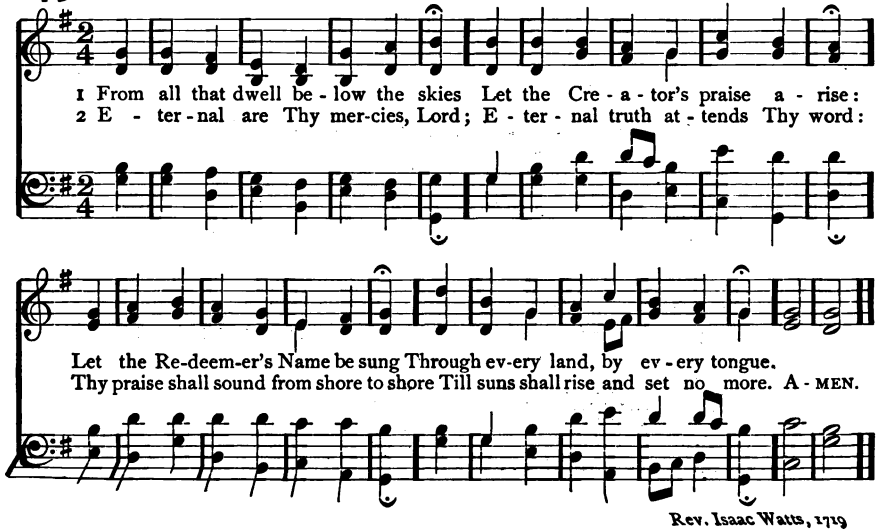
Isaac Smith, 1770

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His Word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

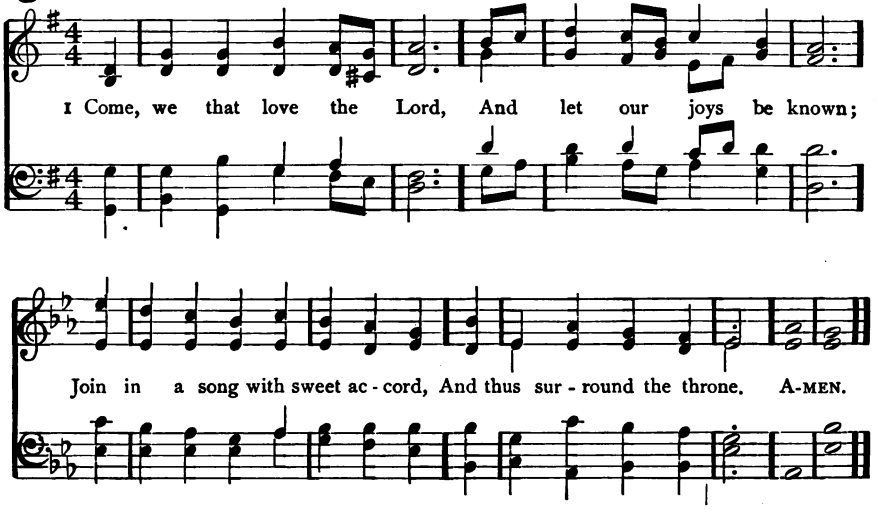
49 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

1 From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:
2 E - ter - nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word:
Let the Re-deem-er's Name be sung Through ev-ery land, by ev - ery tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more. A - MEN.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

50 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1763



2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 2, l. 3, alt.

51 (ST. THOMAS) S. M.

1 MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

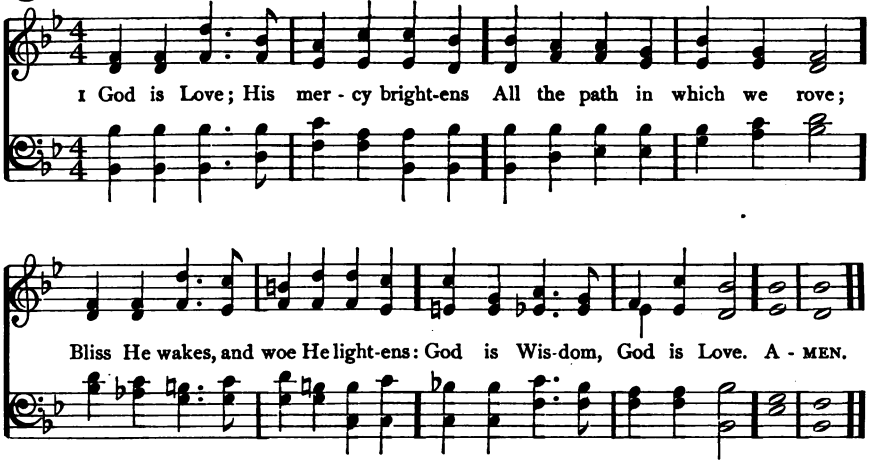
4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His Name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

52 LUCERNE 8.7.8.7.

T. A. Willis, 1876

1 God is Love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is Wis-dom, God is Love. A - MEN.

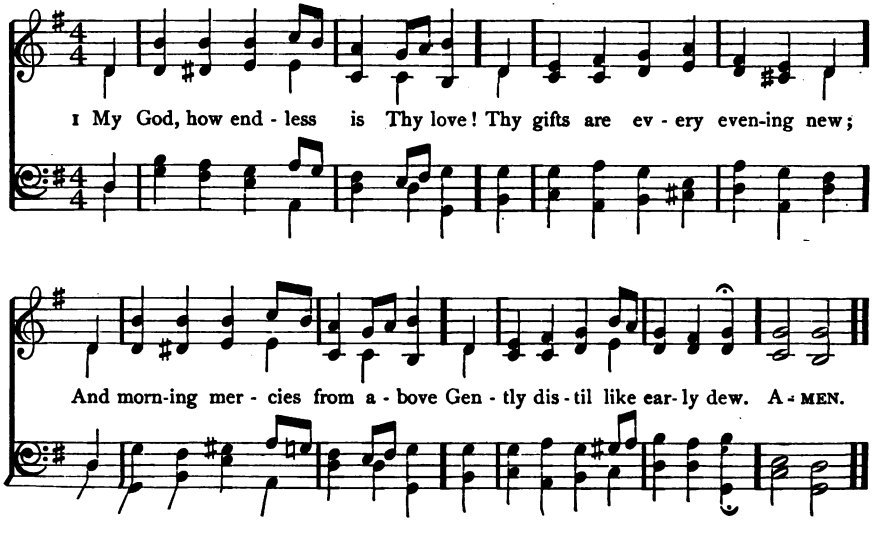
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

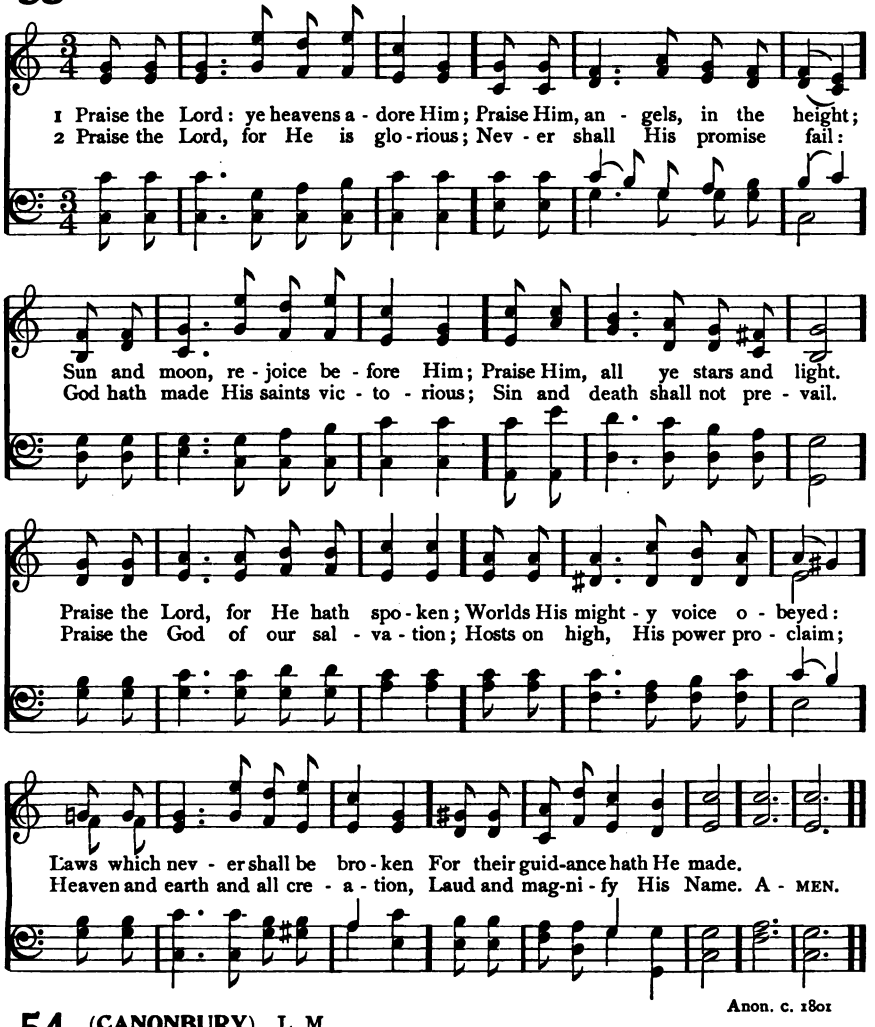
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

1 My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery even-ing new;
And morn-ing mer - cies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - til like ear-ly dew. A - MEN.

53 FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John H. Willcox, 1849

1 Praise the Lord: ye heavens a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
2 Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His promise fail:
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed:
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His power pro - claim;
Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guid-ance hath He made.
Heaven and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag-ni - fy His Name. A - MEN.

Anon. c. 1801

54 (CANONBURY) L. M.

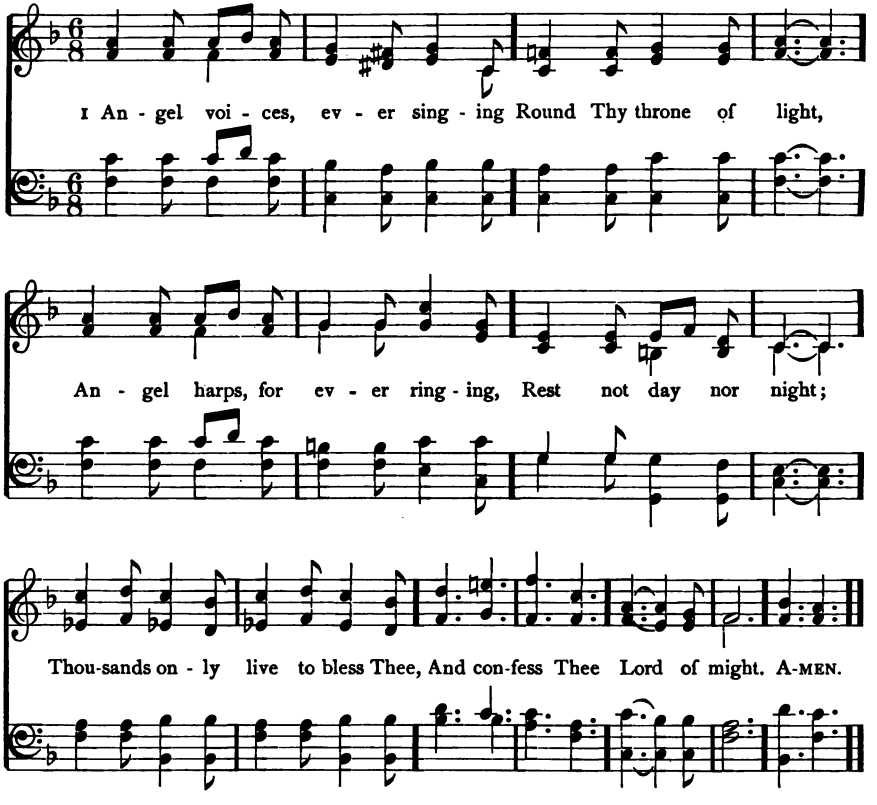
1 MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

God the Father Almighty

55 **ANGEL VOICES** 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3. Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1 An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Thou-sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might. A-MEN.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

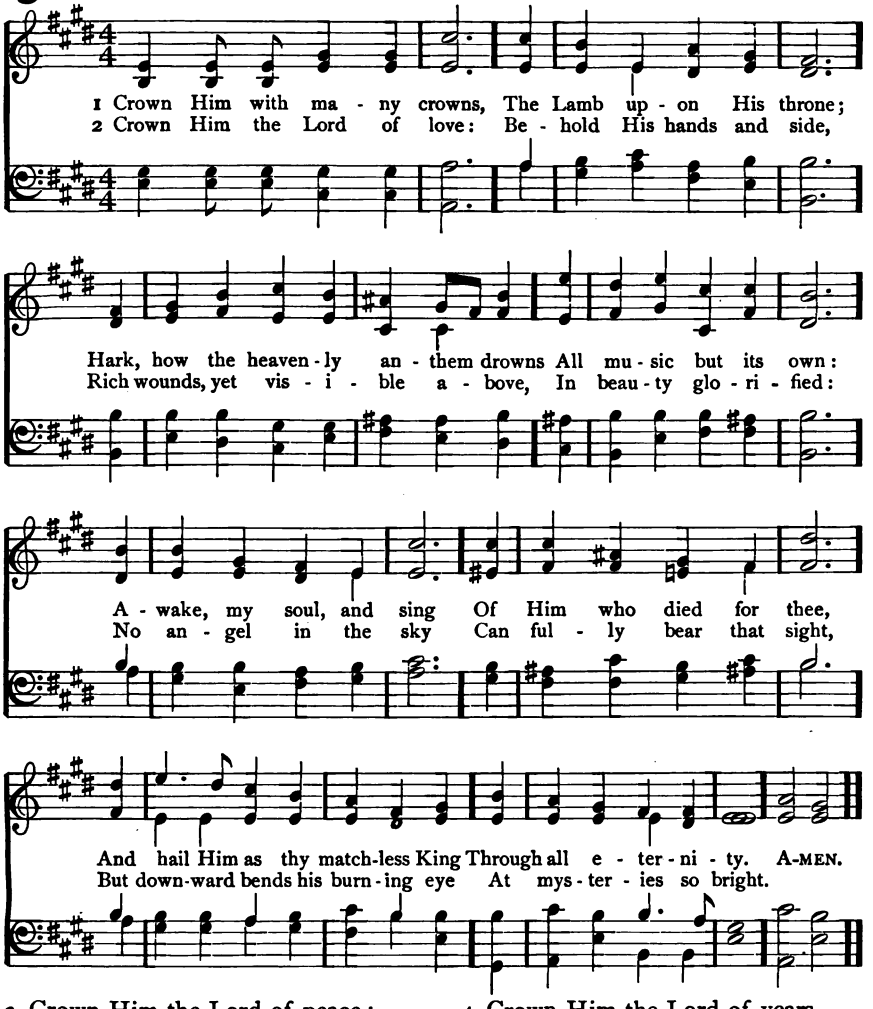
3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Rev. Francis Pott, 1861

56 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

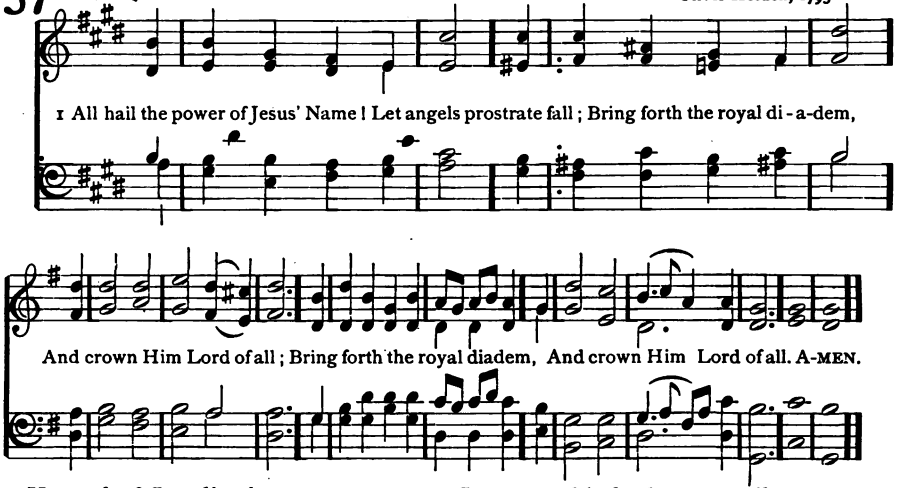
Sir George J. Elvey, 1868

1 Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2 Crown Him the Lord of love: Be - hold His hands and side,
Hark, how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.
But down-ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1851

57 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

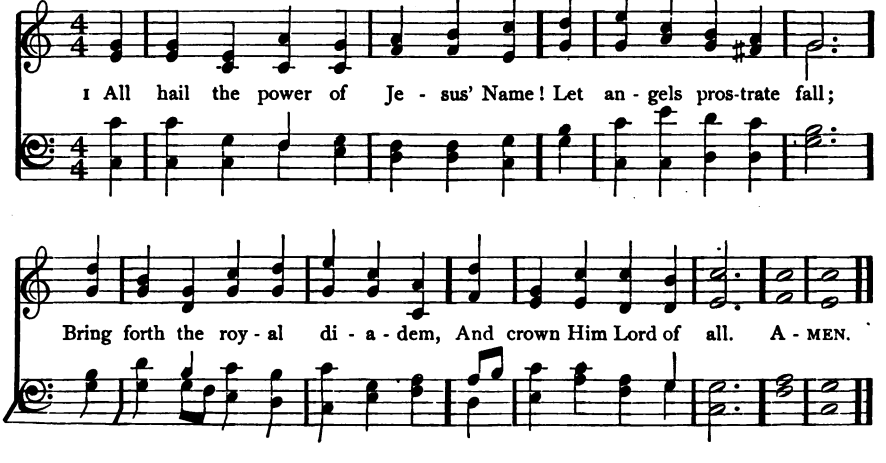
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

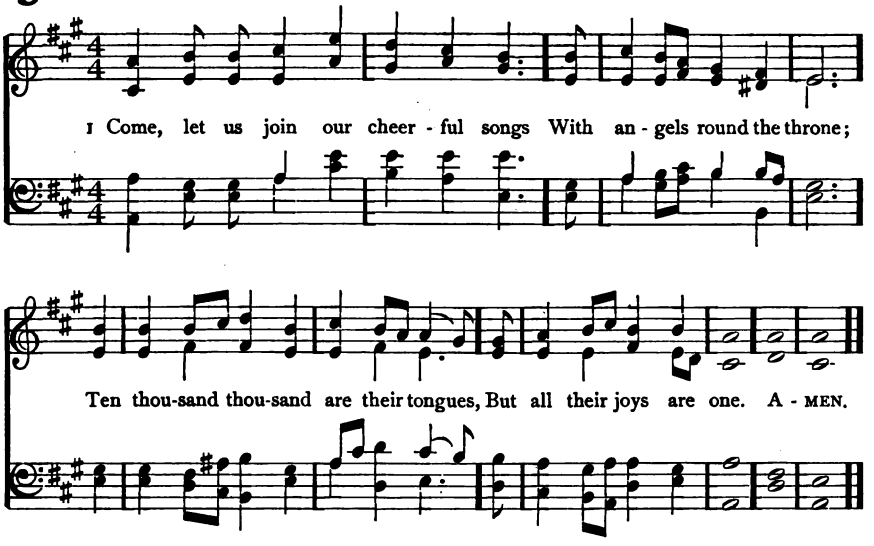
Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779–80
Verse 1, l. 4, alt., verse 4, recast, verse 5, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787

ST. LEONARD (SMART) C. M.

Henry Smart, 1867



58 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812

1 Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A - MEN.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
"To be exalted thus:" [cry,
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

59 (DEDHAM or ST. LEONARD) C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

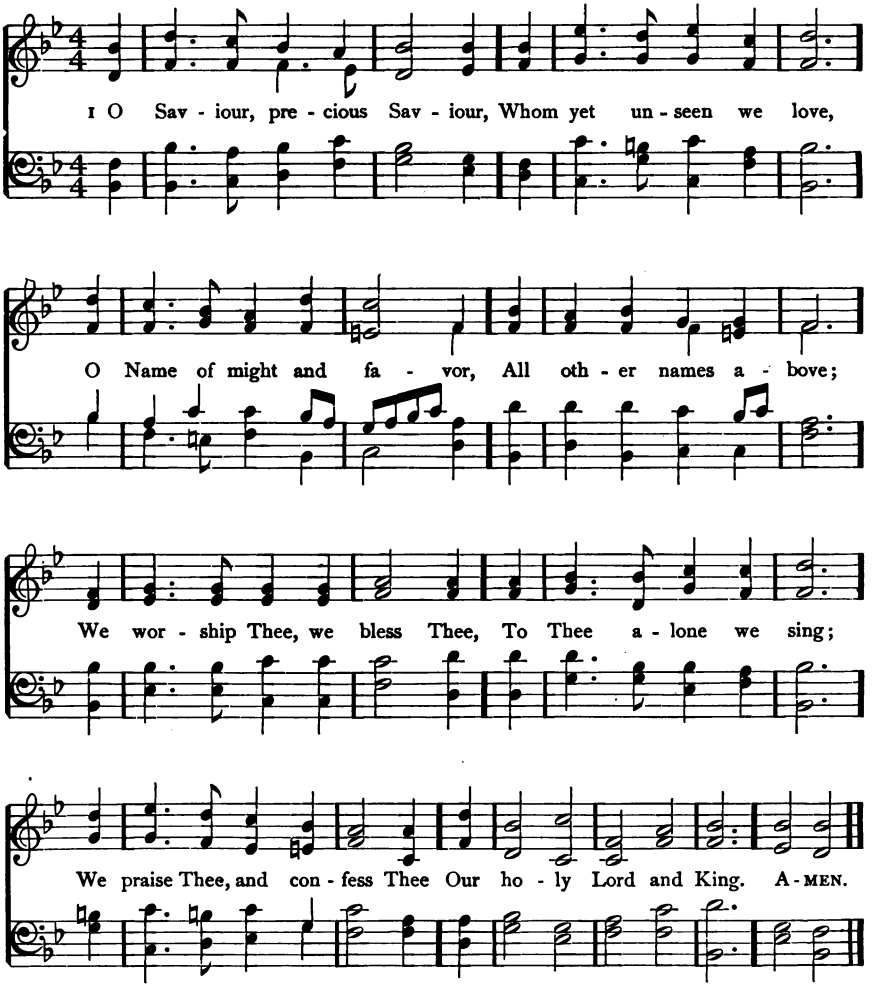
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739; verse 4, l. 1, alt.

Jesus Christ our Lord

60 **ZOAN** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1845

1 O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,
O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - MEN.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

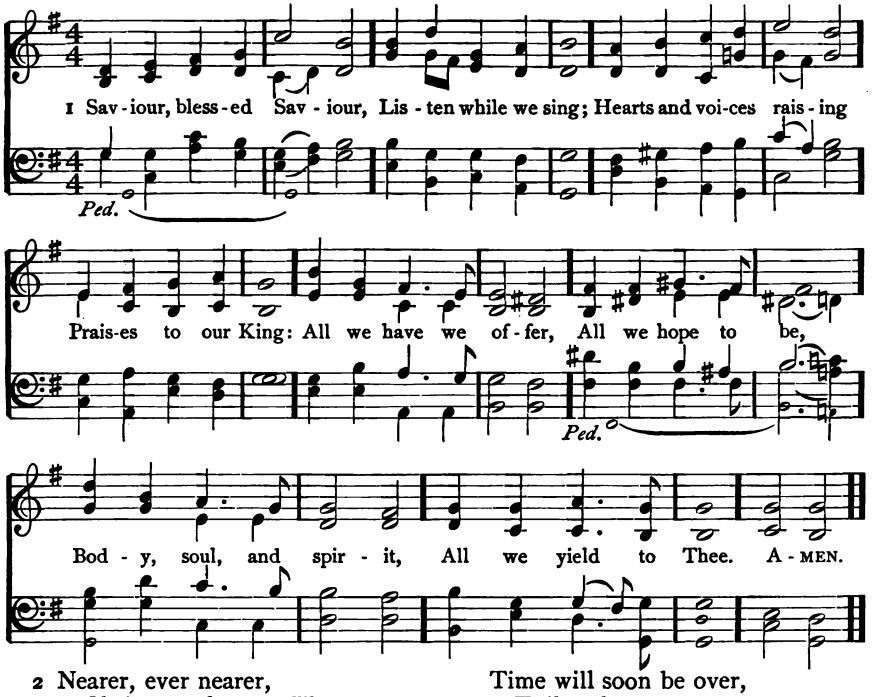
3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine:
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

Frances R. Havergal, 1870

Praise to Christ Exalted

61 **EDINA** 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1868


1 Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi-ces rais - ing
Ped.
Prais-es to our King: All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,
Ped.
Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done:
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

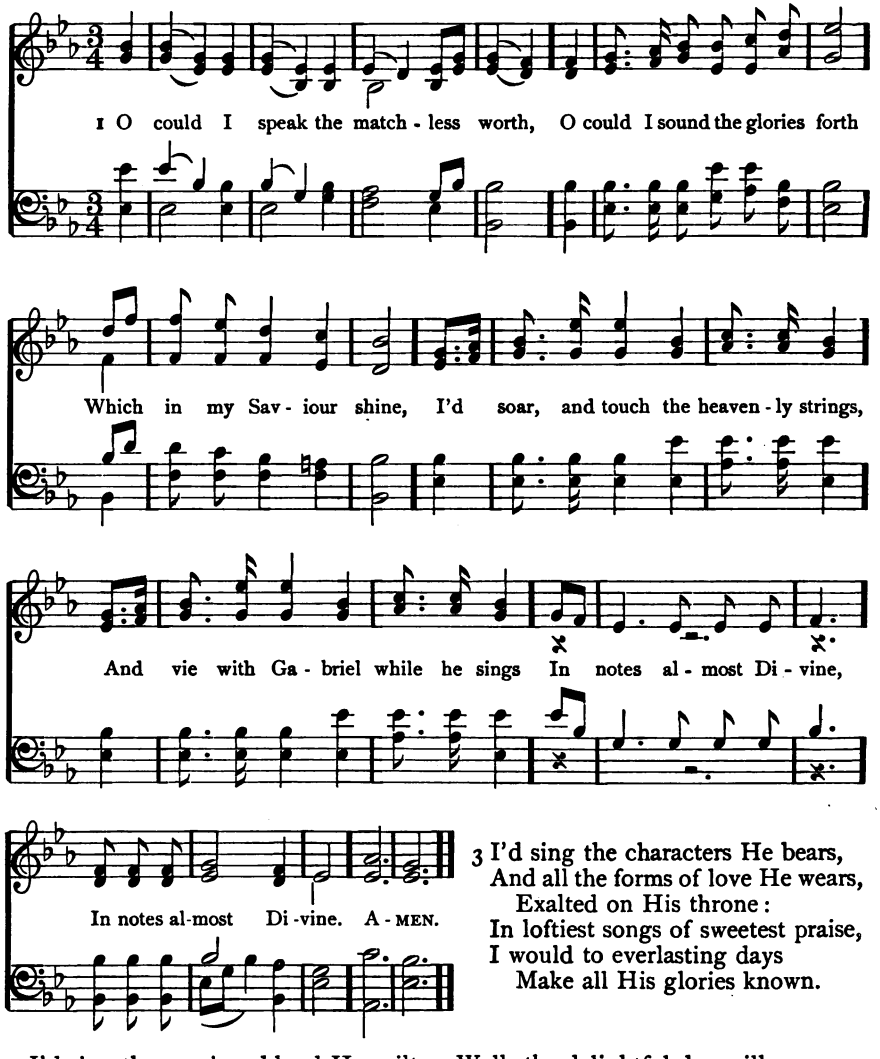
6 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862

Jesus Christ our Lord

62 **ARIEL** 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Arr. from Mozart, by Lowell Mason, 1836


1 O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Sav - iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heaven - ly strings,
And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In notes al - most Di - vine,
In notes al-most Di-vine. A - MEN.

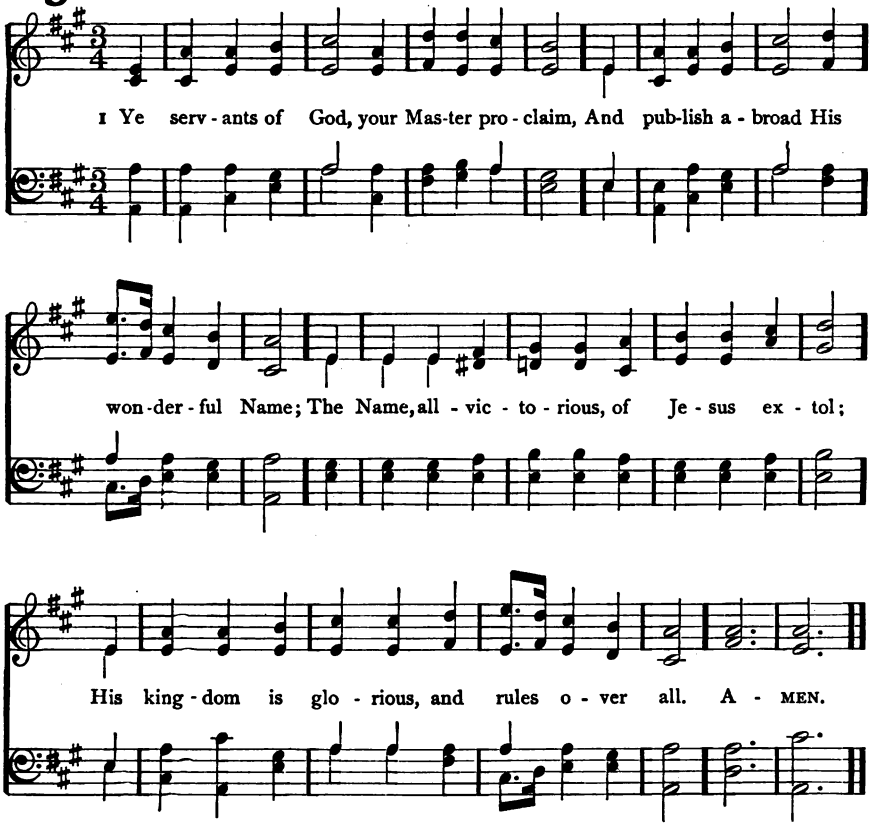
3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath Divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
*My soul sh*all ever shine.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1789

Praise to Christ Exalted

63 **LYONS** 10. 10. 11. 11. Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737–1806)

1 Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas-ter pro - claim, And pub-lish a - broad His
won-der - ful Name; The Name, all - vic - to - rious, of Je - sus ex - tol;
His king - dom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all. A - MEN.

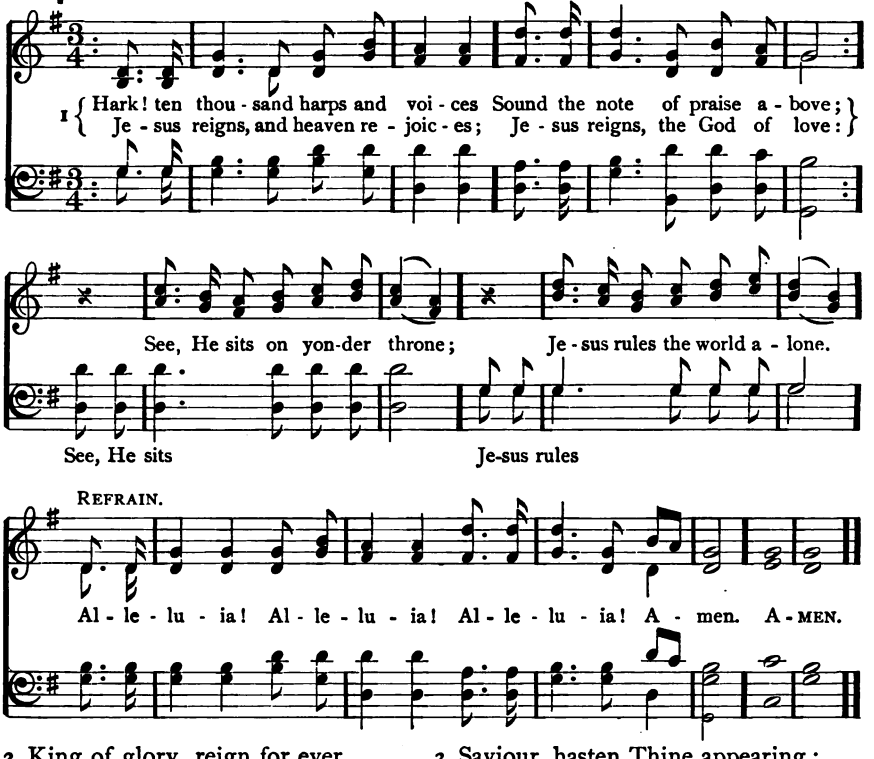
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744; verse 3, line 3, alt.

64 HARWELL 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

Lowell Mason, 1840

1 Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
See, He sits Je-sus rules
REFRAIN.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men. A - MEN.

2 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.—REF.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"—REF.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806

65 (LEIGHTON) S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

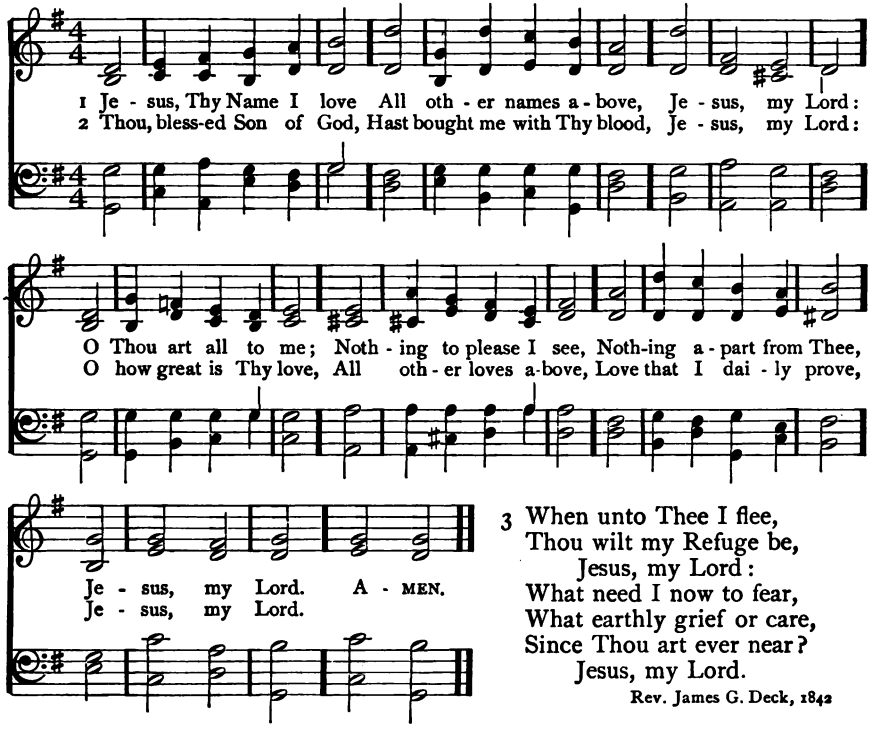
2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the Eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

William Hammond, 1745: alt. Rev. Geo. Whitefield, 1753, and Rev. Martin Madan, 1760

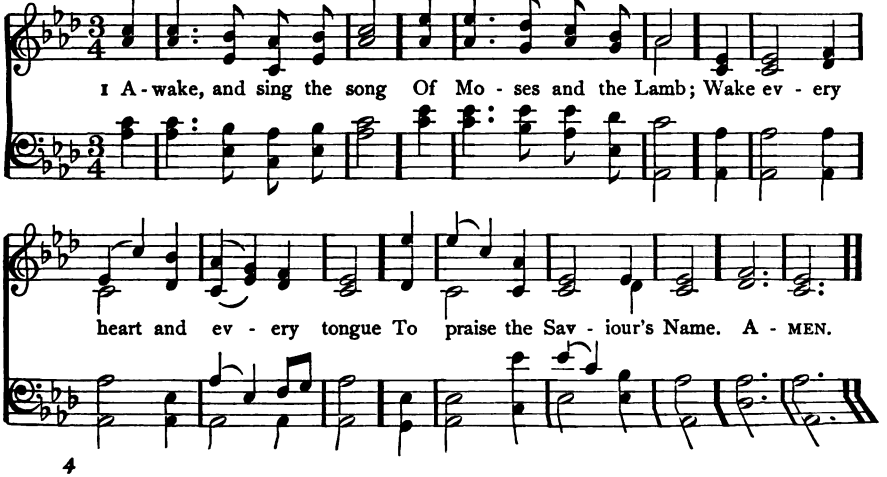
66 STOBEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

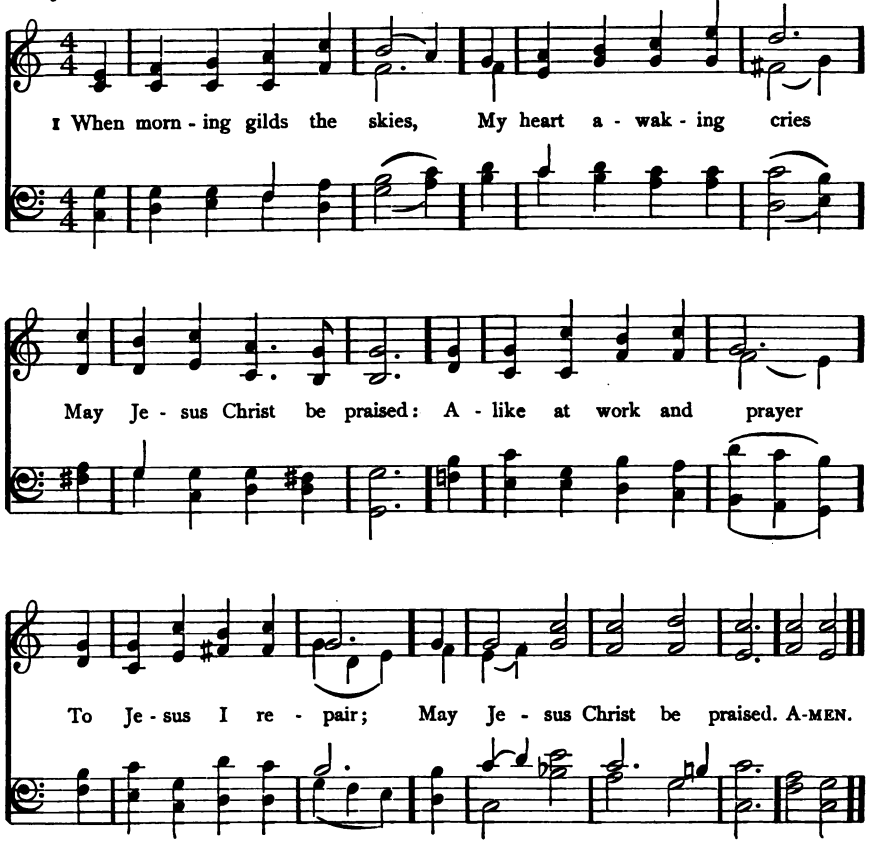
Old German Melody

1 Je - sus, Thy Name I love All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord:
2 Thou, bless-ed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord:
O Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to please I see, Noth-ing a - part from Thee,
O how great is Thy love, All oth - er loves a-bove, Love that I dai - ly prove,
Je - sus, my Lord. A - MEN.
Je - sus, my Lord.

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord:
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842

LEIGHTON S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849

67 LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868

1 When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs
May Jesus Christ be praised:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

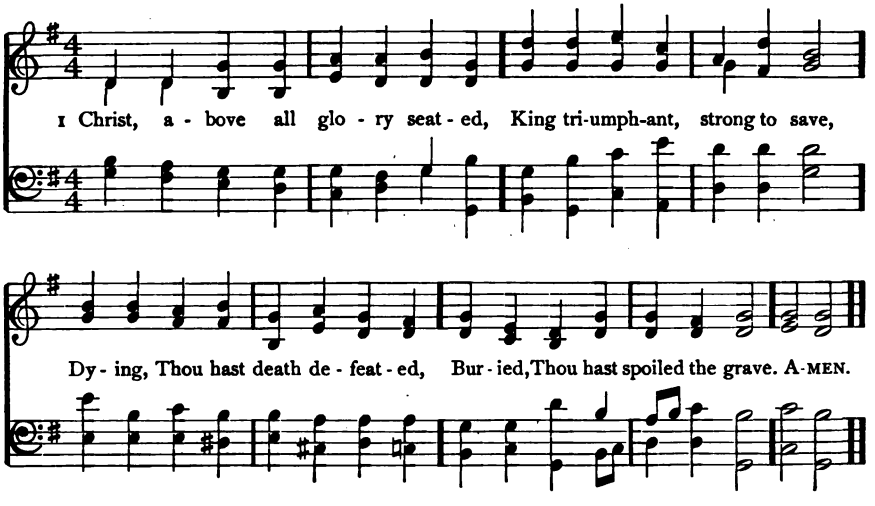
3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Anon. (German.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1853, 1858

Praise to Christ Exalted

68 **STUTTGART** 8. 7. 8. 7. Gotha Cantional, 1715

1 Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed, King tri-umph-ant, strong to save,
Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed, Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A-MEN.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and amazèd bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee beyond the sky:
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

5 So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th cent.) Tr. Bishop James R. Woodford, 1852

The Advent

69 **(STUTTGART)** 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

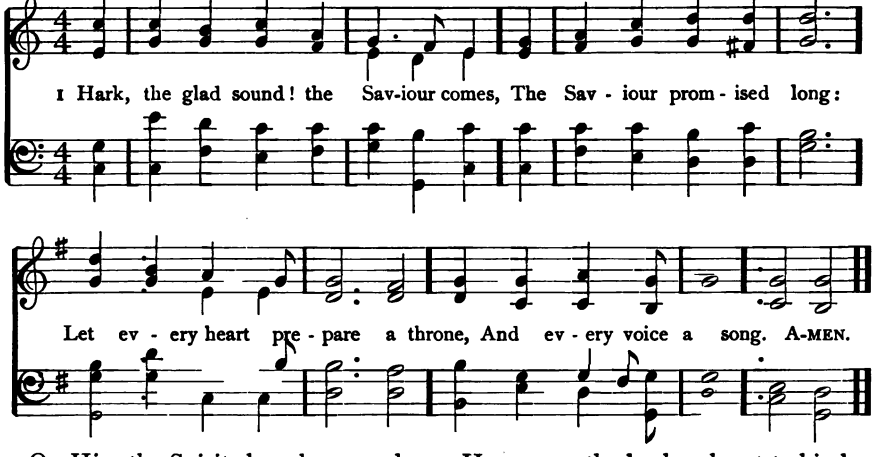
3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744

70 ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

Frederick G. Baker, 1876


1 Hark, the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav - iour prom - ised long:
Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song. A-MEN.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

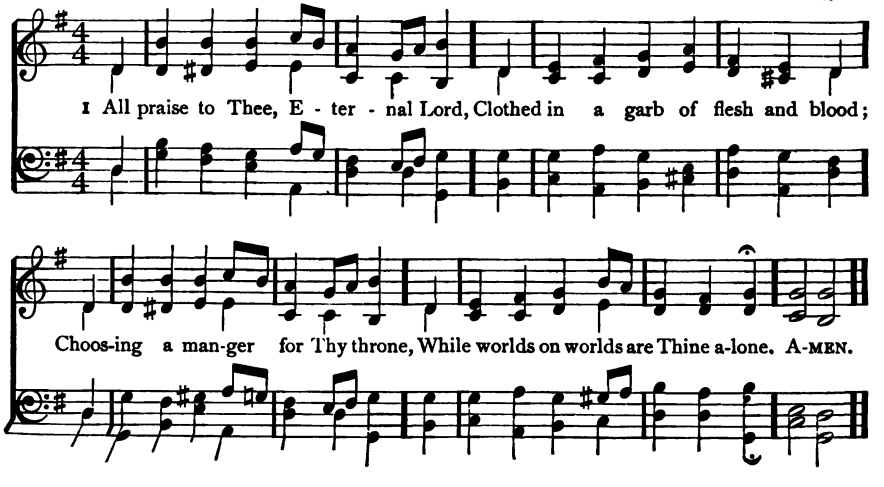
3 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

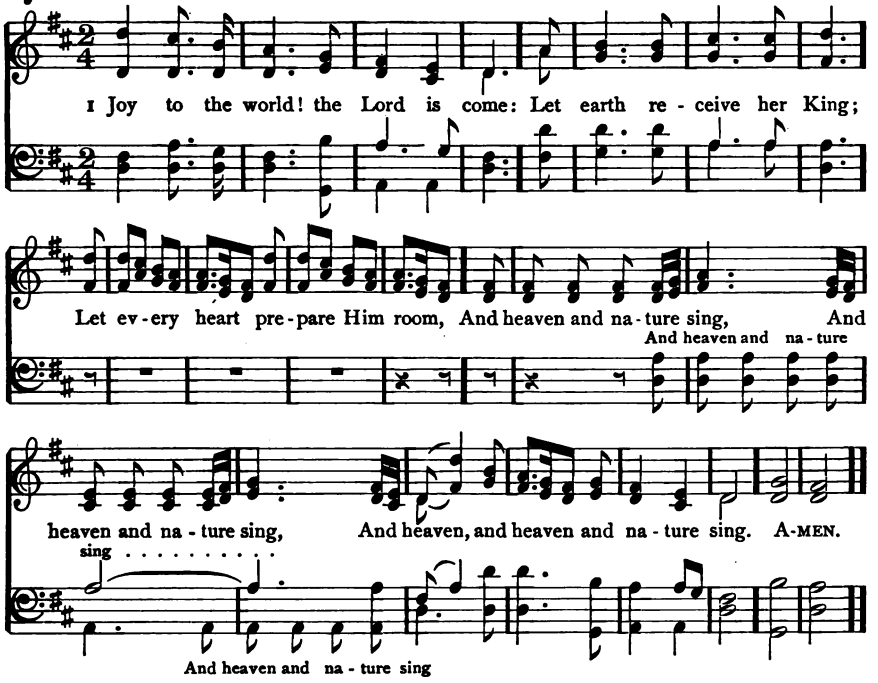
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

1 All praise to Thee, E - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choos-ing a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a-lone. A-MEN.

71 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1742

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And
And heaven and na - ture
heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing. A-MEN.
sing
And heaven and na - ture sing

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

72 (CANONBURY) L. M.

1 ALL praise to Thee, Eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

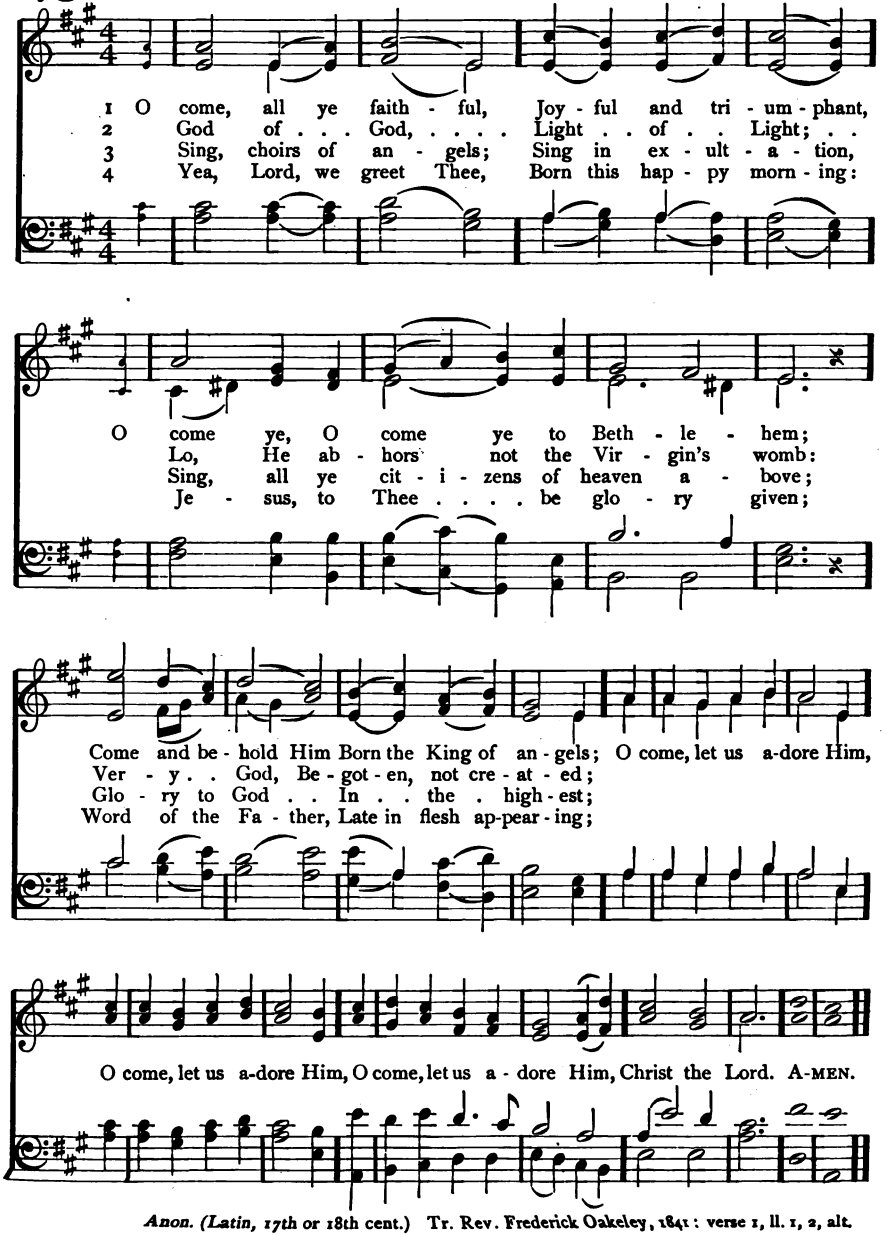
2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now:
Angels who did in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3 A little Child, Thou art our Guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms Divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

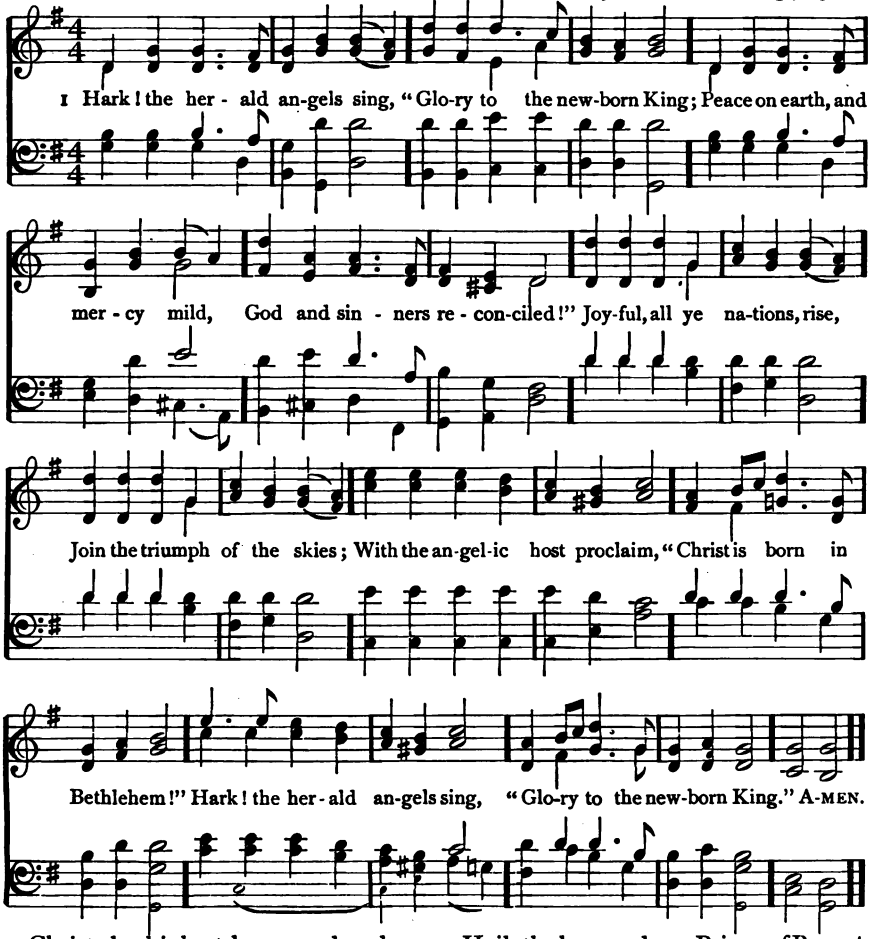
5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won:
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther, 1524. Tr. Anon. Sabbath Hy. Bk. 1858

73 ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant,
2 God of . . . God, ... Light . . of . . Light; . .
3 Sing, choirs of an - gels; Sing in ex - ult - a - tion,
4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing:
O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
Lo, He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:
Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove;
Je - sus, to Thee . . . . be glo - ry given;
Come and be - hold Him Born the King of an - gels; O come, let us a-dore Him,
Ver - y . . God, Be - got - en, not cre - at - ed;
Glo - ry to God . . In . . the . high - est;
Word of the Fa - ther, Late in flesh ap-pear - ing;
O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A-MEN.

Anon. (Latin, 17th or 18th cent.) Tr. Rev. Frederick Oakeley, 1841: verse 1, ll. 1, 2, alt.

74 MENDELSSOHN 7.7.7.7. D.

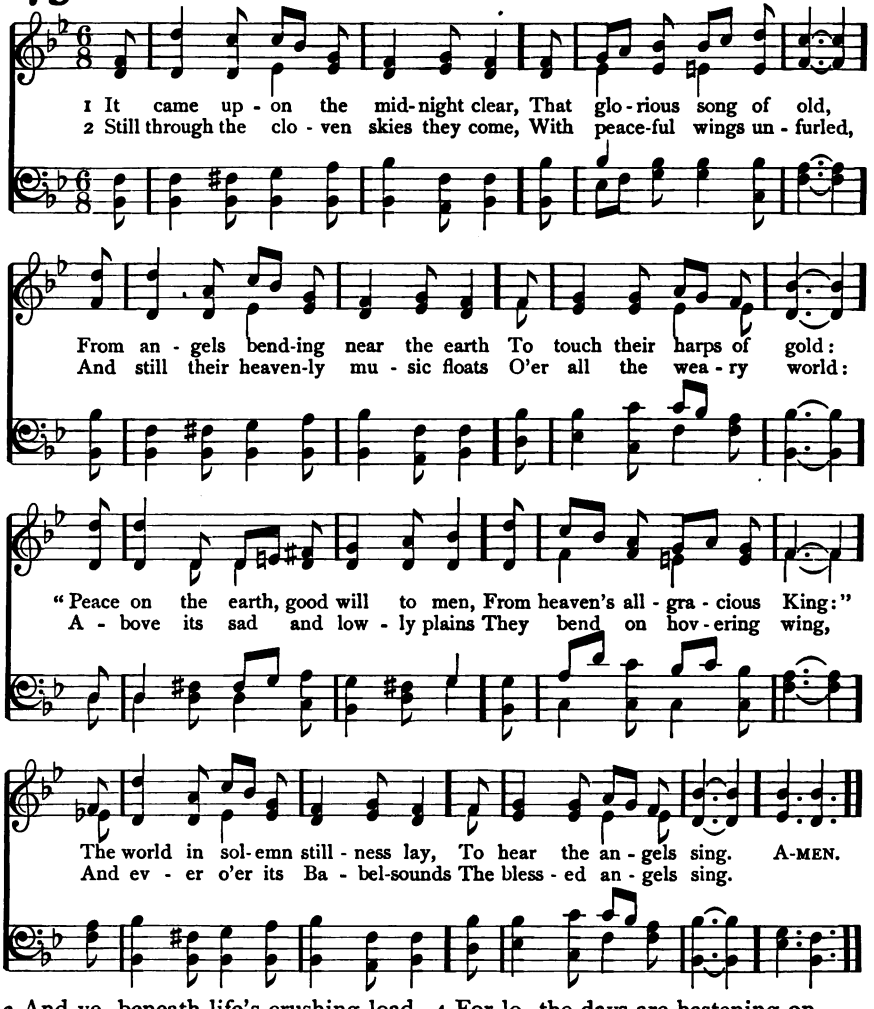
Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1850

1 Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies; With the an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Bethlehem!" Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King." A-MEN.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739; alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1760,
Suppl. to New Version, c. 1782, J. Kempthorne, 1810

75 CAROL C. M. D.

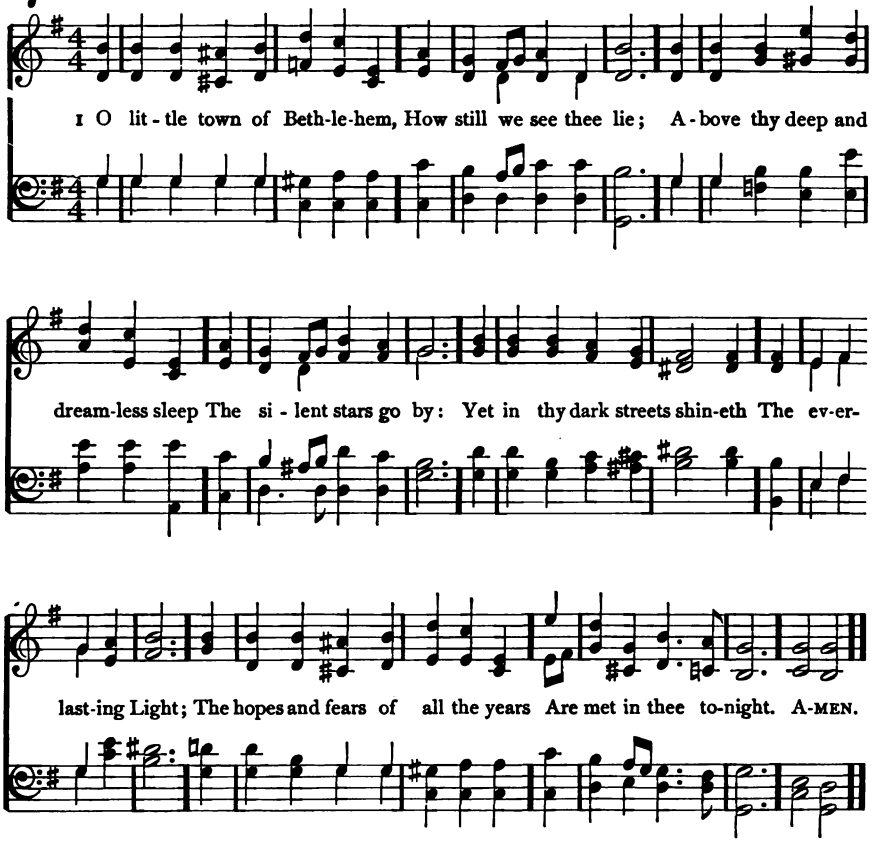
Richard S. Willis, 1850

1 It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2 Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A-MEN.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel-sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1850

76 ST. LOUIS 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Lewis H. Redner, 1868

1 O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie; A - bove thy deep and
dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-
last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A-MEN.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

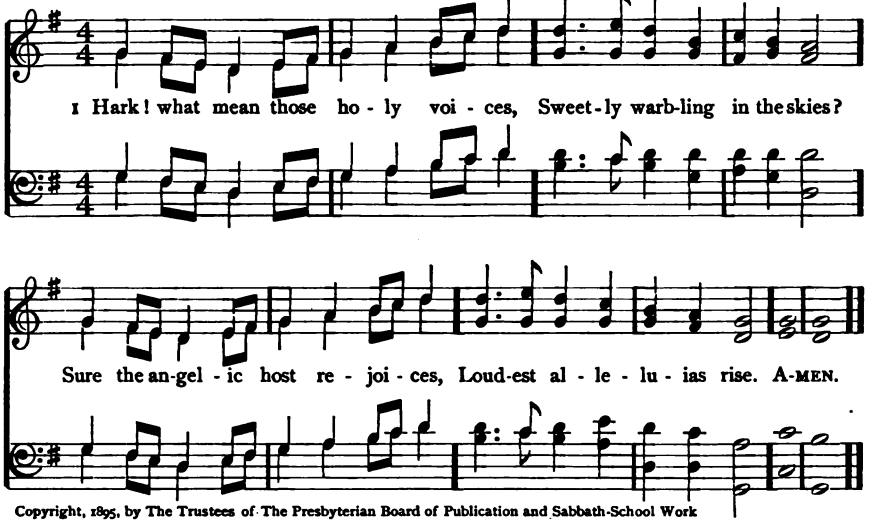
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1869

Jesus Christ our Lord

77 ANGEL CHOIR 8.7.8.7.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly warb-ling in the skies?
Sure the an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Loud-est al - le - lu - ias rise. A-MEN.

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2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God Most High!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing:
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God Most High!"

Rev. John Cawood, 1819

The Epiphany

78 (DIX) 7.7.7.7.7.7.

1 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

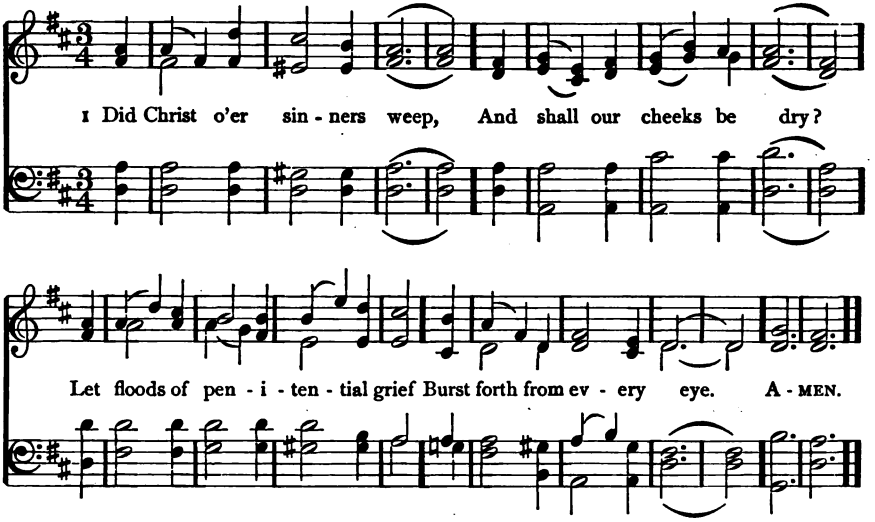
2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

William C. Dix, 1861

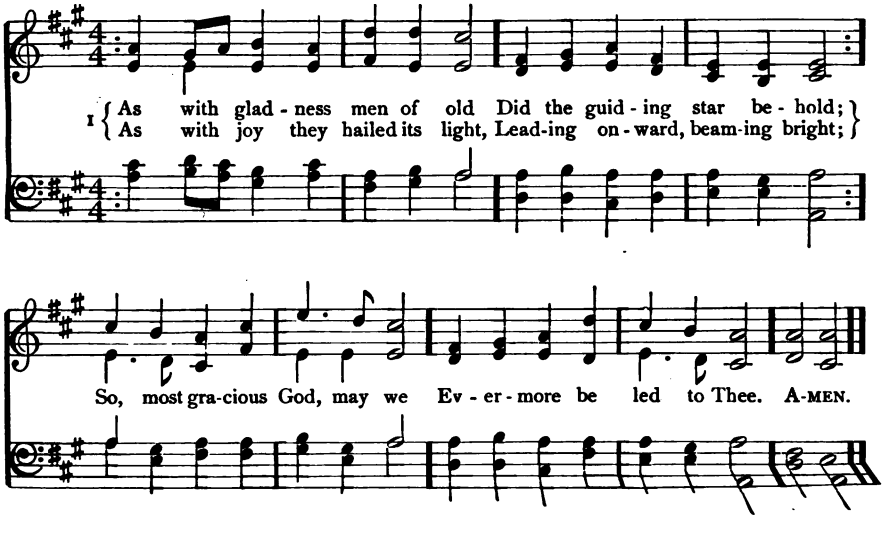
79 RHODES S. M.

C. Warwick Jordan, 1875

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

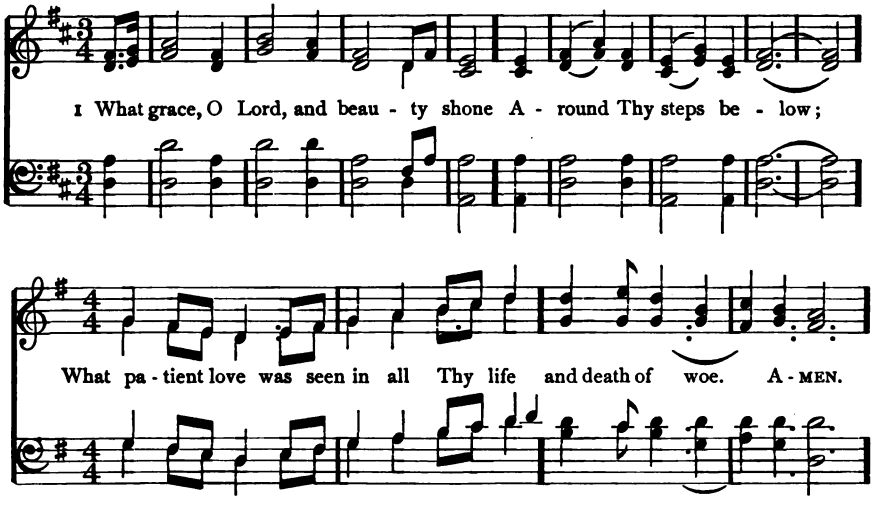
Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787

DIX 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838

1 As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on - ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gra-cious God, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

80 SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842



2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1839

81 (SILOAM) C. M.

1 LORD, Thou in all things like wast made
To us, yet free from sin;
Then how unlike to us, O Lord,
Replies the voice within.

2 Our faith is weak; O Light of Light,
Clear Thou our clouded view;
That Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honor due.

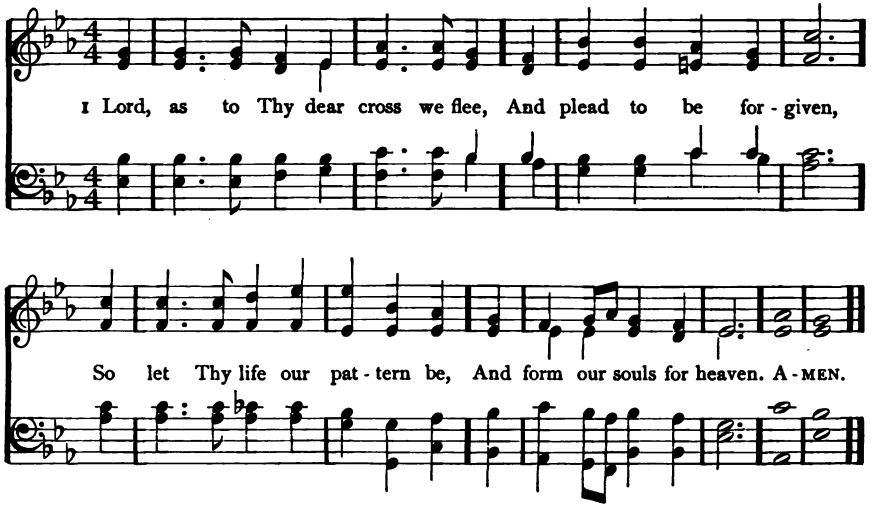
3 O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

4 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succoring Thine own.

5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Most blest in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice, 1836; verse 1, ll. 1, 3, alt

82 GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838

83 (GREEN HILL) C. M.

1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

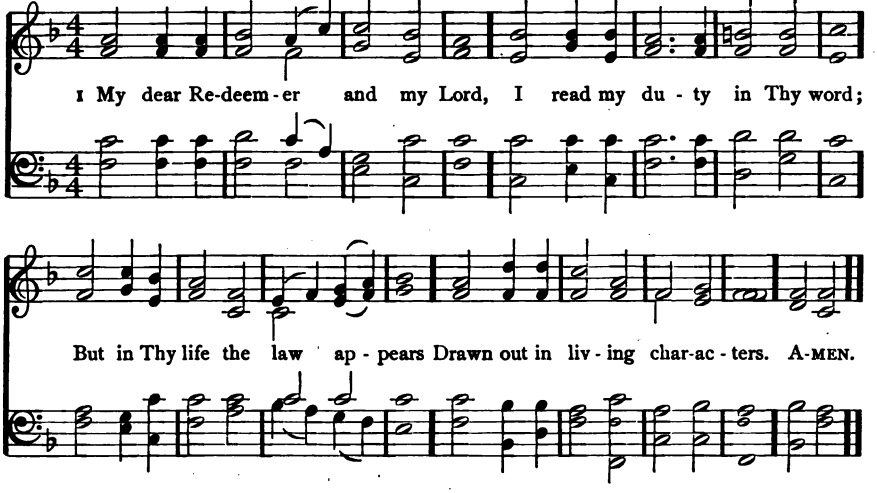
4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth Divine:
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine.

Thomas H. Gill, 1850

84 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

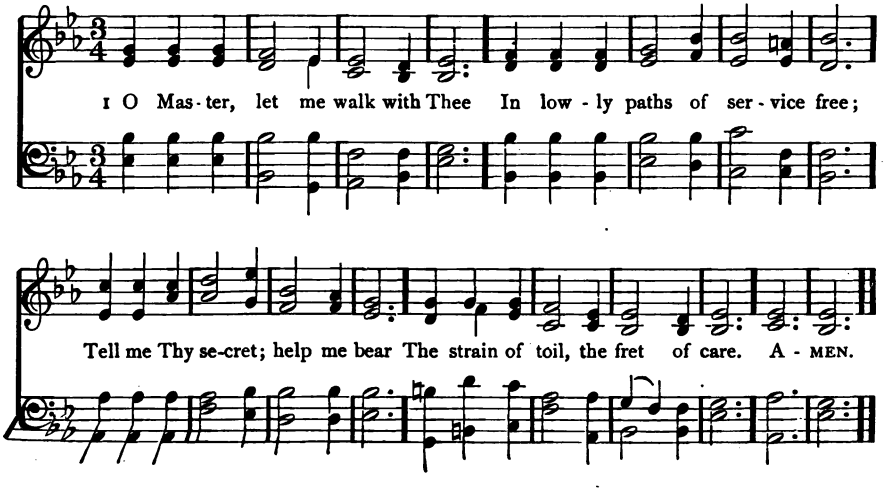
Henry K. Oliver, 1832

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so Divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

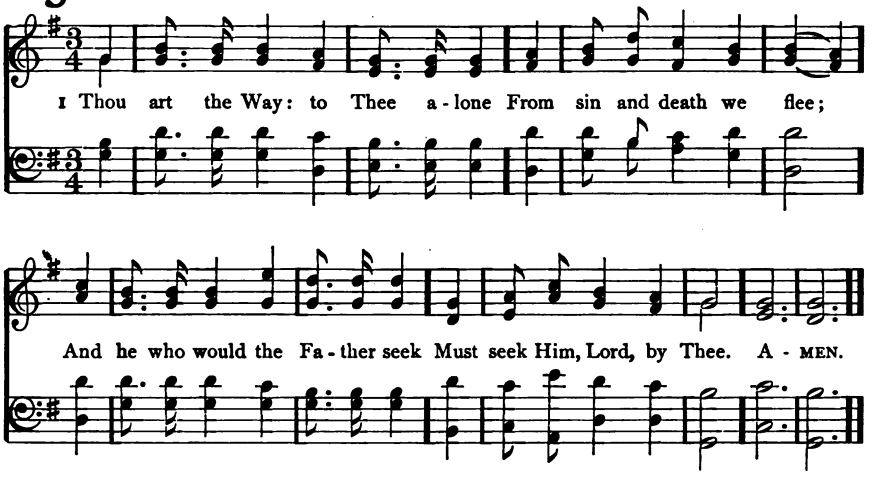
4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826–)

1 O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-MEN.

85 ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

86 (SAXBY) L. M.

1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

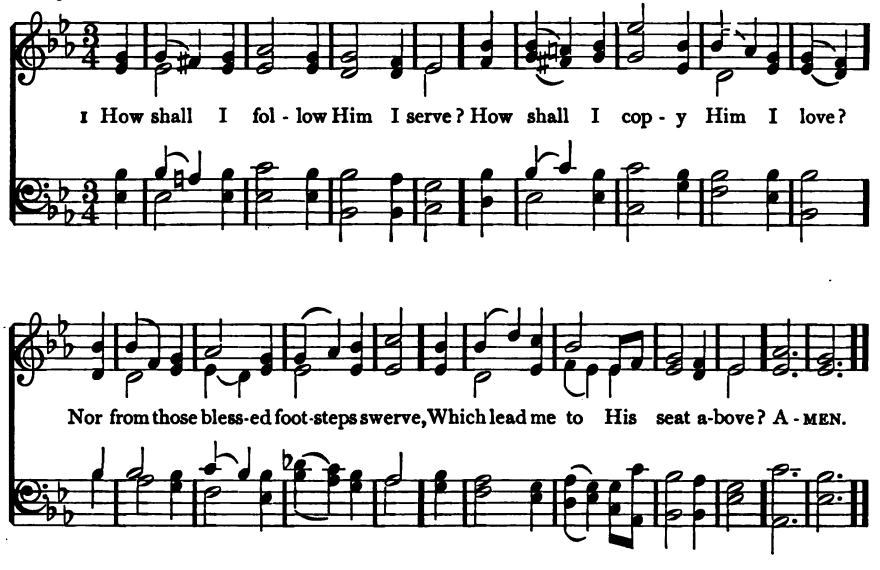
3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Rev. Washington Gladden, 1879

87 STAINCLIFFE L. M.

Robert W Dixon, 1875


1 How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?
Nor from those bless-ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to His seat a-bove? A - MEN.

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

Josiah Conder, 1824, 1836

88 (STAINCLIFFE) L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!
O seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee,
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

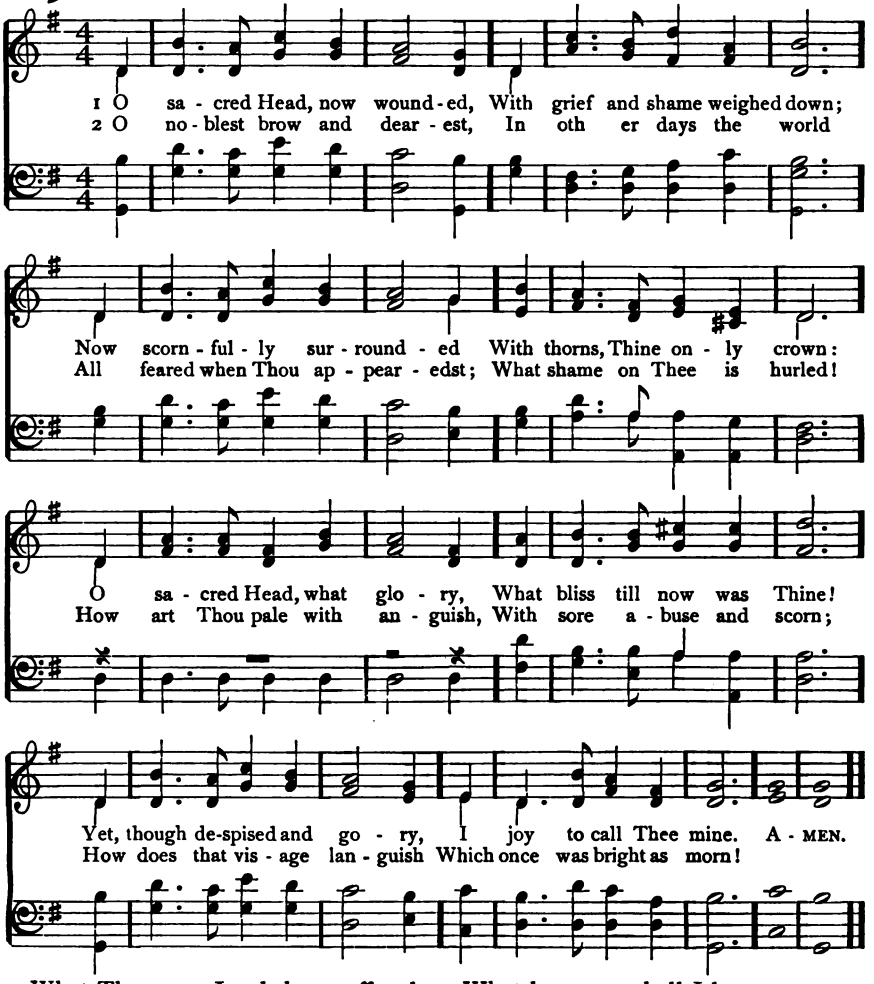
3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop William W. How (verses 4, 5, alt. from Bishop Ken, publ. 1721) 1871

89 GERHARDT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down;
2 O no - blest brow and dear - est, In oth er days the world
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:
All feared when Thou ap - pear - edst; What shame on Thee is hurled!
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;
Yet, though de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A - MEN.
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!

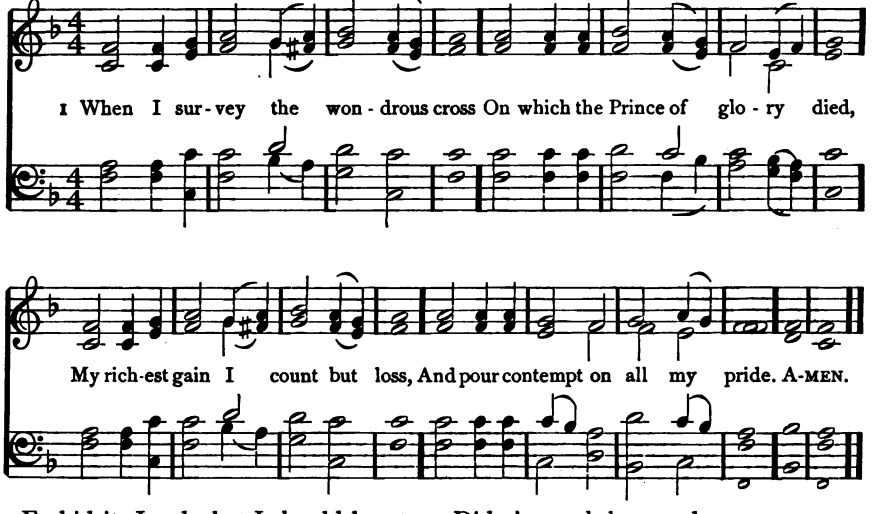
3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153). Tr. Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Rev. James W. Alexander, 1830

90 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824


1 When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

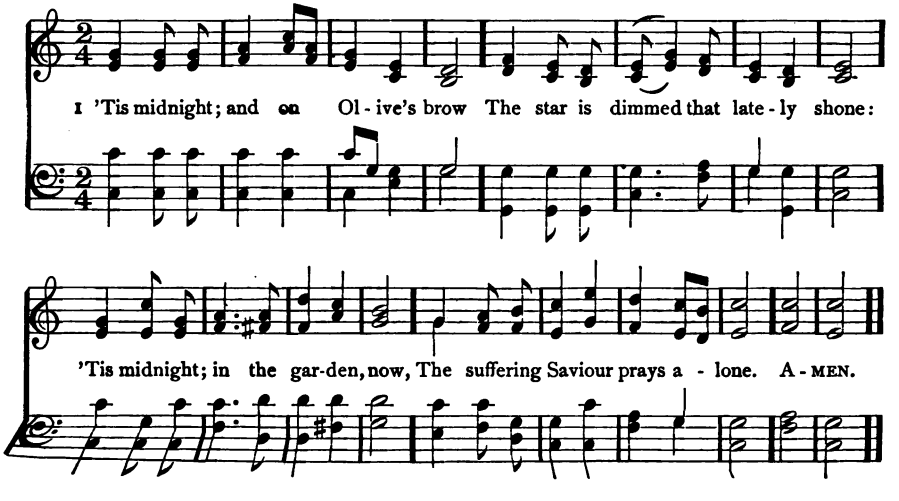
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

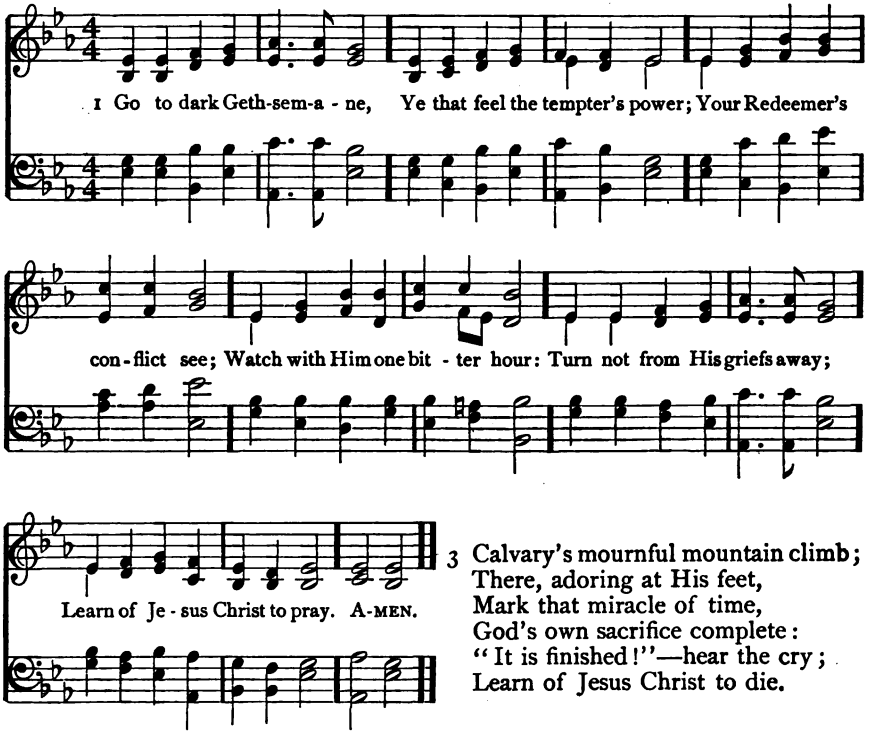
ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844


1 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:
'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone. A-MEN.

91 AJALON 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Richard Redhead, 1853


1 Go to dark Geth-sem-a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Redeemer's
con-flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour: Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-MEN.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!"—hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)

92 (ZEPHYR) L. M.

1 'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears:
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

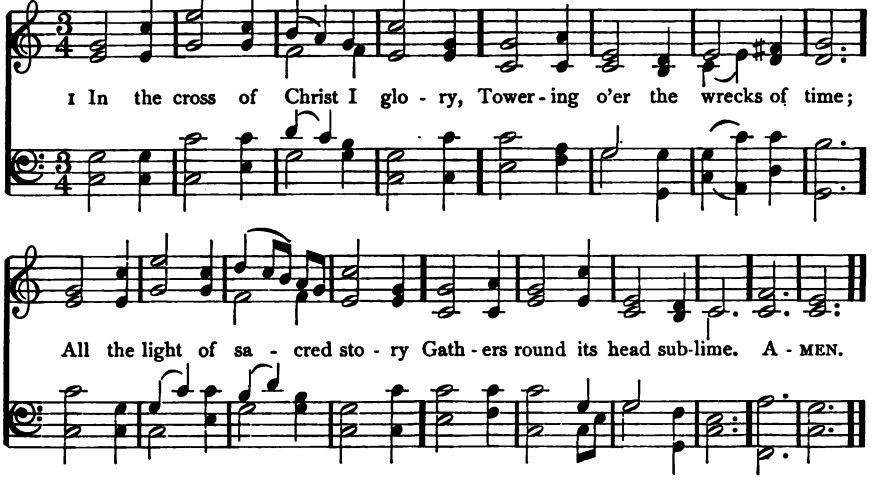
3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822

93 RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamar Conkey, 1851


1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime. A - MEN.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

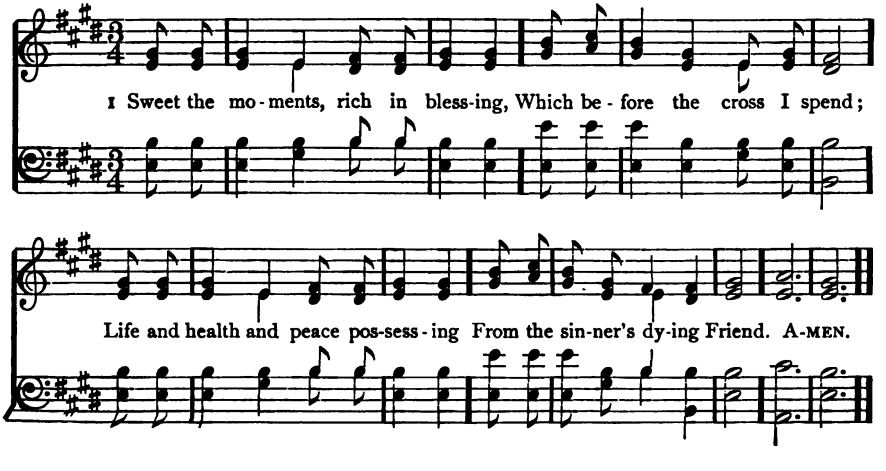
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825

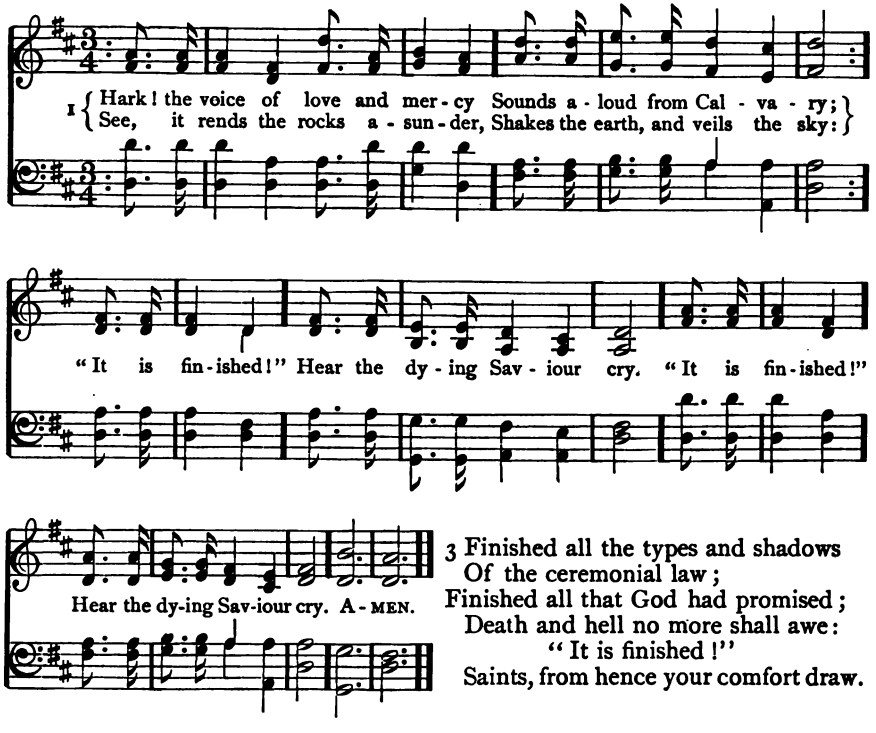
DORRNANCE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848


1 Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace pos-sess - ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. A-MEN.

94 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Thomas Hastings, 1836


1 Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;
See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is fin-ished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. "It is fin-ished!"
Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-MEN.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

2 "It is finished!"—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's Name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans, 1784

95 (DORRNANCE) 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

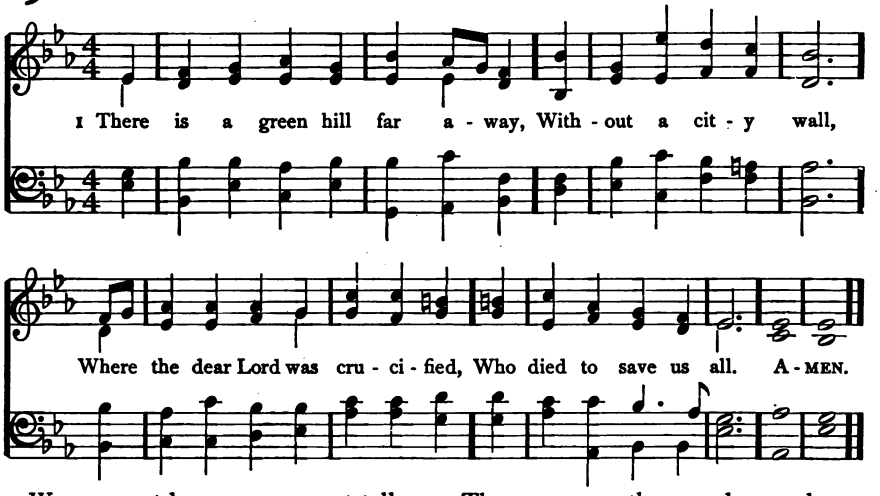
3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

Rev. Walter Shirley, 1770 (based on Rev. James Allen, 1757): verse 3, l. 4, alt.

96 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

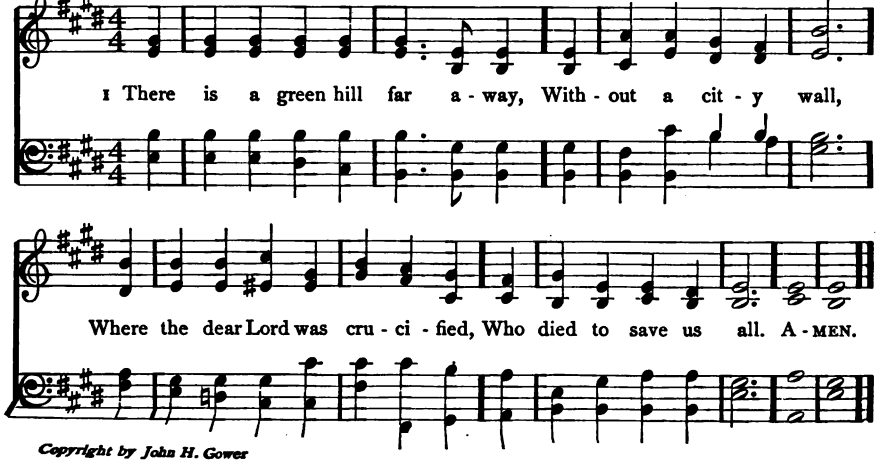
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

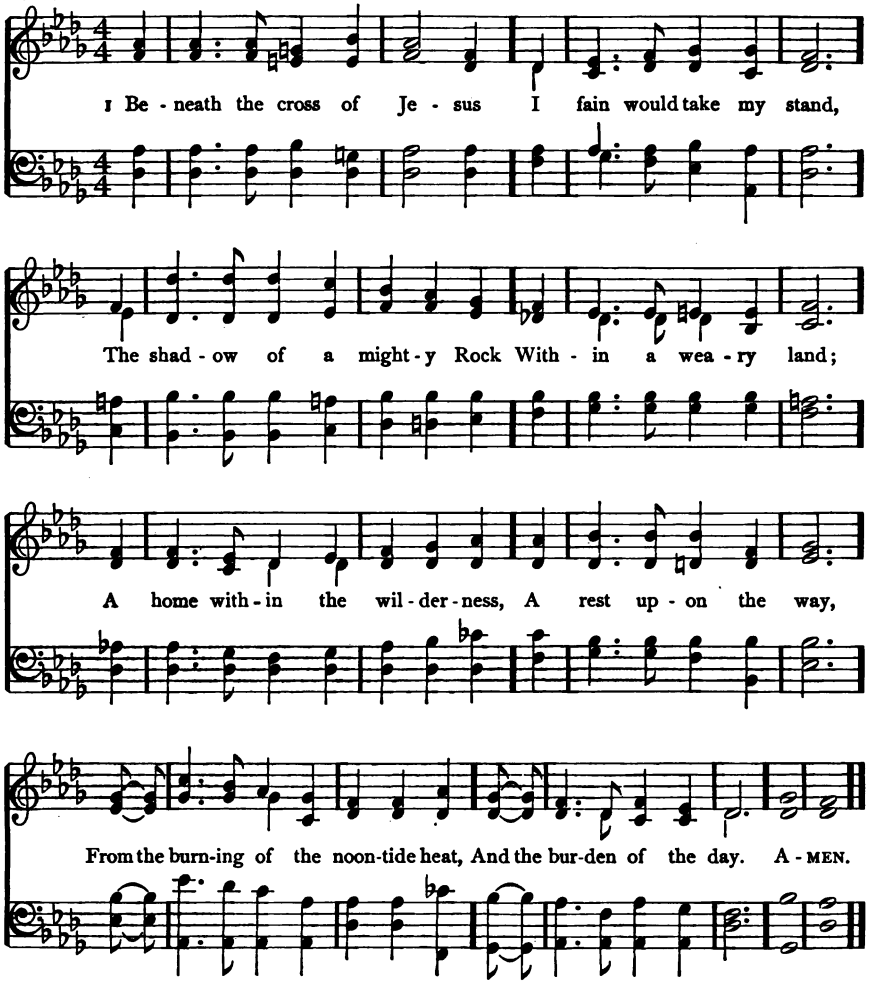
MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890



Copyright by John H. Gower

97 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day. A - MEN.

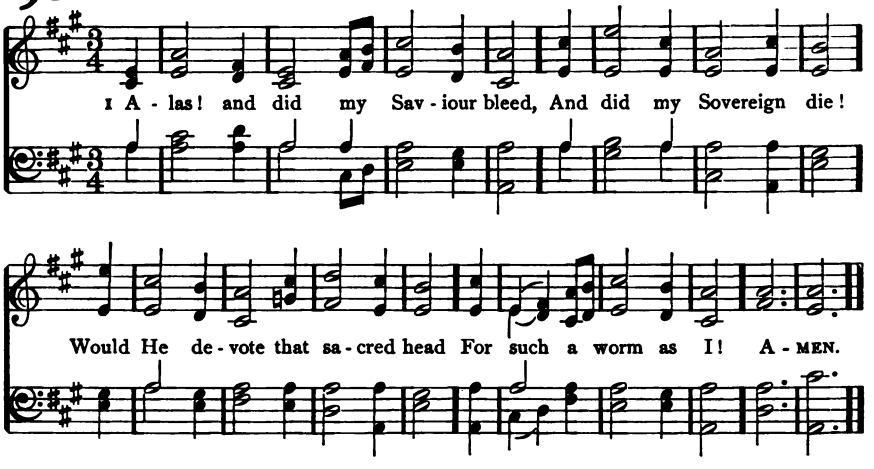
2 Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me:
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, publ. 1872

Jesus Christ our Lord

98 **MARTYRDOM** C. M. Hugh Wilson, c. 1825



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When He, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

The Resurrection

99 **(WIRTEMBURG)** 7. 7. 7. 7. with Alleluia

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain:
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high, Alleluia!

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say, Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alle-
luia!

4 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alle-
luia!

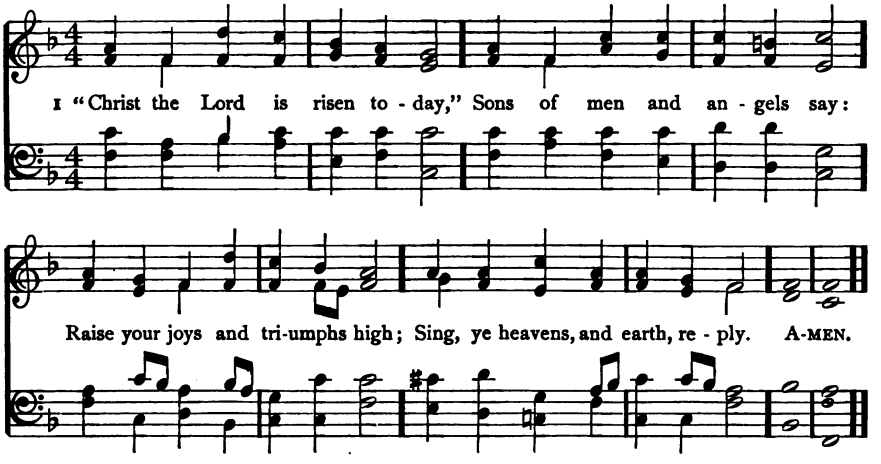
5 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven, [luia!
How we too may enter heaven. Alle-

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia!

Rev. Michael Weisse, 1531. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858; verse 1, l. 3, alt.

100 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848


1 "Christ the Lord is risen to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say:
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth, re - ply. A-MEN.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

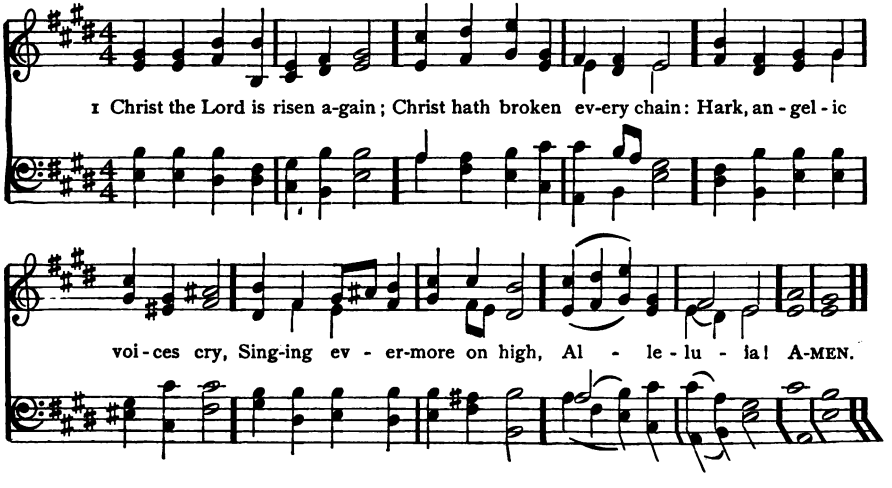
4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

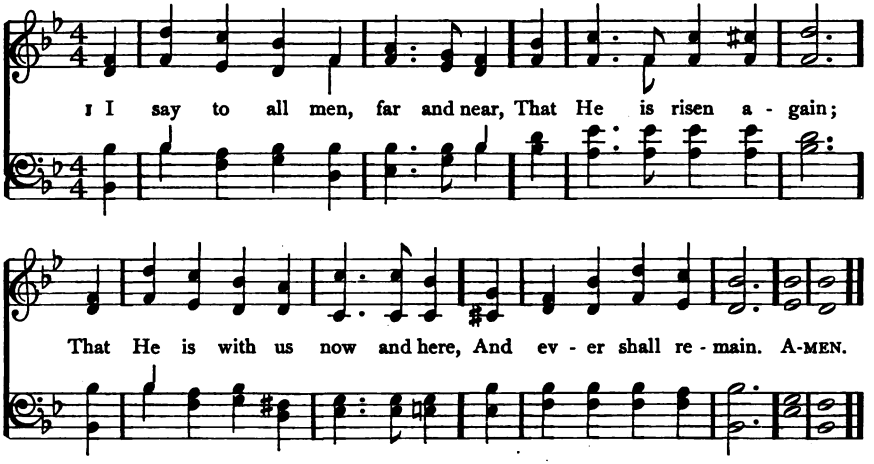
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

WIRTEMBURG 7. 7. 7. 7. with Alleluia

Hundert Geistliche Arien, Dresden, 1694


1 Christ the Lord is risen a-gain; Christ hath broken ev-ery chain: Hark, an - gel - ic
voi - ces cry, Sing-ing ev - er-more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

101 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865

2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

3 Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

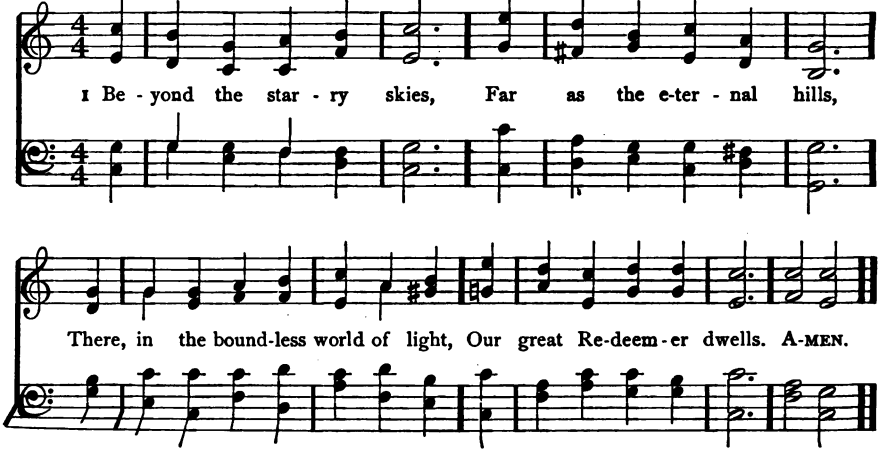
4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

5 The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach His father's home.

G. F. P. von Hardenberg, 1802: tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

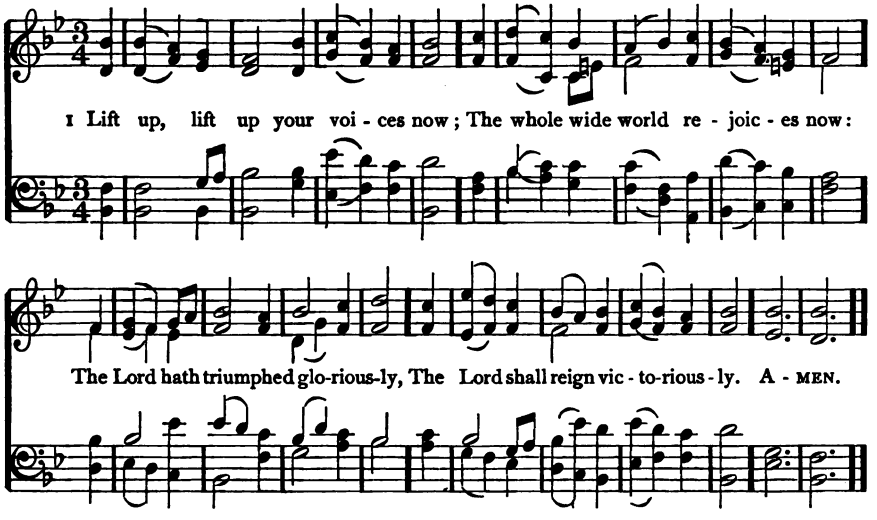
NARENZA S. M.

Old German Chorale:
Arr. by Rev. Wm. H. Havergal, 1849



102 WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738


1 Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now; The whole wide world re - joic - es now:
The Lord hath triumphed glo-rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to-rious - ly. A - MEN.

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light:
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Cento, based on Rev. John M. Neale, 1854

103 (NARENZA) S. M.

1 BEYOND the starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Around Him angels fair,
In countless armies, shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs Divine.

3 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."

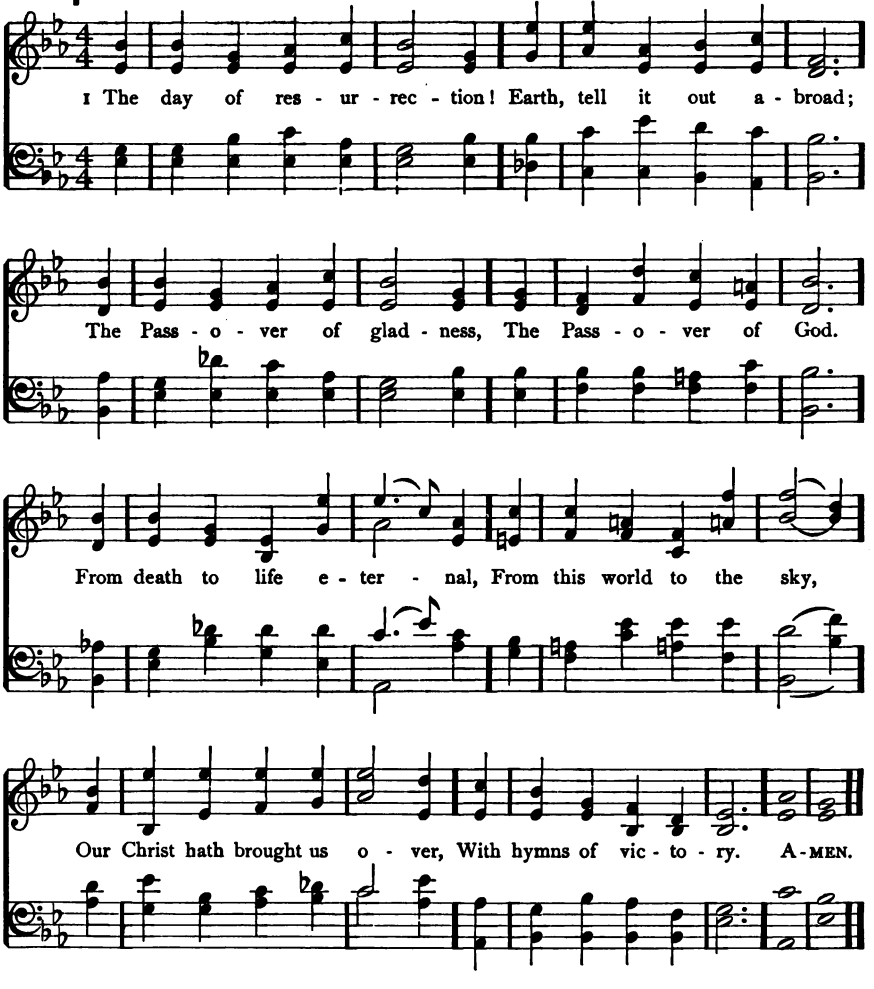
4 And when He stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at His feet,
And waited in His train.

5 They saw Him on the cross,
While darkness veiled the skies,
And when He burst the gates of death,
They saw the Conqueror rise.

6 They thronged His chariot-wheels,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps, and sang,
"The glorious work is done."

Cento, based on Rev. James Fanch, 1776, and Rev. Daniel Turner, 1794

104 LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-MEN.

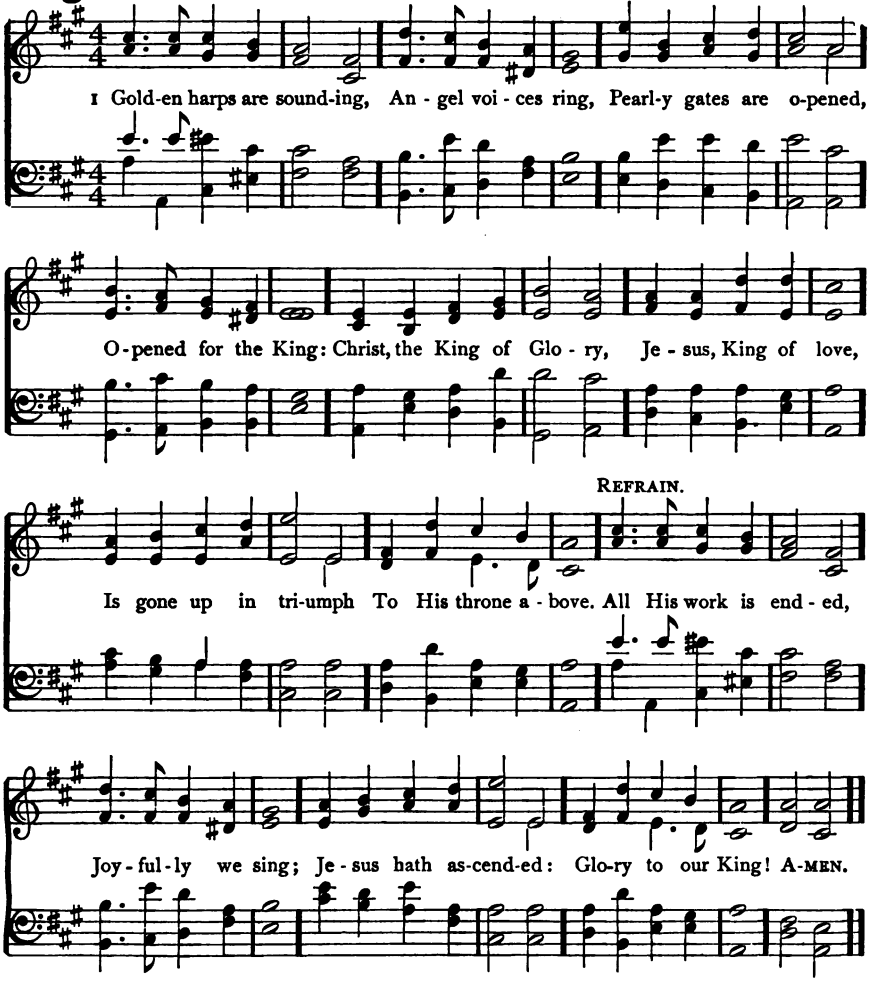
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus (8th cent.). Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862: verse 1, l. 1, alt.

The Ascension

105 **HERMAS** 6. 5. 6. 5. 121.

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

1 Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voi - ces ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,
O-pened for the King: Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
REFRAIN.
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,
Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed: Glo-ry to our King! A-MEN.

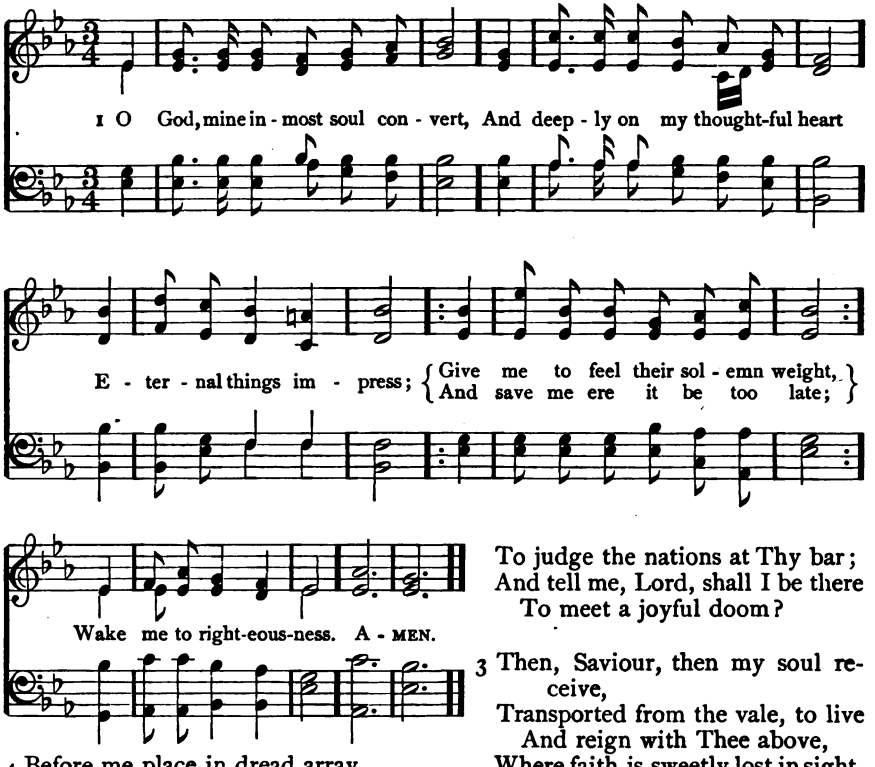
2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.—REF.

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

106 MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Lowell Mason, 1839


1 O God, mine in - most soul con - vert, And deep - ly on my thought-ful heart
E - ter - nal things im - press; { Give me to feel their sol - emn weight, / And save me ere it be too late; }
Wake me to right-eous-ness. A - MEN.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749: verse 1, ll. 5, 6, alt.

107 (EAGLEY) C. M.

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

4 Come, then, with all Thy quickening
With one awakening smile, [power,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

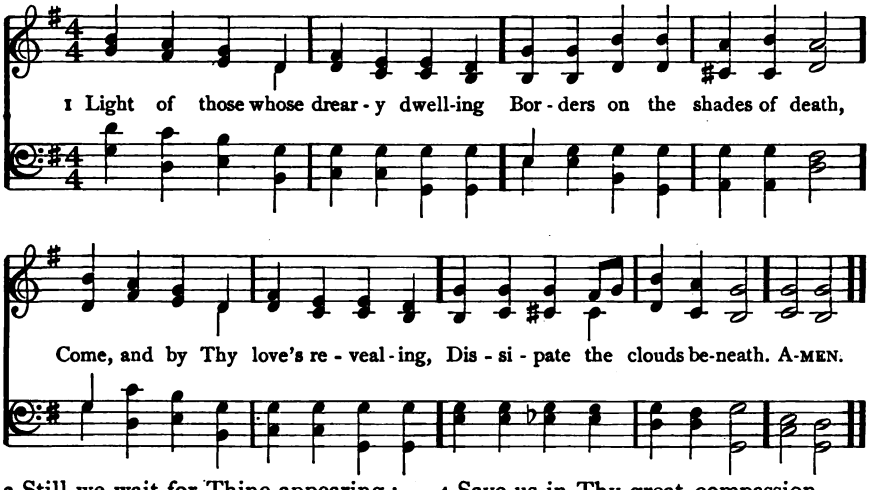
5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace Divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1842

The Second Coming and Judgment

108 BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830–1869)


1 Light of those whose drear - y dwell-ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's re - veal - ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be-neath. A-MEN.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

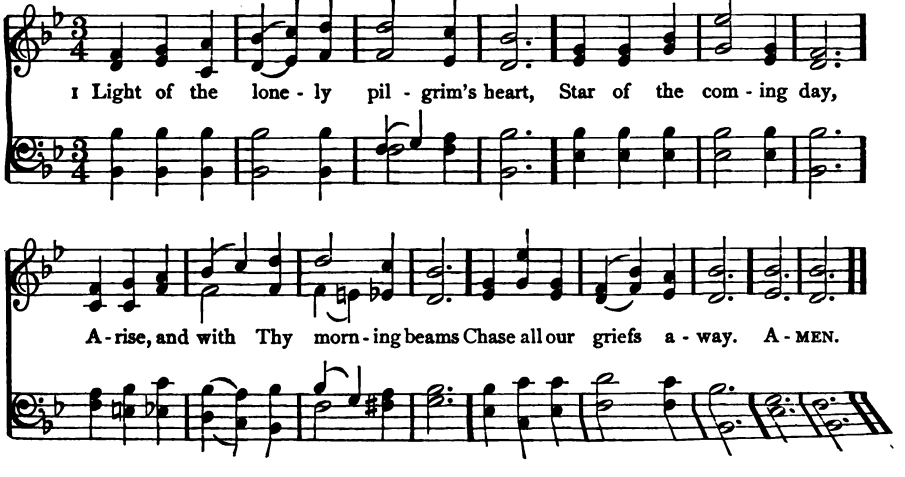
3 Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

4 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

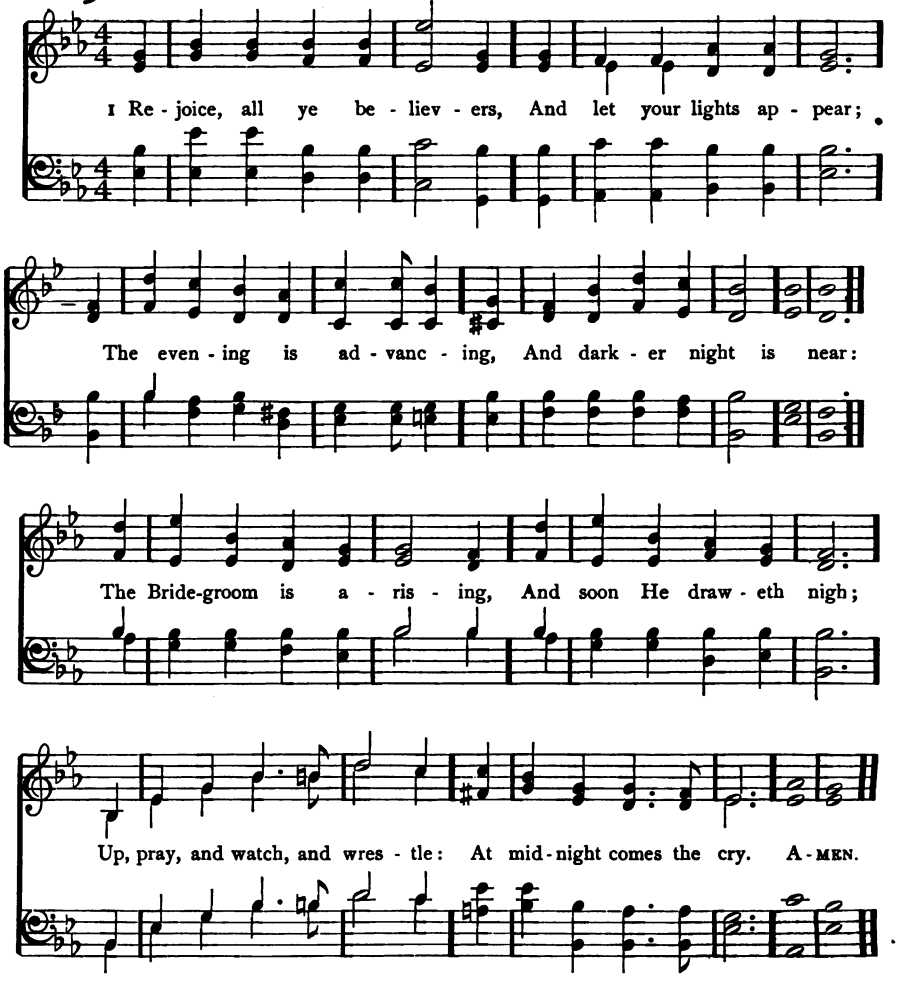
5 By Thine all-restoring merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

EAGLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860

1 Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,
A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way. A - MEN.

109 GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

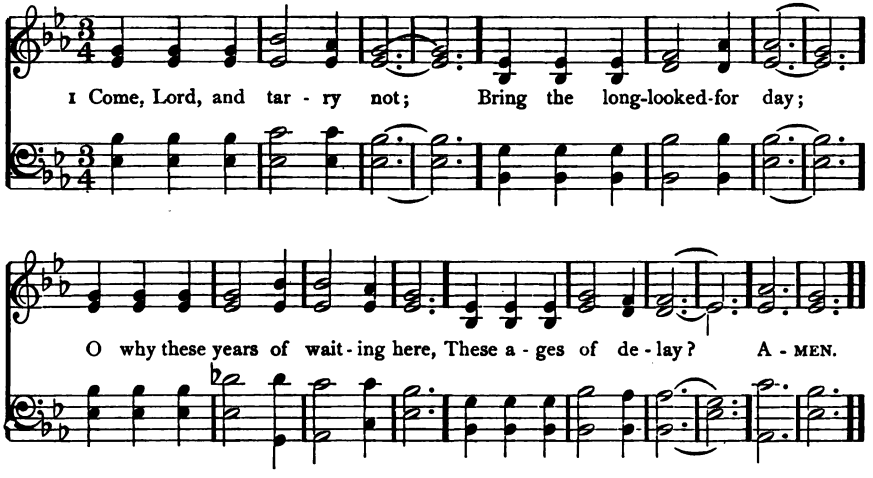
Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737–1806)

1 Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
The even - ing is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near:
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle: At mid-night comes the cry. A-MEN.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1700. Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1854

The Second Coming and Judgment

110 **LANGTON** S. M. Charlotte S. Streatfeild, 1874

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come":
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

The Holy Ghost: Invocation and Praise

111 (LANGTON) S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

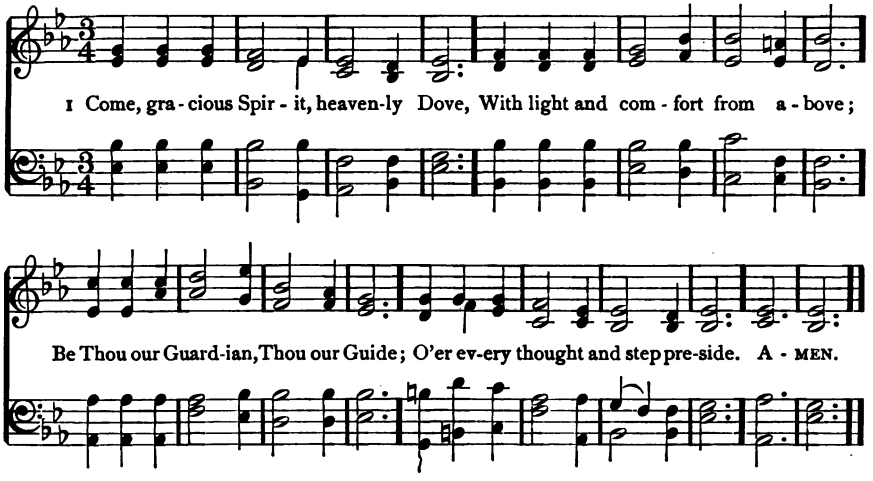
4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Rev. Joseph Hart, 1759

112 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826–)

1 Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
Be Thou our Guard-ian, Thou our Guide; O'er ev-ery thought and step pre-side. A - MEN.

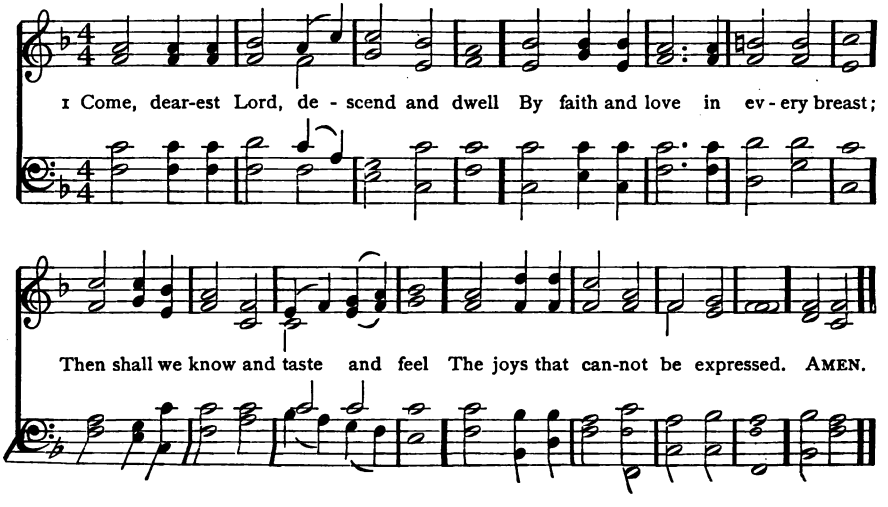
2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

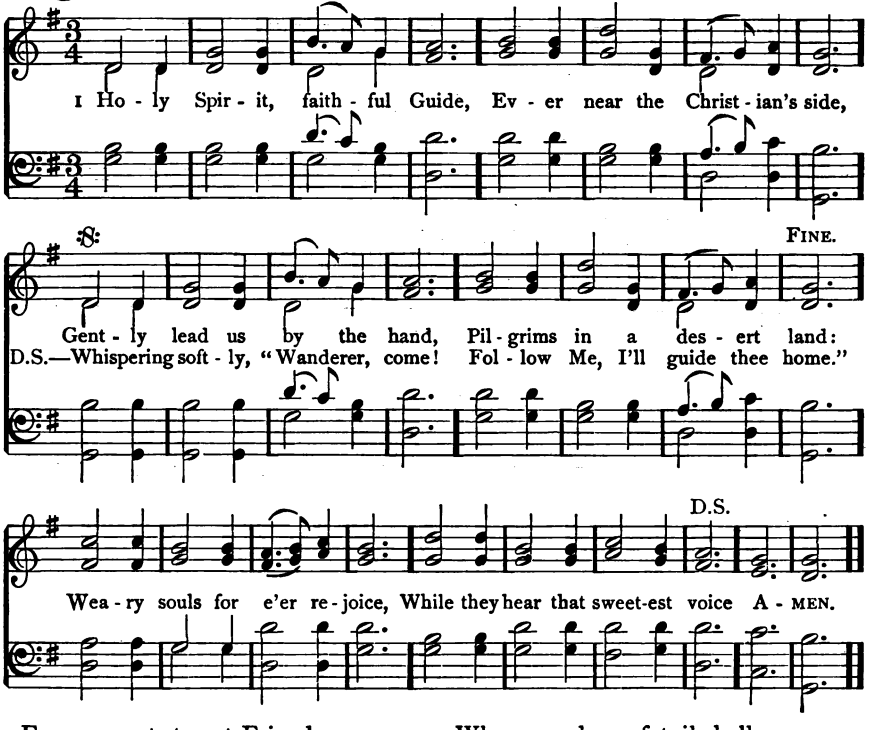
4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720: alt. Ash and Evans Coll. 1769, and elsewhere

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

1 Come, dear-est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and love in ev - ery breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that can-not be expressed. AMEN.

113 FAITHFUL GUIDE 7.7.7.7. D.

Marcus M. Wells, 1858

1 Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christ - ian's side,
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land:
D.S.—Whispering soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
FINE.
D.S.
Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice A - MEN.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear:
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells, 1858

114 (FEDERAL STREET) L. M.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

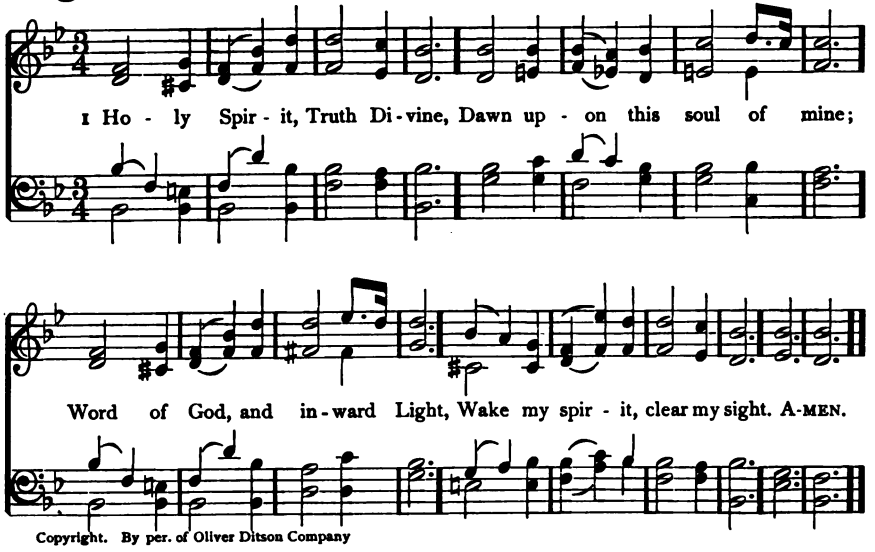
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our *enlarged souls* possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

115 MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867



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2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

116 (MERCY) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove Divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

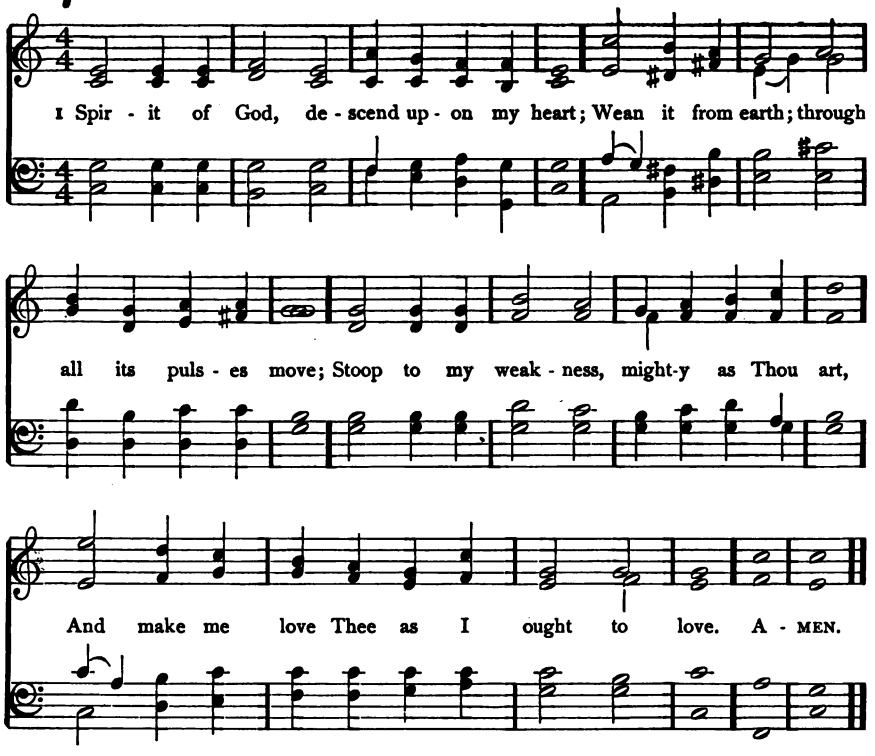
2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy Divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777

117 MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.


1 Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; through
all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might-y as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - MEN.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

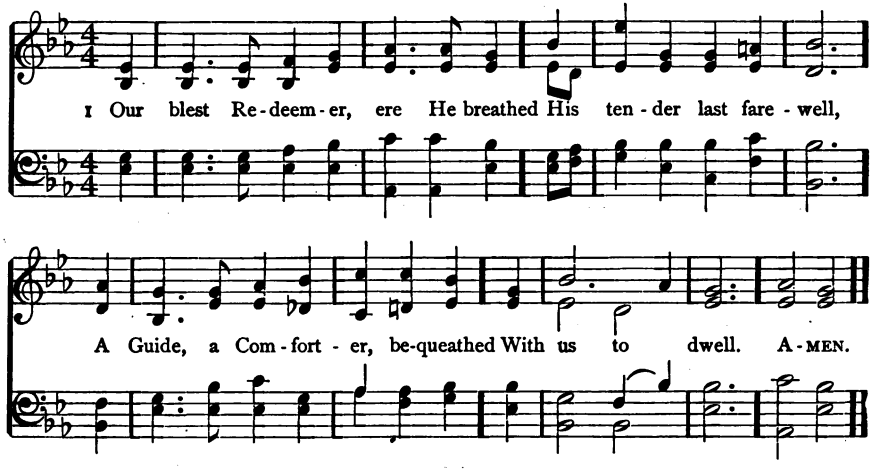
4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My *heart an altar*, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly, 1854

118 ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861



2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829

119 (LUX VESPERA) 7. 7. 7. 5.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

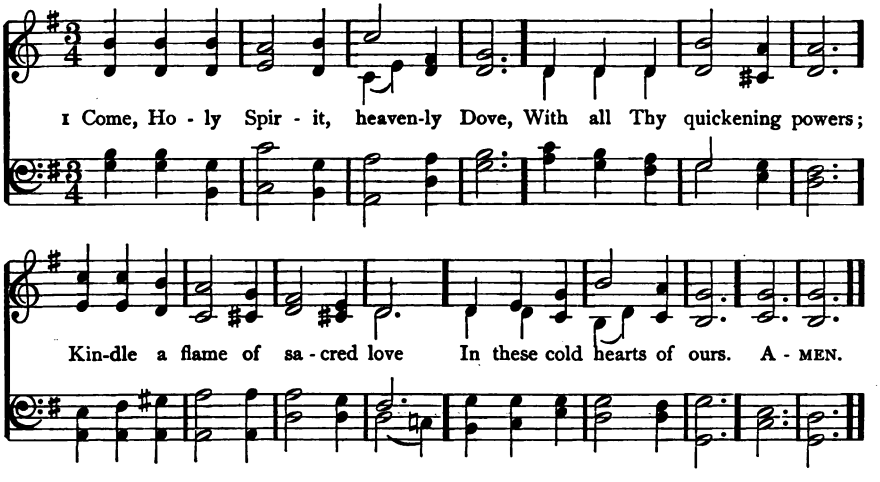
5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

120 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866


1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers;
Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - MEN.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

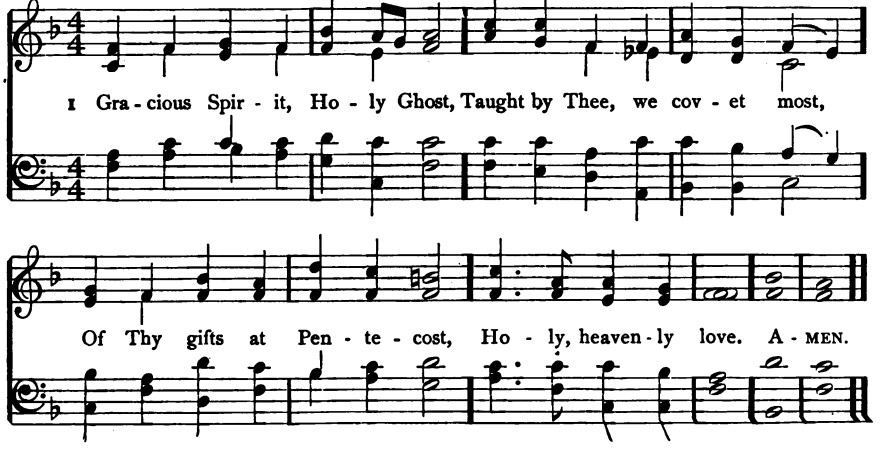
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

LUX VESPERA 7. 7. 7. 5.

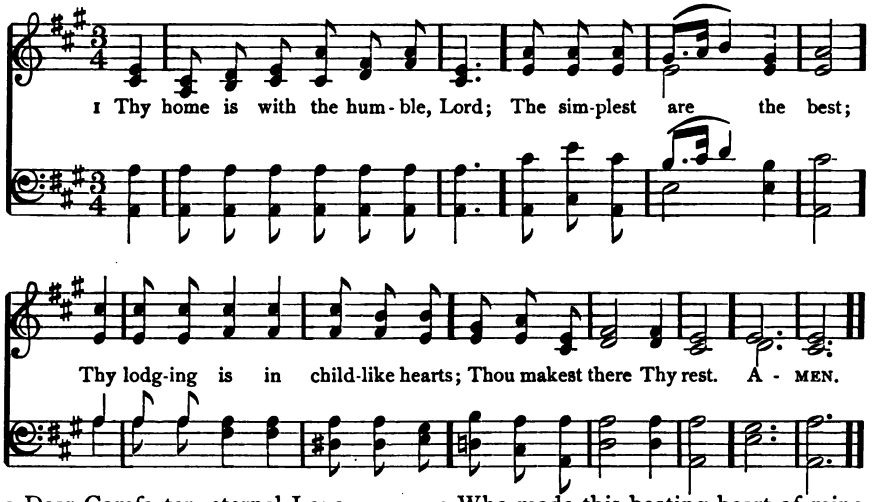
Graham W. White, 1885



The Holy Ghost

121 **HERMON** C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832


1 Thy home is with the hum-ble, Lord; The sim-plest are the best;
Thy lodg-ing is in child-like hearts; Thou makest there Thy rest. A - MEN.

2 Dear Comforter, eternal Love,
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for Thee.

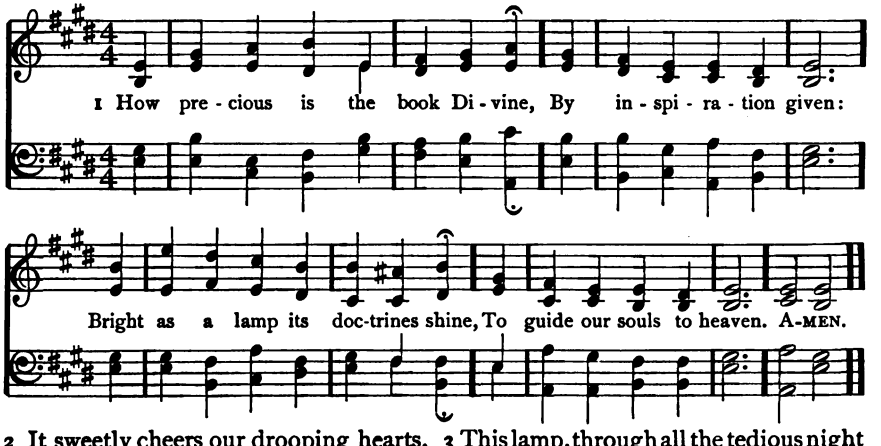
3 Who made this beating heart of mine
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849: verse 1, ll. 2, 4, verse 2, l. 4, verse 3, l. 4, alt.

Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

122 **DUNDEE** C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553


1 How pre-cious is the book Di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given:
Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven. A-MEN.

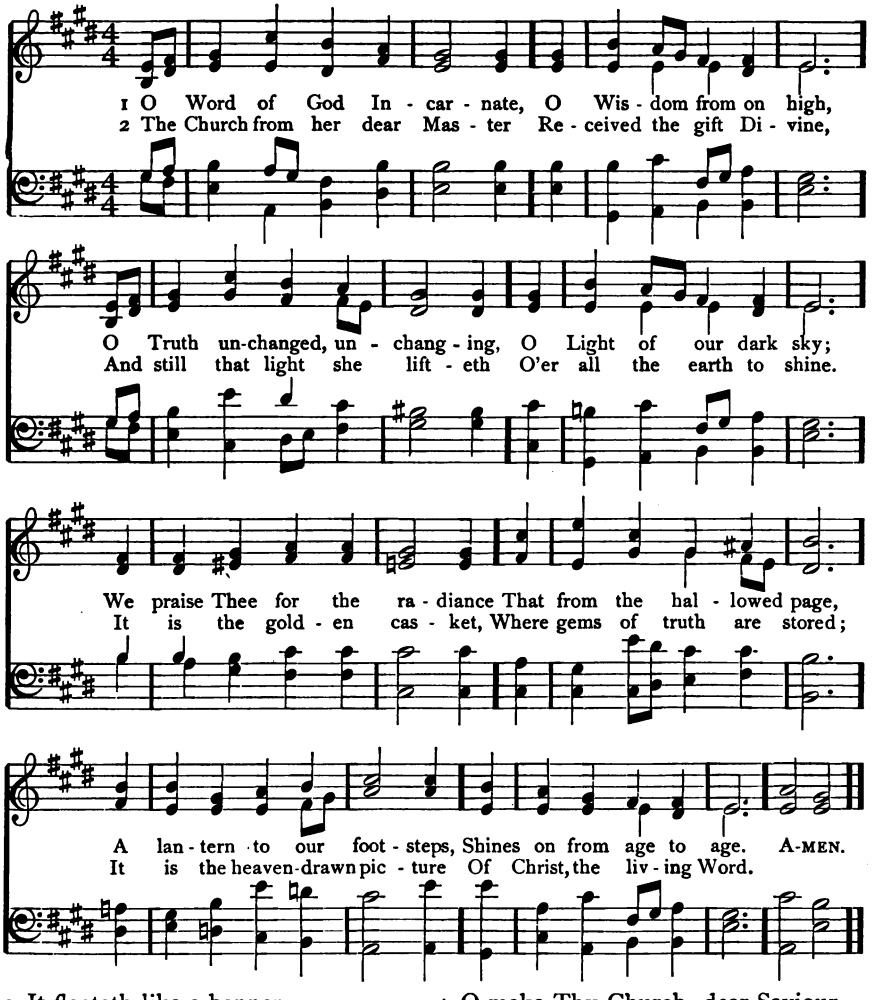
2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

123 **MUNICH** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

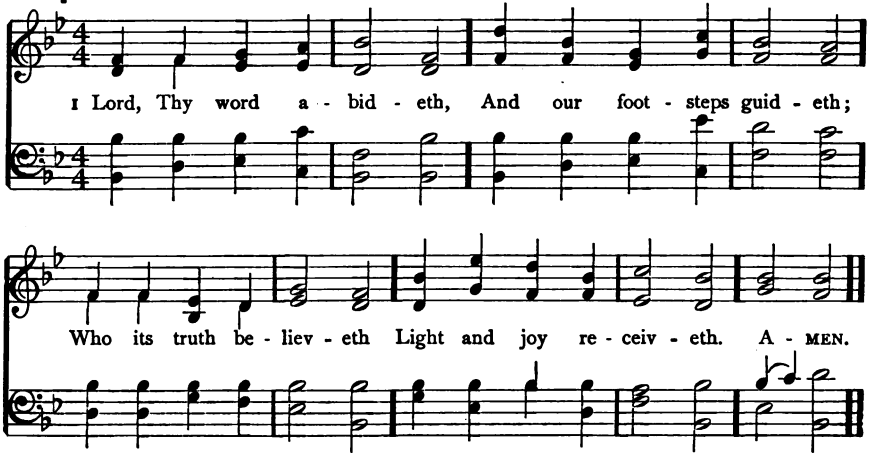
J. G. C. Störl's Würtemberg Gesangbuch, 1711:
Harmonized by Mendelssohn

1 O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
2 The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift Di - vine,
O Truth un-changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
It is the gold - en cas - ket, Where gems of truth are stored;
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A-MEN.
It is the heaven-drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

124 ST. CYPRIAN 6. 6. 6. 6.

Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1862

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

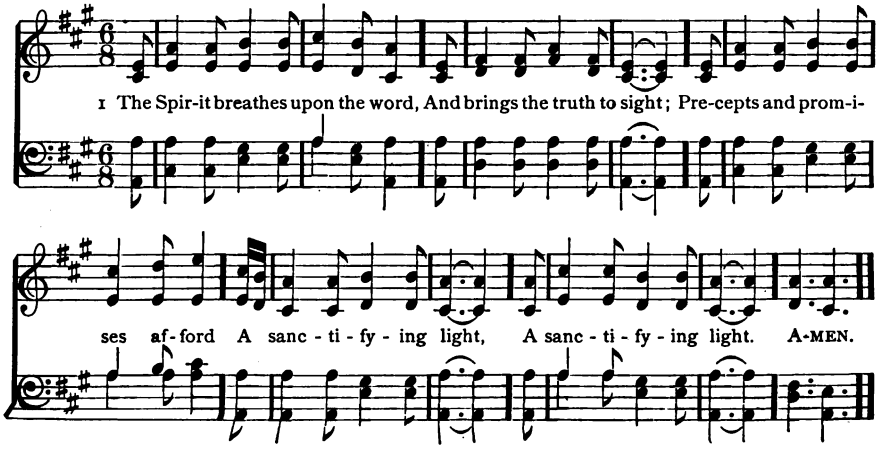
4 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

5 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

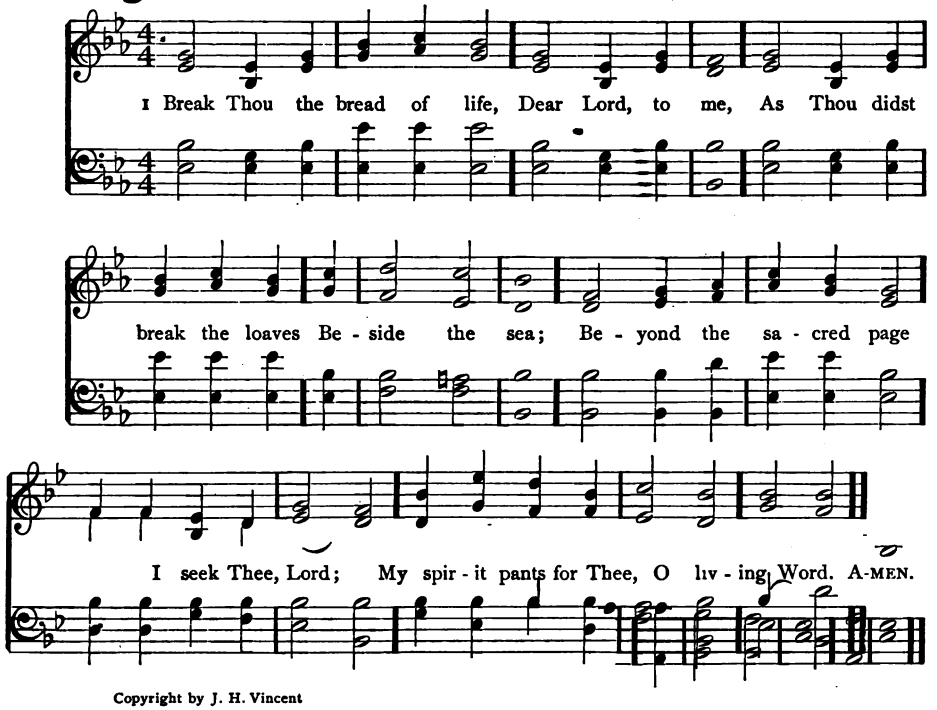
Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837


1 The Spir-it breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Pre-cepts and prom-i-
ses af-ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light, A sanc - ti - fy - ing light. A-MEN.

125 BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin, 1877

1 Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word. A-MEN.

Copyright by J. H. Vincent

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All in all.

Mary Ann Lathbury, 1877

126 (ORTONVILLE) C. M.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

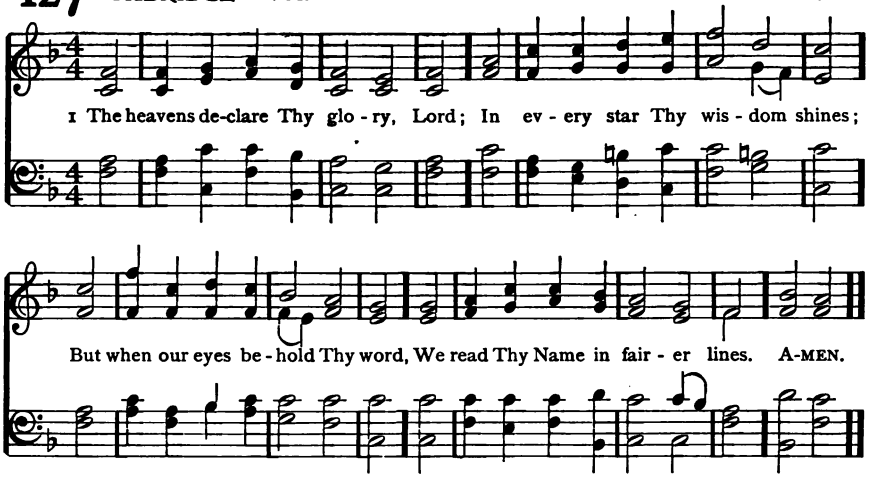
4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779

The Holy Ghost

127 UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 The heavens de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines;
But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy Name in fair - er lines. A-MEN.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

The Church

128 (THE SEVEN WORDS) 7. 7. 7. 6.

1 JESUS, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

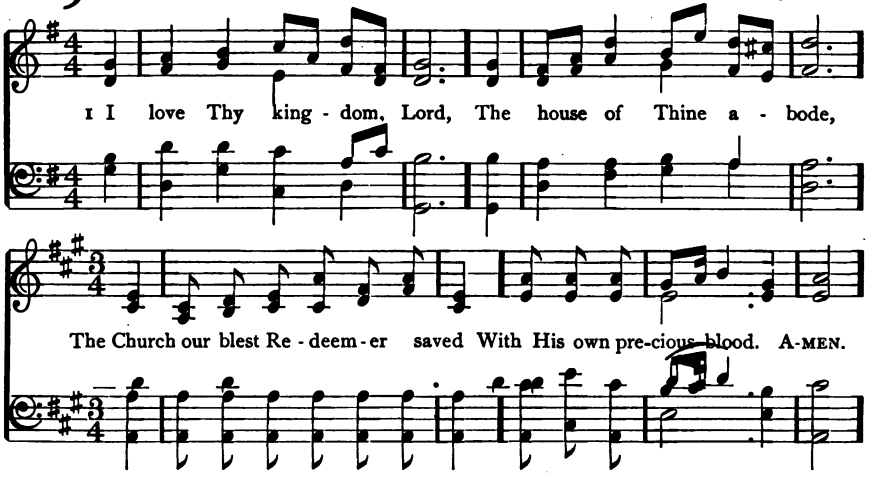
5 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1871; alt. Hy. Anc. and Mod. 1875

129 SHIRLAND S. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1805



2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

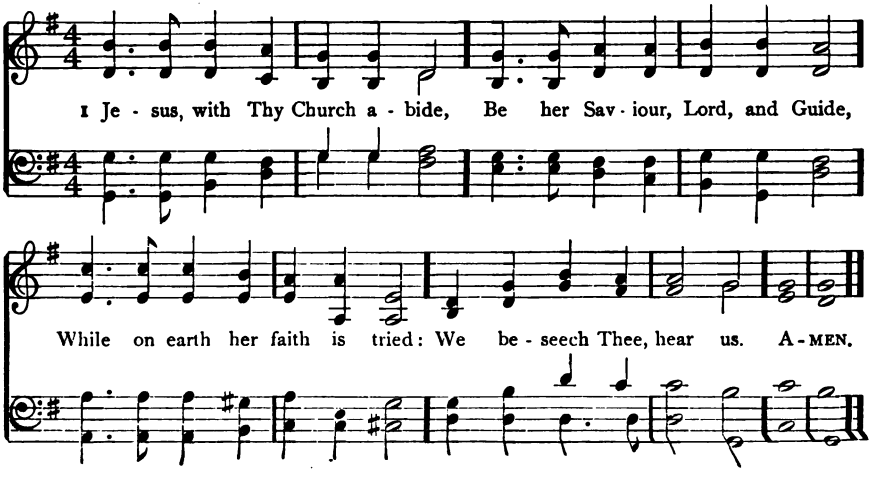
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

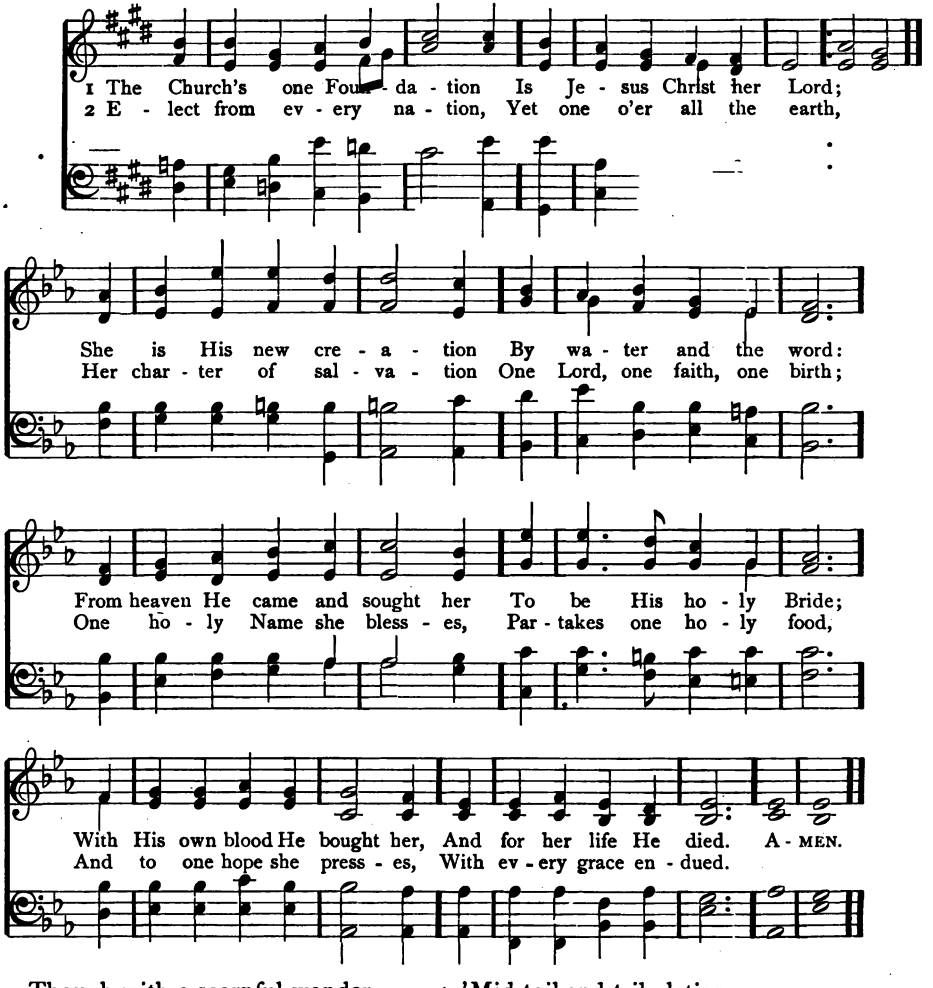
Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800

THE SEVEN WORDS 7. 7. 7. 6.

Arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



130 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

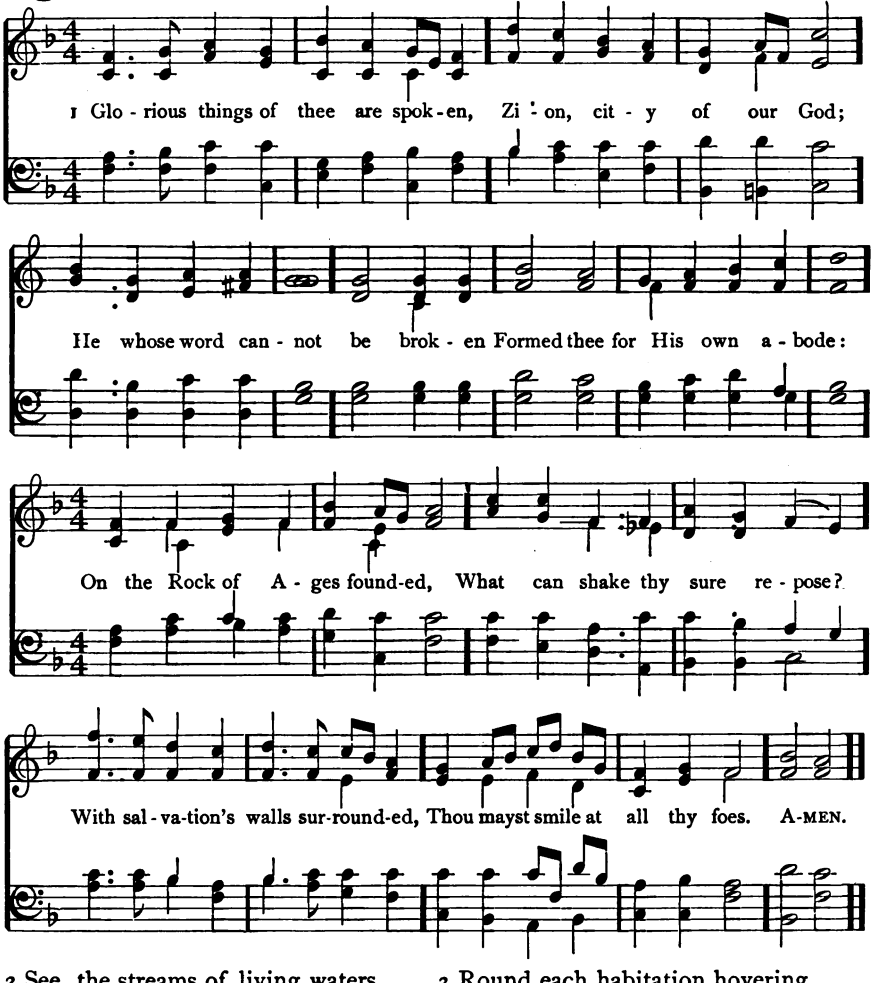
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2 E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - MEN.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

131 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Joseph Haydn, 1797

1 Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be brok - en Formed thee for His own a - bode:
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A-MEN.

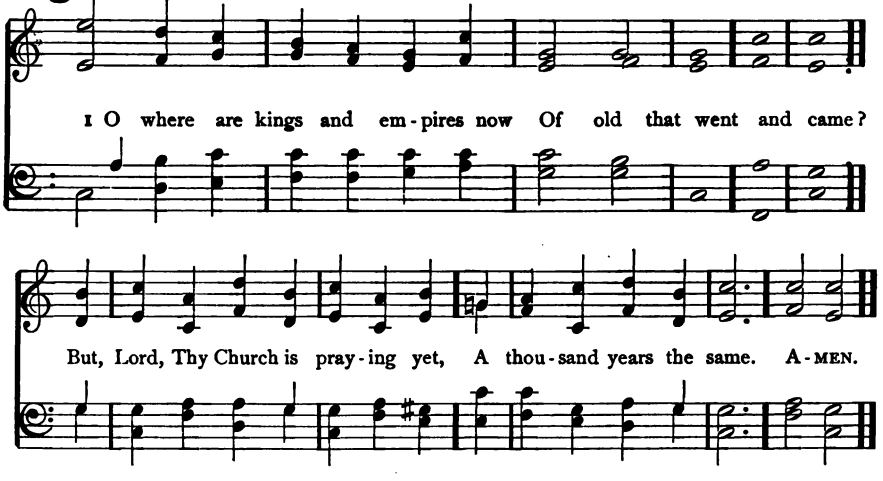
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

132 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708


1 O where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-MEN.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

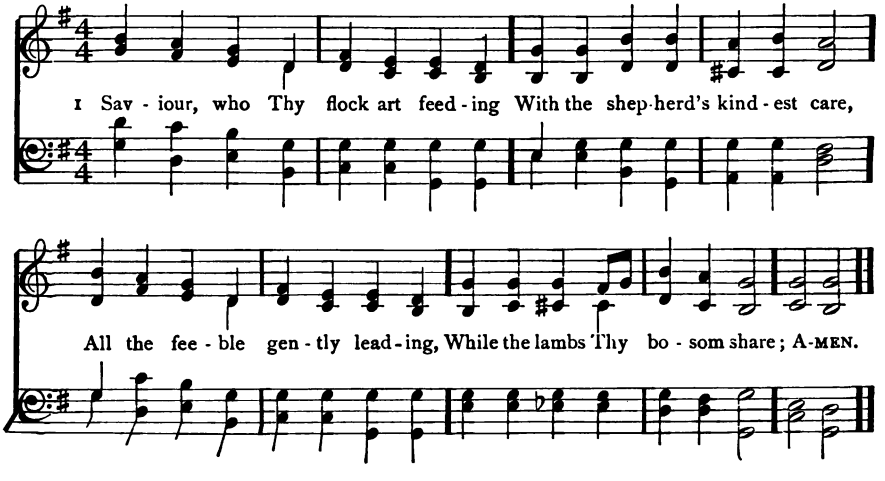
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God;
Though earthquake shocks are threat-
And tempests are abroad; [ening her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

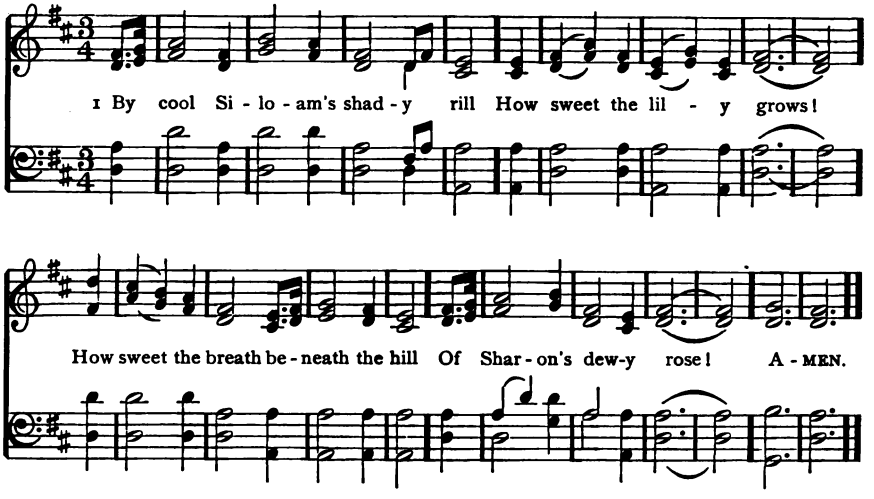
Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1839: alt. and arr.

BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830–1869)


1 Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feed-ing With the shep-herd's kind-est care,
All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo-som share; A-MEN.

133 SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away:

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812 (Text of 1827)

134 (BROCKLESBURY) 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

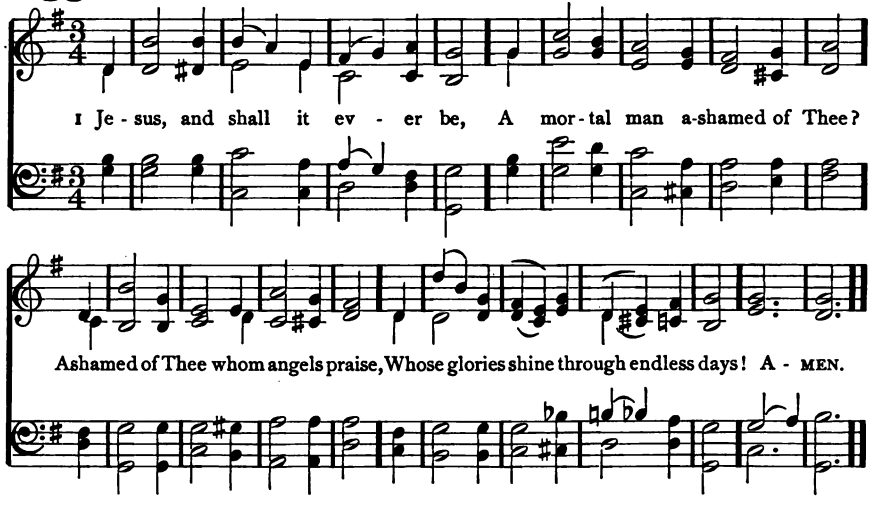
2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving, [way.
Keep them through life's dangerous

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

135 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate (1814–1868)

1 Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days! A - MEN.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765: alt. Rev. Benjamin Francis, 1787

136 (ROCKINGHAM NEW) L. M.

1 NOW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

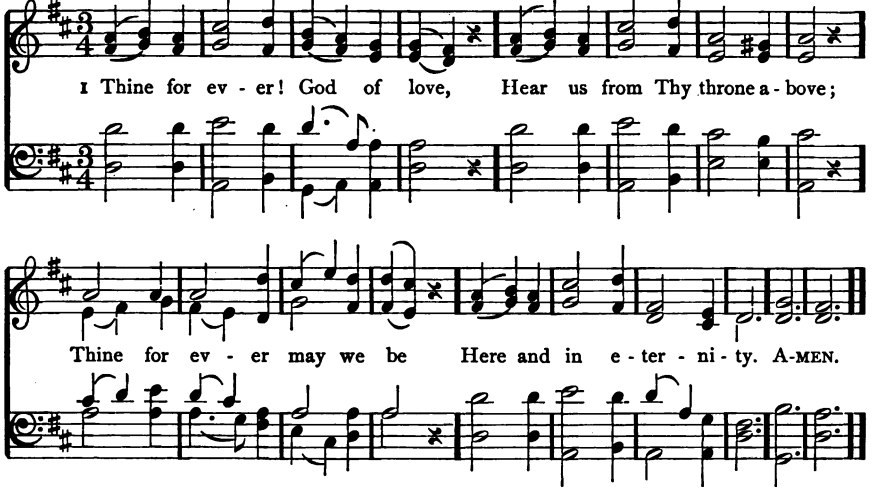
2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so Divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire, [ways:
Nor wandering leave His sacred
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760: verse 1, l. 1, alt.

137 DALLAS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Maria L. Cherubini (1760–1842)

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

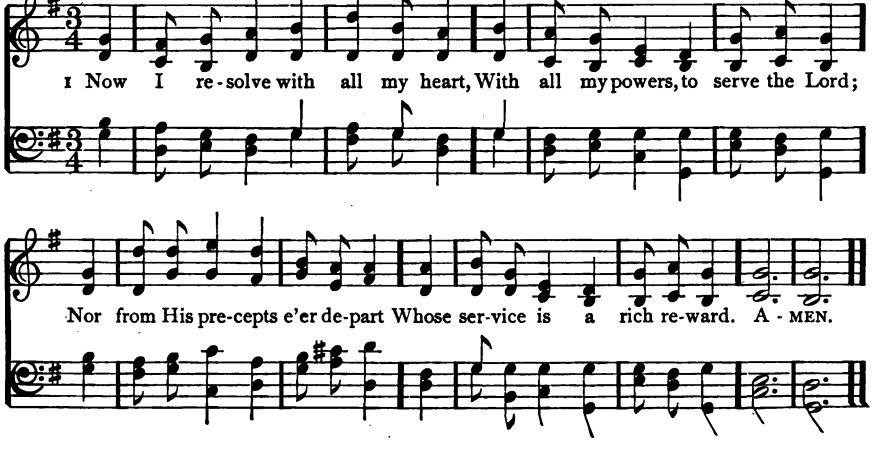
4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude, 1847

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

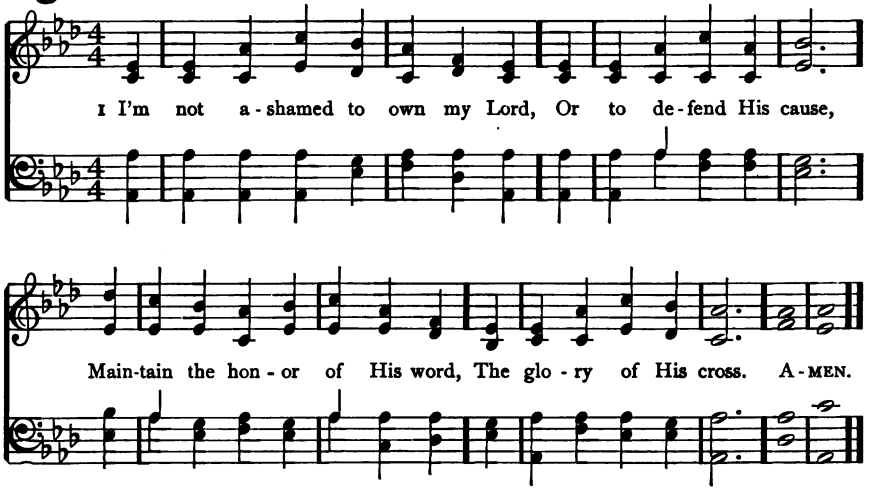
Lowell Mason, 1830


1 Now I re-solve with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His pre-cepts e'er de-part Whose ser-vice is a rich re-ward. A - MEN.

The Church

138 EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846



2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name,
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

The Lord's Supper

139 (EVAN) C. M.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

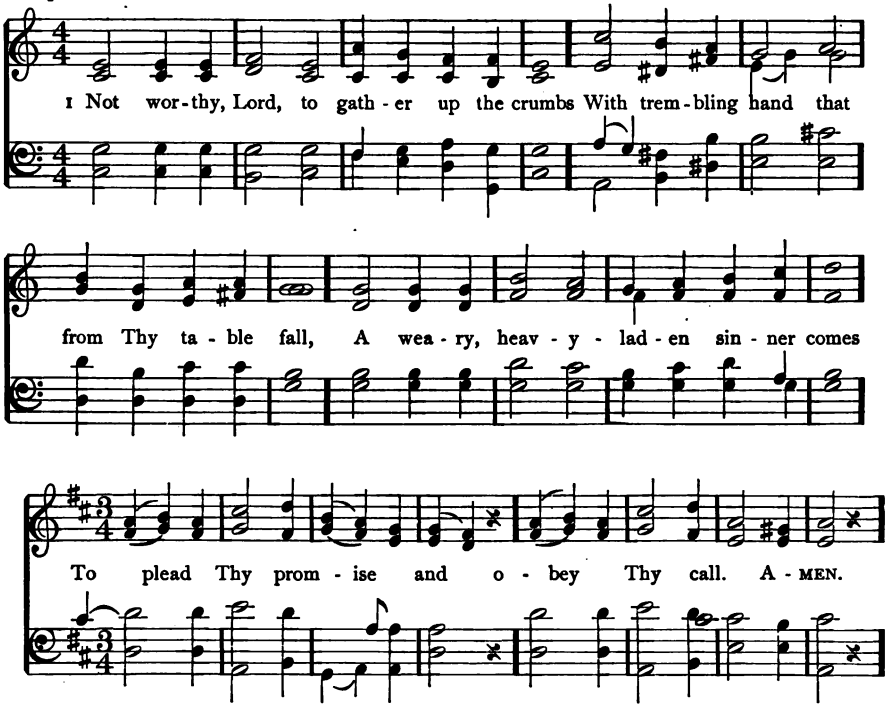
3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825

140 MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

1 Not wor-thy, Lord, to gath-er up the crumbs With trem-bling hand that
from Thy ta-ble fall, A wea-ry, heav-y-lad-en sin-ner comes
To plead Thy prom-ise and o-bey Thy call. A-MEN.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

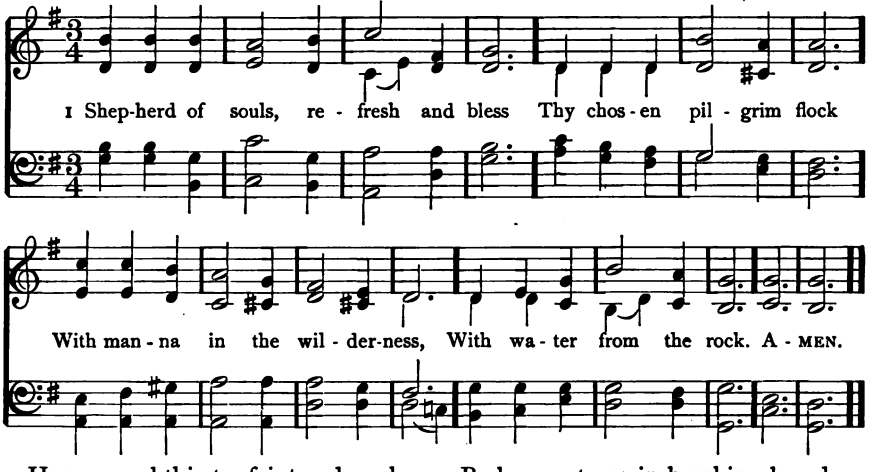
3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 I hear Thy voice; Thou bidd'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

141 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1 Shep-herd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy chos - en pil - grim flock
With man - na in the wil - der-ness, With wa - ter from the rock. A - MEN.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

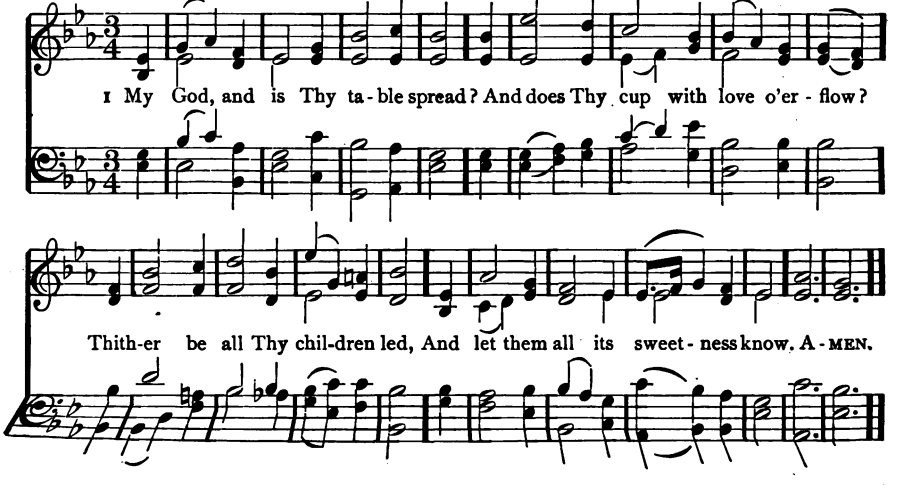
4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 There sup with us in love Divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

Verses 1, 2, 3, Anon.: verses 4, 5, James Montgomery, 1825

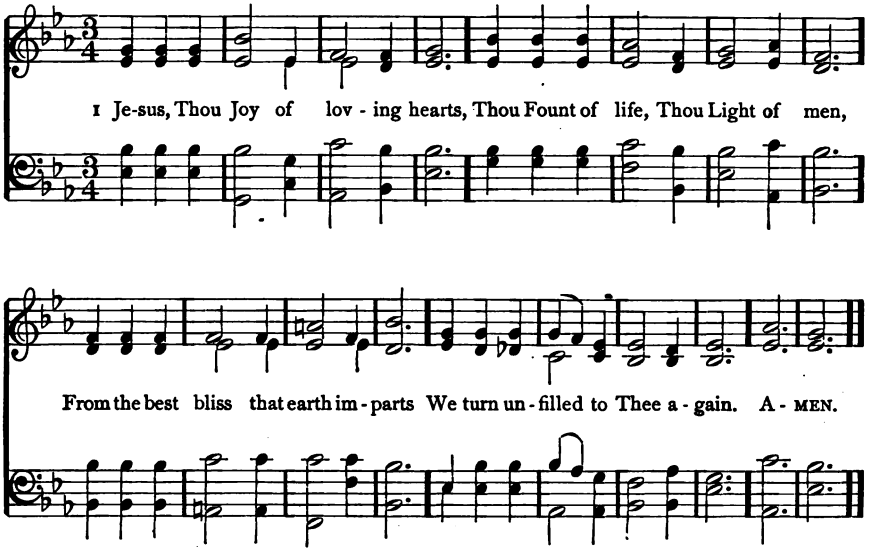
ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790


1 My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread? And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?
Thith-er be all Thy chil-dren led, And let them all its sweet - ness know. A - MEN.

142 QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866


1 Je-sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - MEN.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1150: arr. Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

143 (ROCKINGHAM OLD) L. M.

1 MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

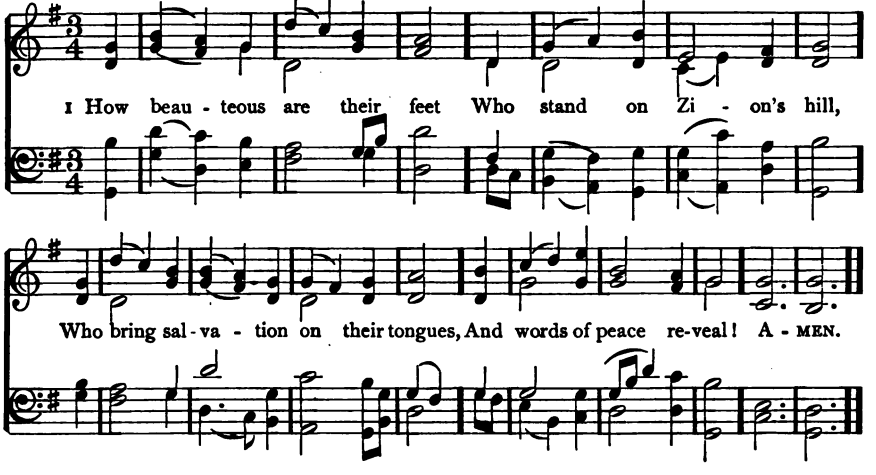
2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

144 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1732

1 How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill,
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal! A - MEN.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

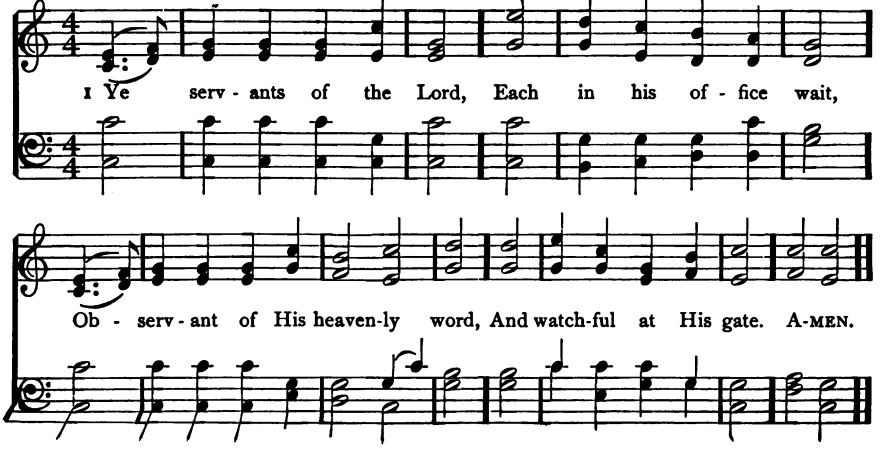
4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

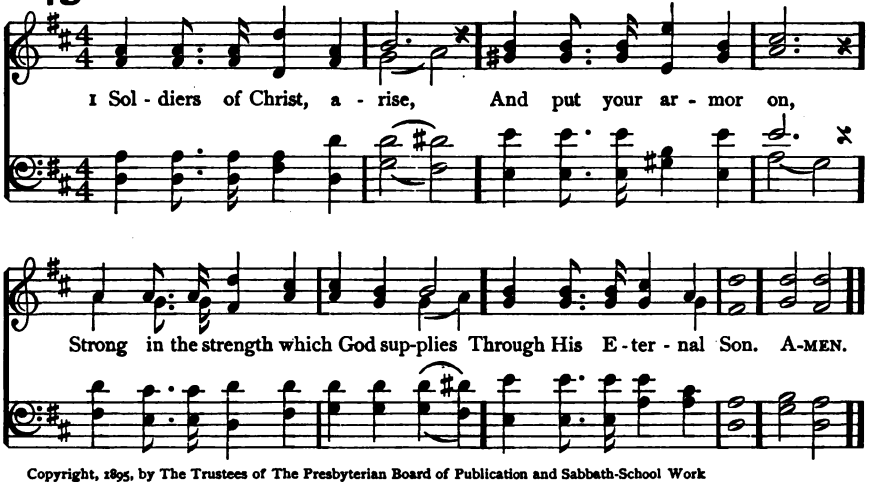
LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



145 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST S. M.

Rev. William P. Merrill, 1895



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2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

146 (LABAN) S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

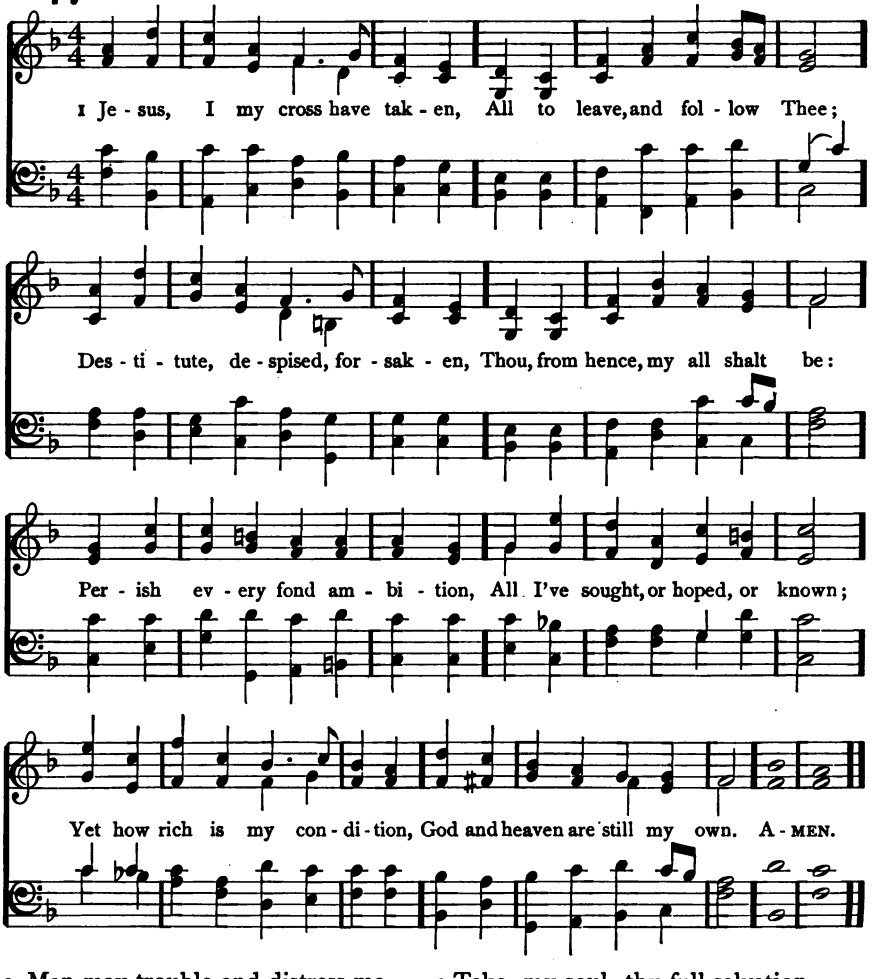
3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1756

147 CRUCIFER 8.7.8.7.D.

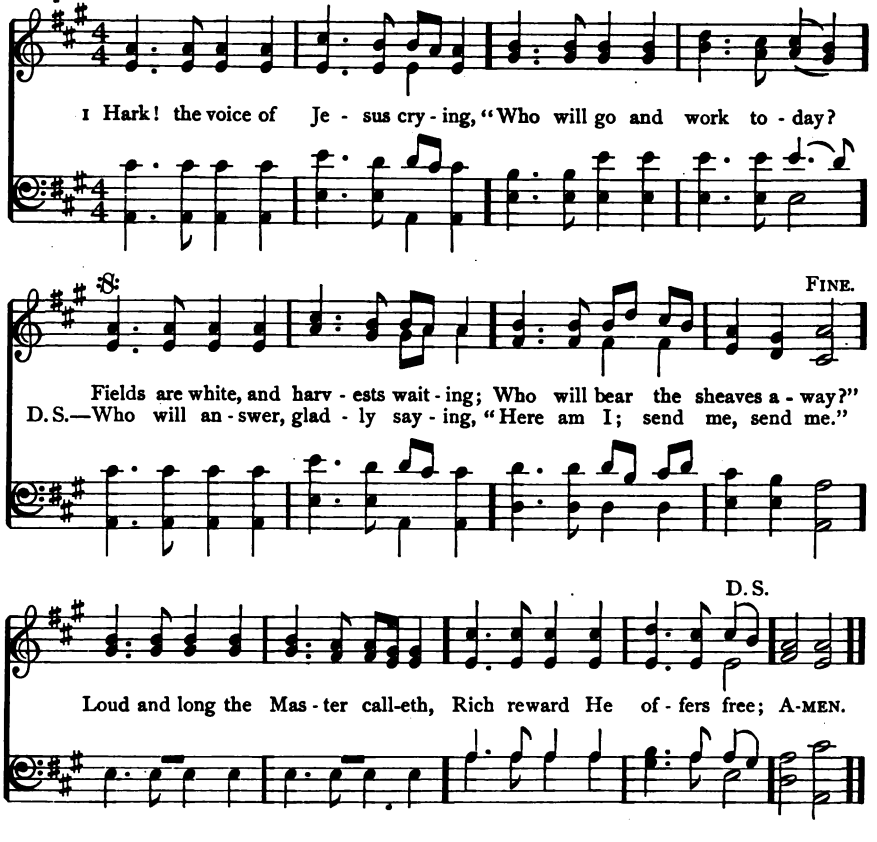
Henry Smart, 1867

1 Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own. A - MEN.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1824 (Text of 1833)

148 ELLESDIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Mozart, by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

1 Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
FINE.
Fields are white, and harv - ests wait - ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
D.S.—Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me."
D.S.
Loud and long the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich reward He of - fers free; A-MEN.

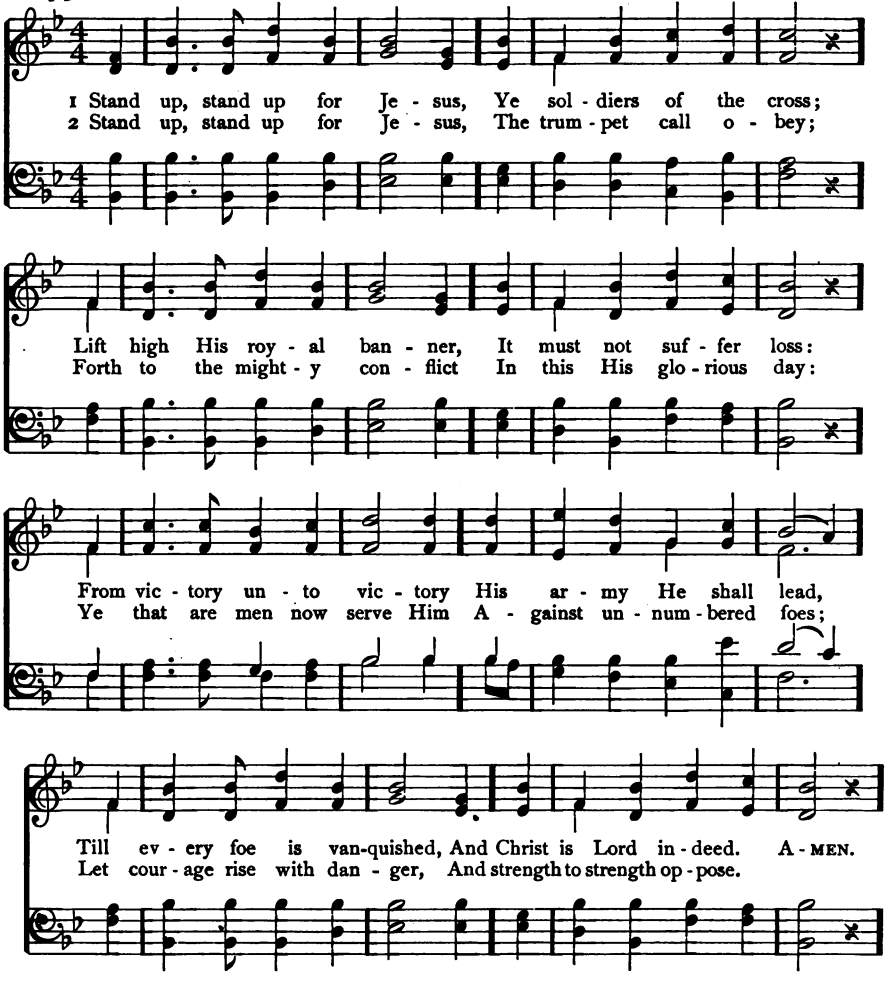
2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March, 1868

149 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

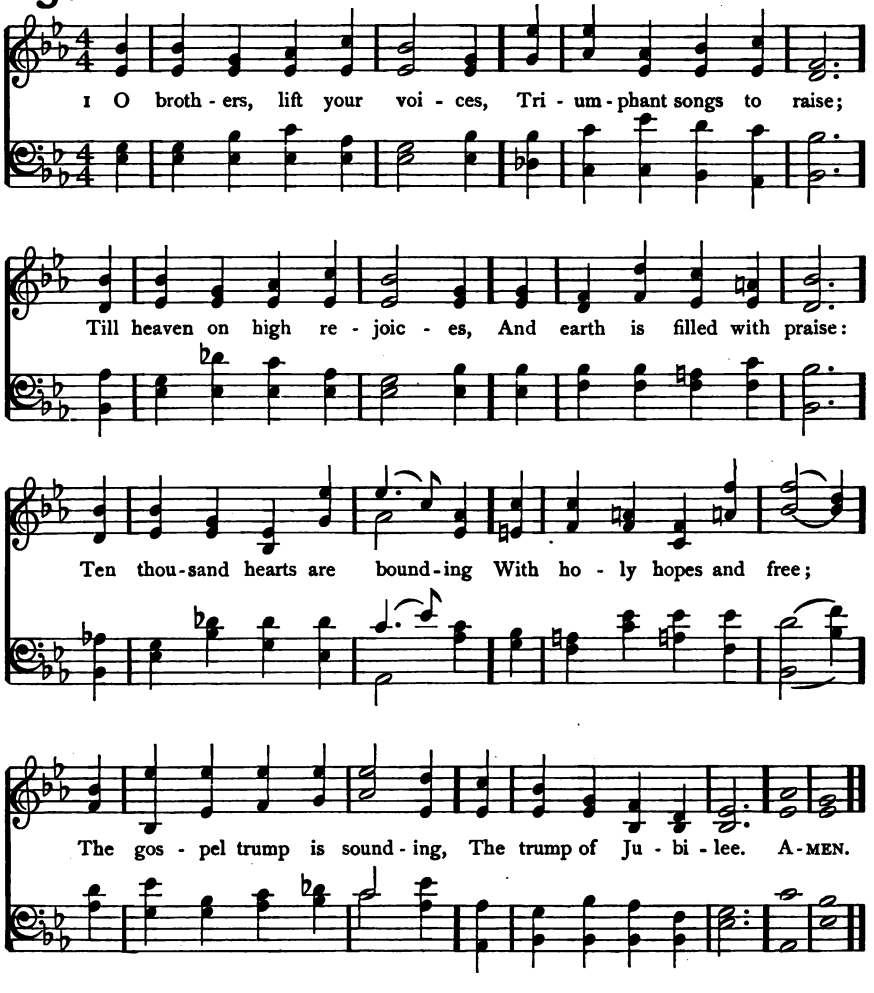
George J. Webb, 1837

1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:
From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Till ev - ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - MEN.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, 1858

150 LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

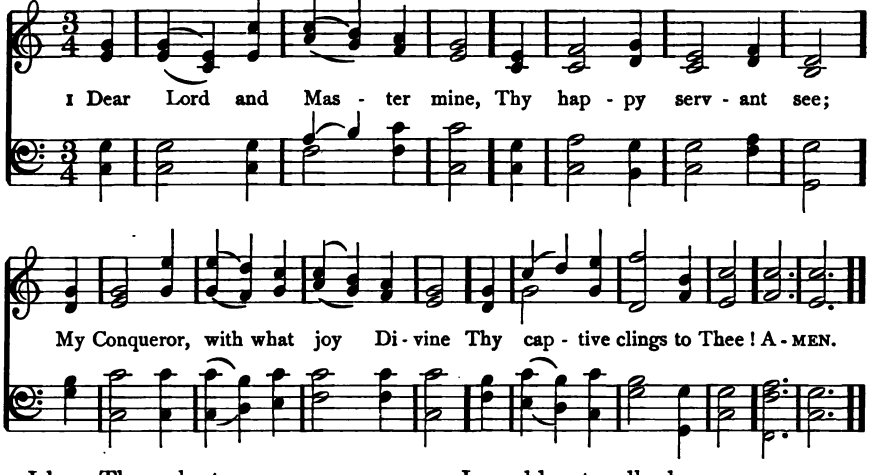
Henry Smart, 1836

1 O broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um - phant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise:
Ten thou - sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;
The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A - MEN.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes:
Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due,
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1848

151 FERGUSON S. M.

George Kingsley, 1843

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands;
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

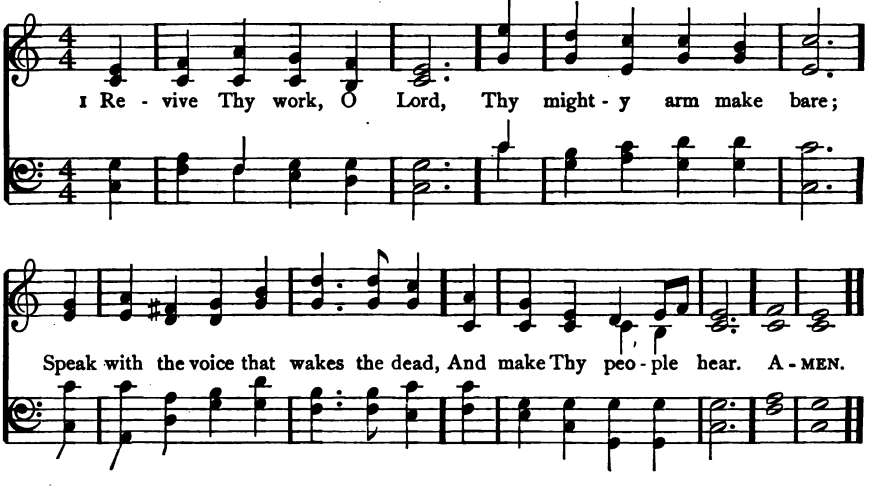
4 I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

5 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

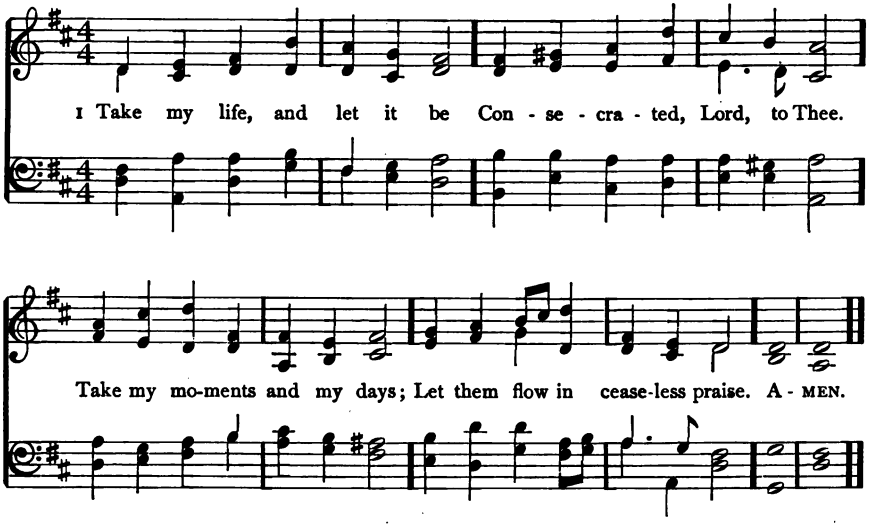
Thomas H. Gill, 1868

ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



152 PATMOS 7.7.7.7.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1869

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

153 (ST. GEORGE) S. M.

1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be.

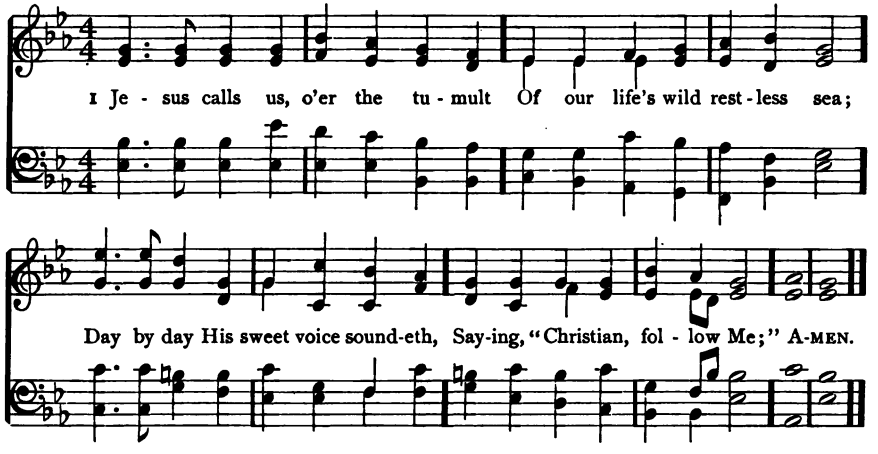
4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give pentecostal showers:
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1858

154 LOWTON 8. 7. 8. 7.

Albert Lowe, 1875


1 Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea;
Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol - low Me;" A-MEN.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

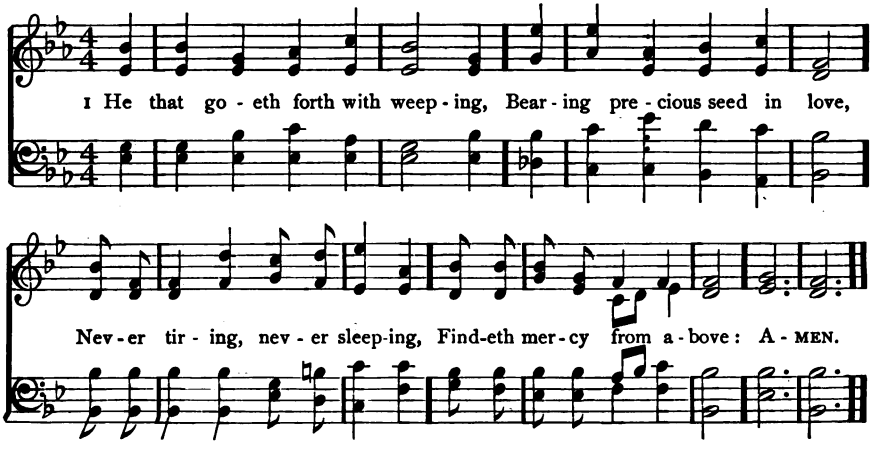
3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

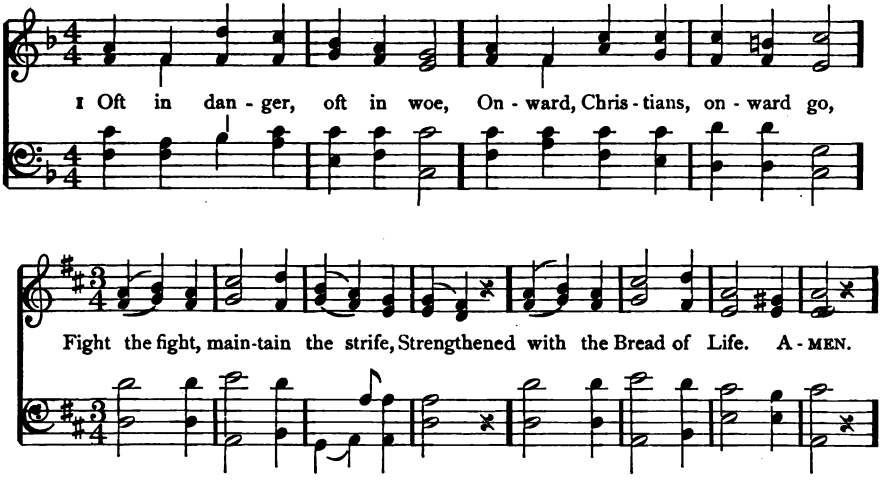
5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852: verse 2, l. 1, alt.

STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7.

Darius E. Jones, 1851

1 He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep-ing, Find-eth mer - cy from a - bove: A - MEN.

155 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848

1 Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go,
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. A - MEN.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

First 10 ll., Henry K. White, 1806; alt. Rev. Ed. Bickersteth, 1833, and Rev. W. J. Hall, 1836: the remainder, Frances S. Colquhoun, 1827

156 (STOCKWELL) 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:

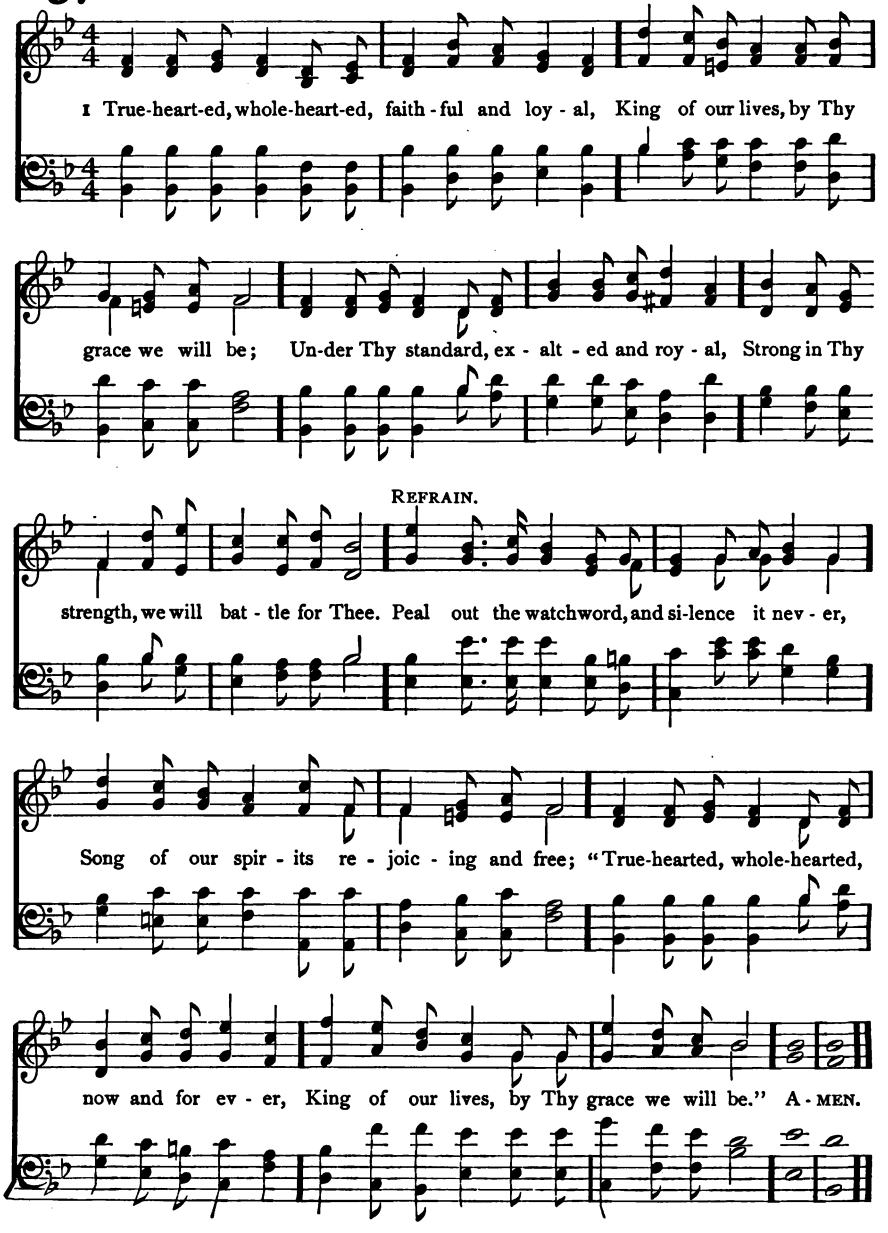
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all Divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear:
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1836

157 TRUE-HEARTED 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain

Josiah Booth, 1890

1 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
grace we will be; Un-der Thy standard, ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy
REFRAIN.
strength, we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watchword, and si-lence it nev-er,
Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free; "True-hearted, whole-hearted,
now and for ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be." A-MEN.

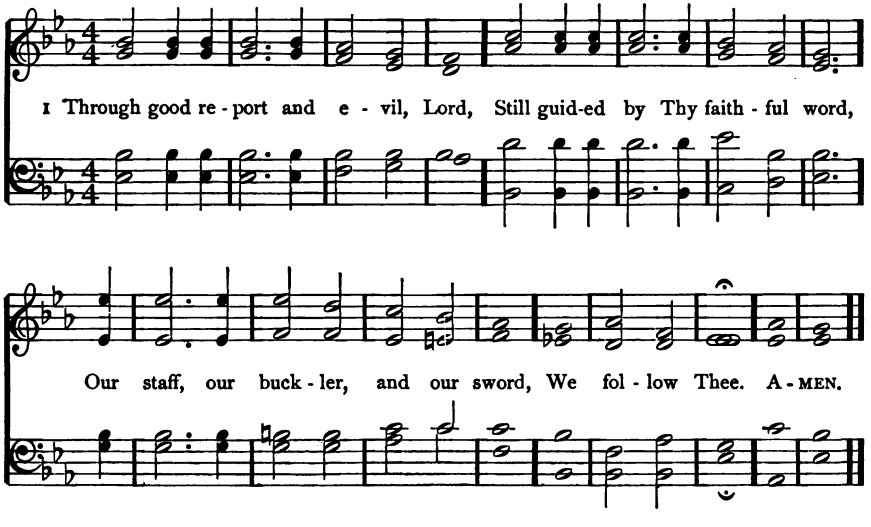
2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.—REF.

3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous; yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.—REF.

4 Whole-hearted! Saviour, belovèd and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.—REF.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

158 HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1 Through good re - port and e - vil, Lord, Still guid-ed by Thy faith - ful word,
Our staff, our buck - ler, and our sword, We fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark [or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

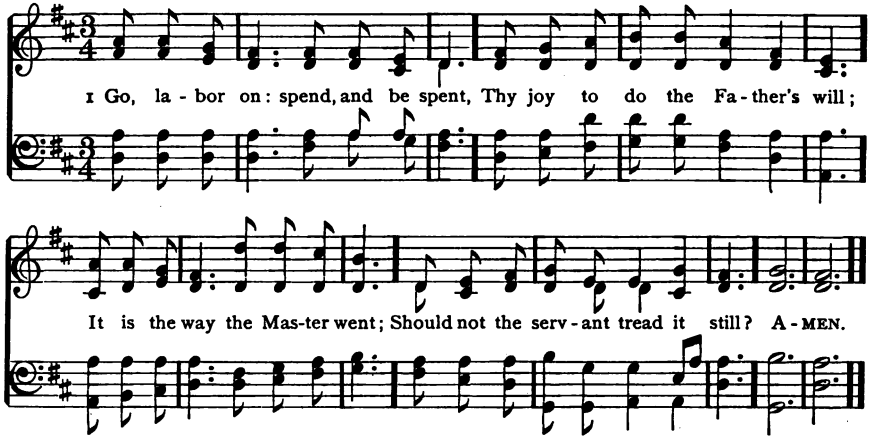
4 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

5 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

159 WILLIAMS L. M.

George Kingsley, 1853


1 Go, la - bor on: spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still? A - MEN.

2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises:—what are men?

3 Go, labor on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

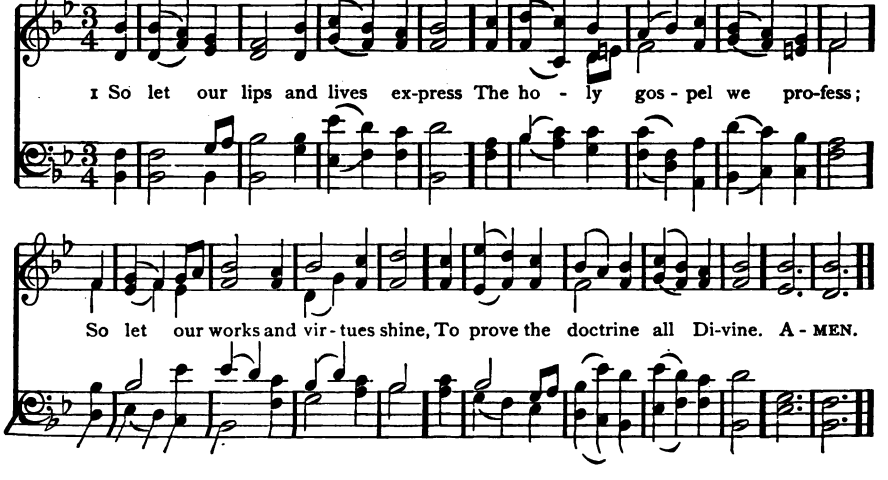
4 Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

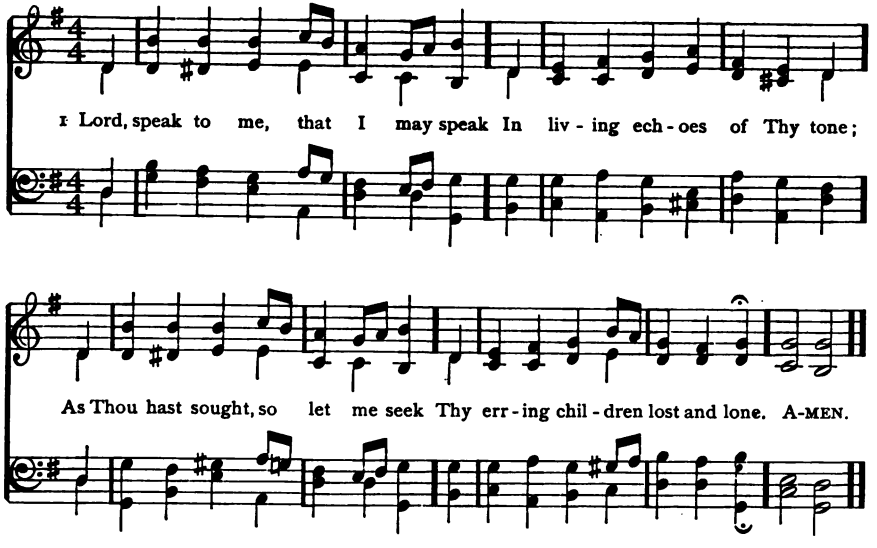
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738


1 So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro-fess;
So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doctrine all Di-vine. A - MEN.

160 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone. A-MEN.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

161 (WAREHAM) L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all Divine.

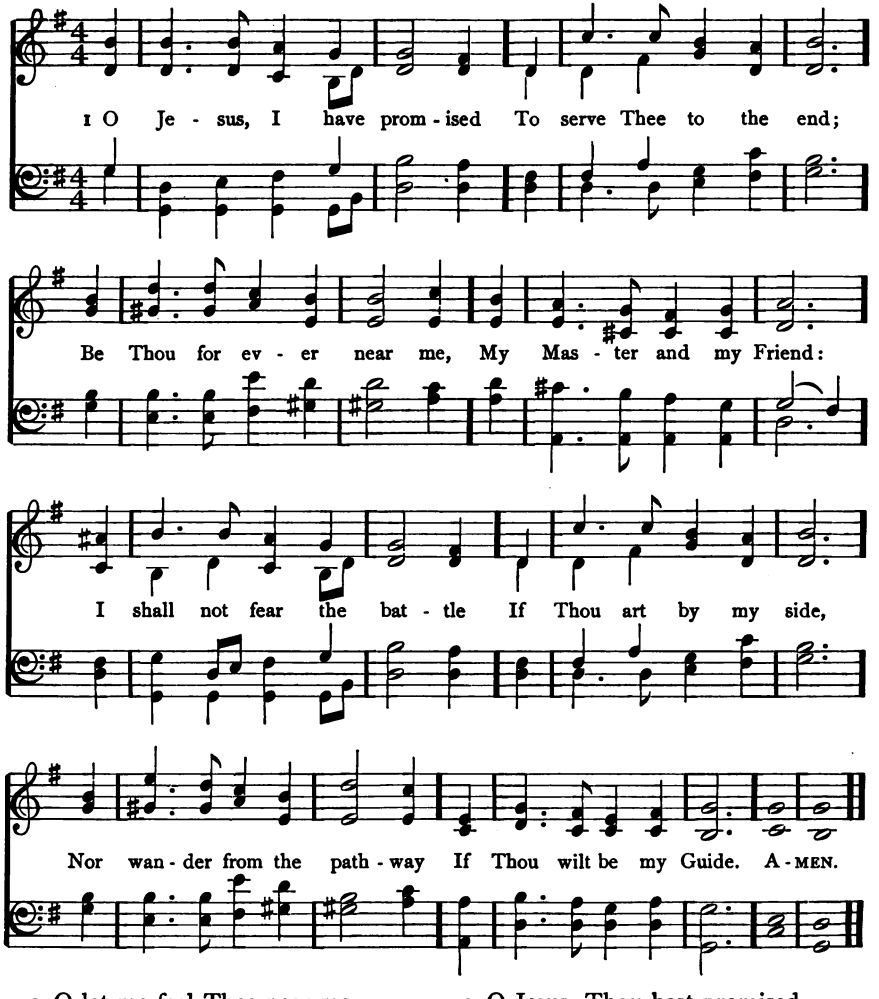
2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709; verse 2, l. 3, alt.

162 ANGEL'S STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

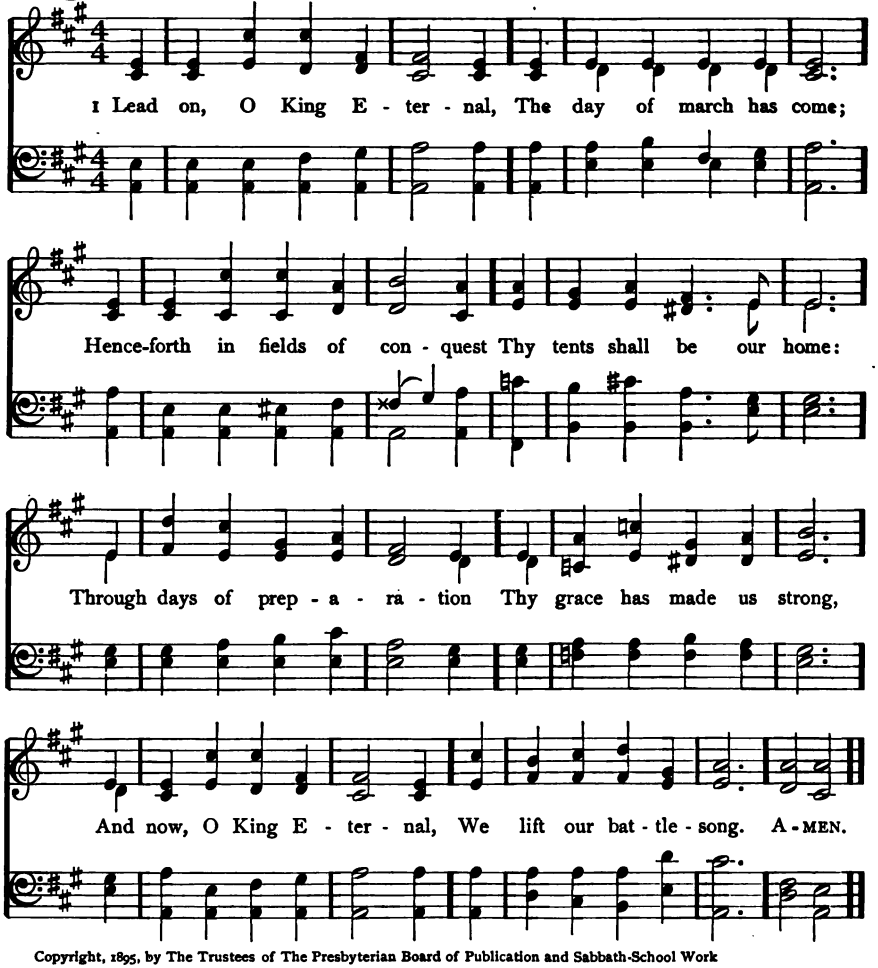
Arthur H. Mann, 1883

1 O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - MEN.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

Rev. John E. Bode, 1869

163 TENNENT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song. A - MEN.

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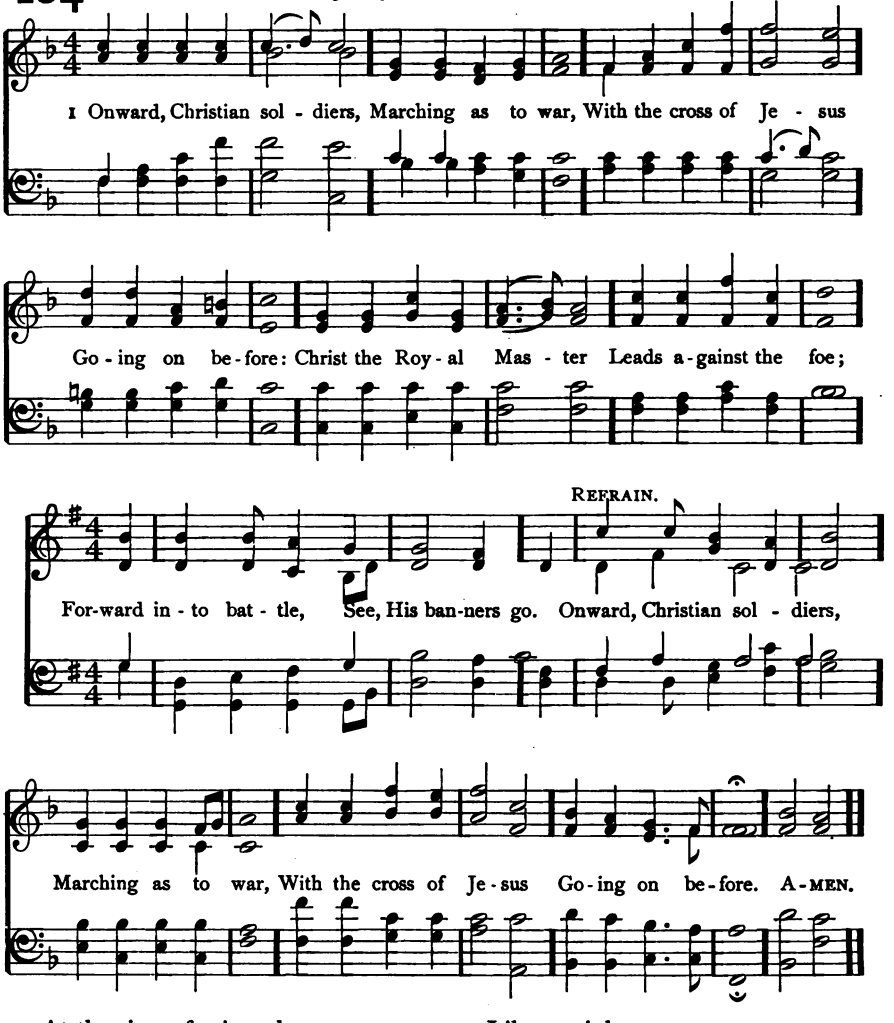
2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

164 ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. 12l.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1 Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
REFRAIN.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory:
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—REF.

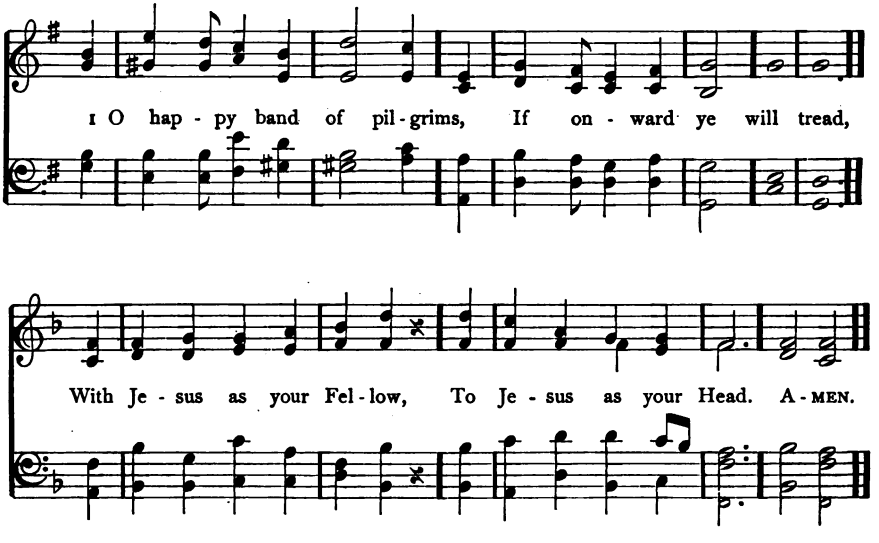
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—REF.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—REF.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—REF.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

165 KOCHER 7. 6. 7. 6.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799

2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

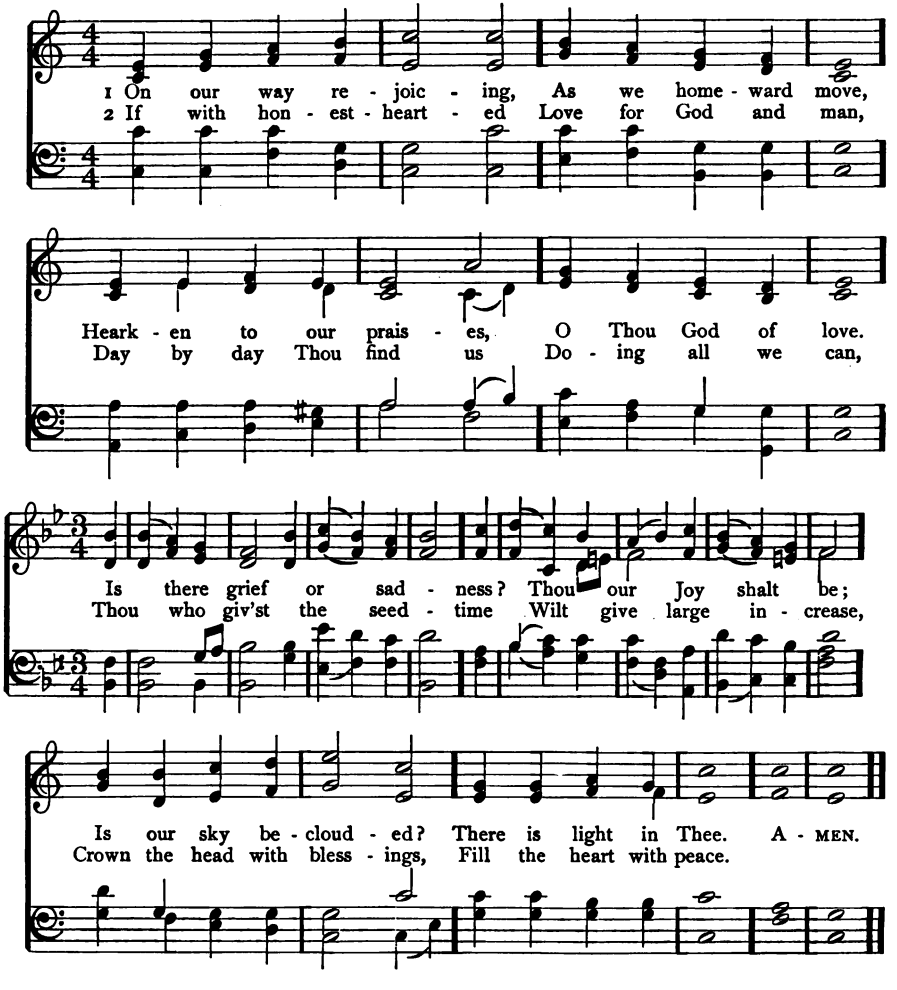
4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

5 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862; based on Joseph the Hymnographer, c. 840

166 COLYTON 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

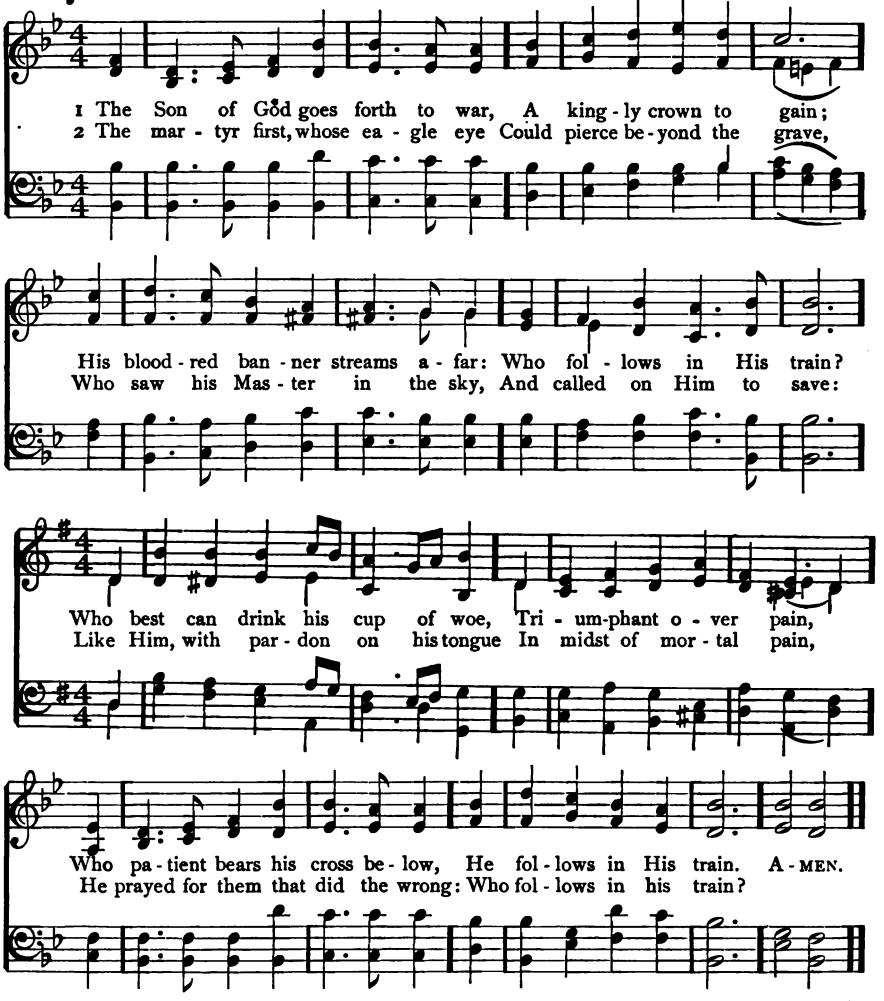
William H. Monk, 1881

1 On our way re - joic - ing, As we home - ward move,
2 If with hon - est - heart - ed Love for God and man,
Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love.
Day by day Thou find us Do - ing all we can,
Is there grief or sad - ness? Thou our Joy shalt be;
Thou who giv'st the seed - time Wilt give large in - crease,
Is our sky be - cloud - ed? There is light in Thee. A - MEN.
Crown the head with bless - ings, Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Victor is our Leader,
Vanquished is the foe:
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore;
On our way rejoicing
Ever, evermore.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863, 1873: verse 1, ll. 6, 8, alt.

167 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2 The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-MEN.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?

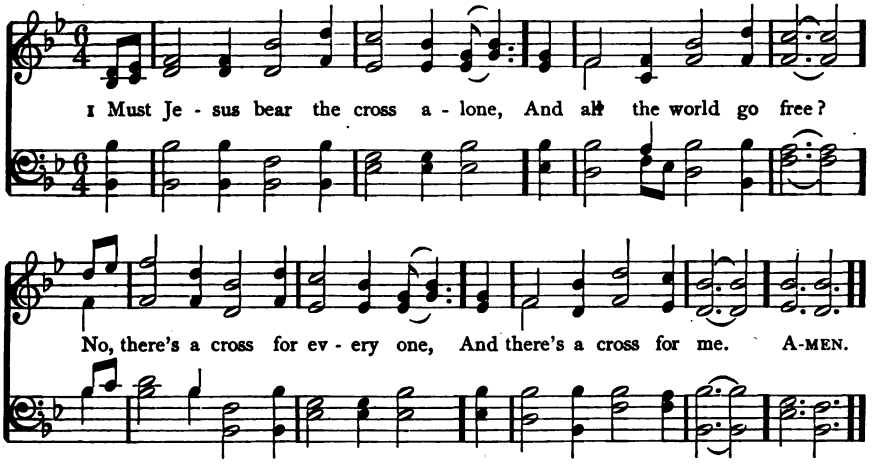
3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to
Who follows *in their train?* [feel:

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827

168 MAITLAND C. M.

George N. Allen, 1850



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

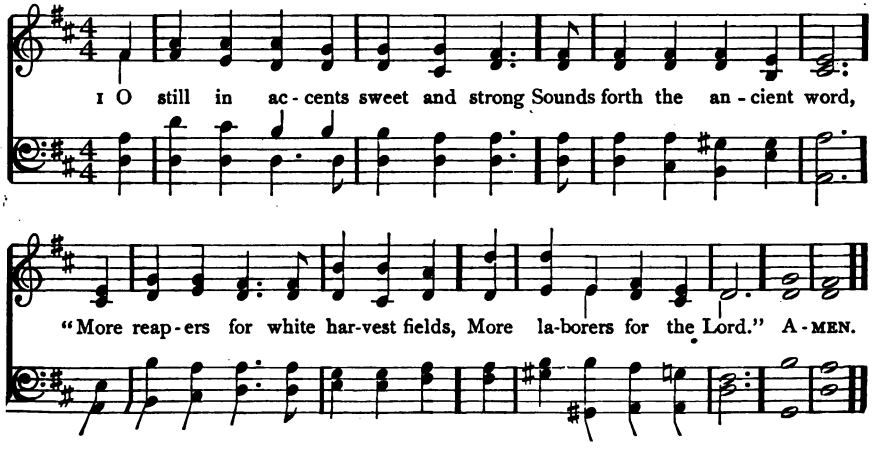
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

Verse 1, Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt.: verse 2, anon., c. 1810: verse 3, anon., 1849: verses 4, 5, Rev. Charles Beecher, 1855

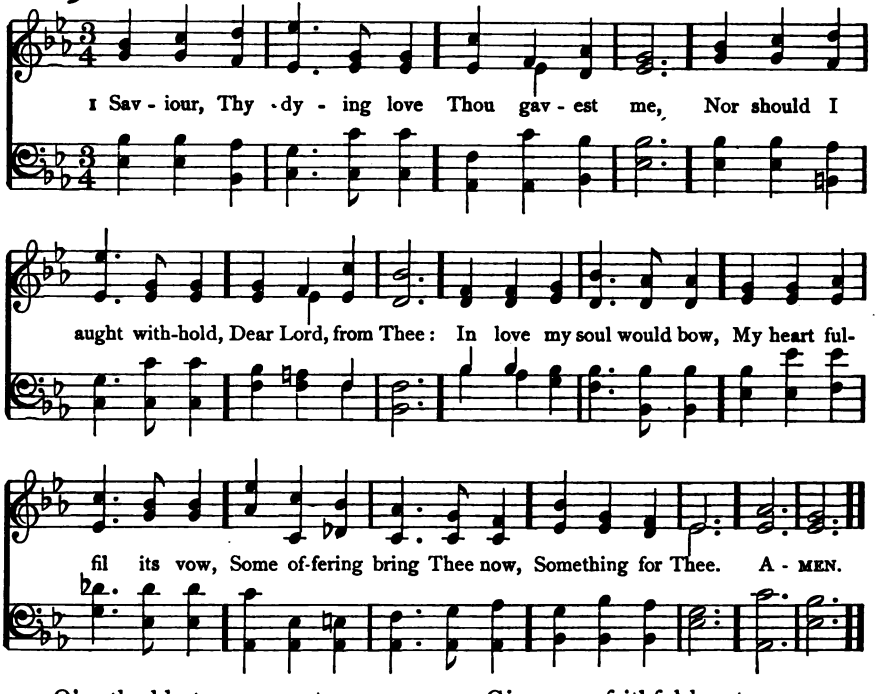
ST. MARK C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805–1876)


1 O still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,
"More reap - ers for white har-vest fields, More la-borers for the Lord." A-MEN.

169 WINTERTON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1892


1 Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
fil its vow, Some of-fering bring Thee now, Something for Thee. A - MEN.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
Upward in faith I look,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, 1868

170 (ST. MARK) C. M.

1 O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."

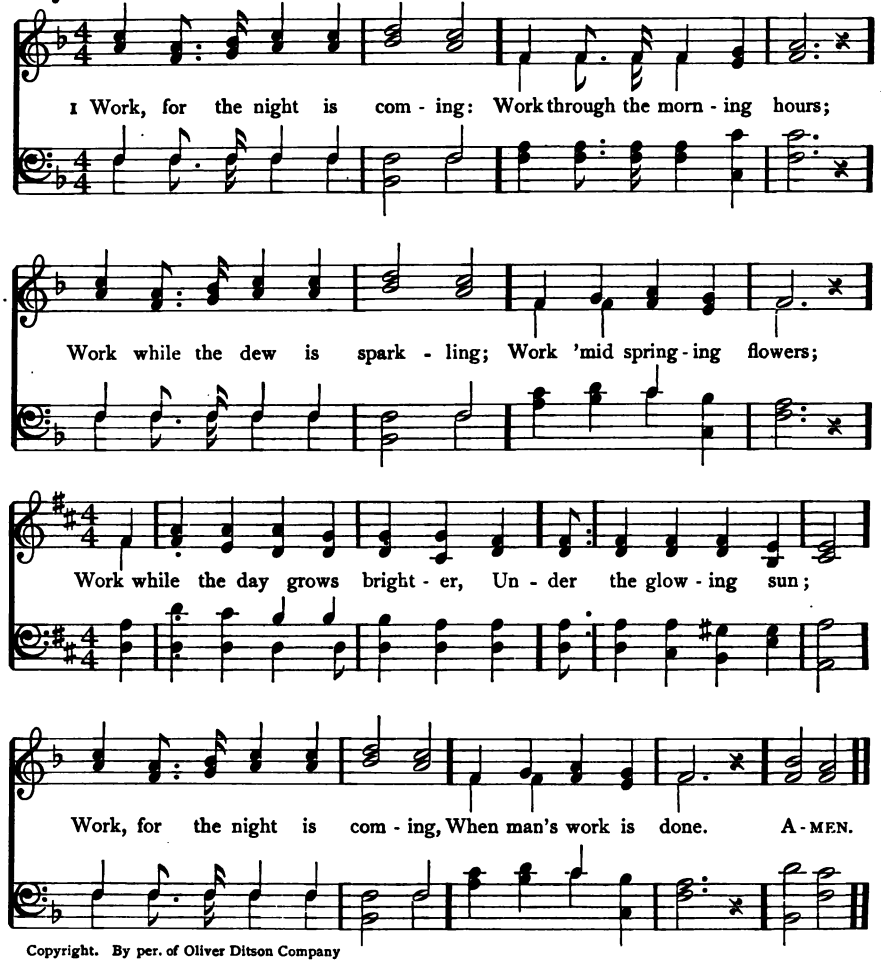
2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

171 WORK SONG 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Lowell Mason, 1864

1 Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;
Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;
Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - MEN.

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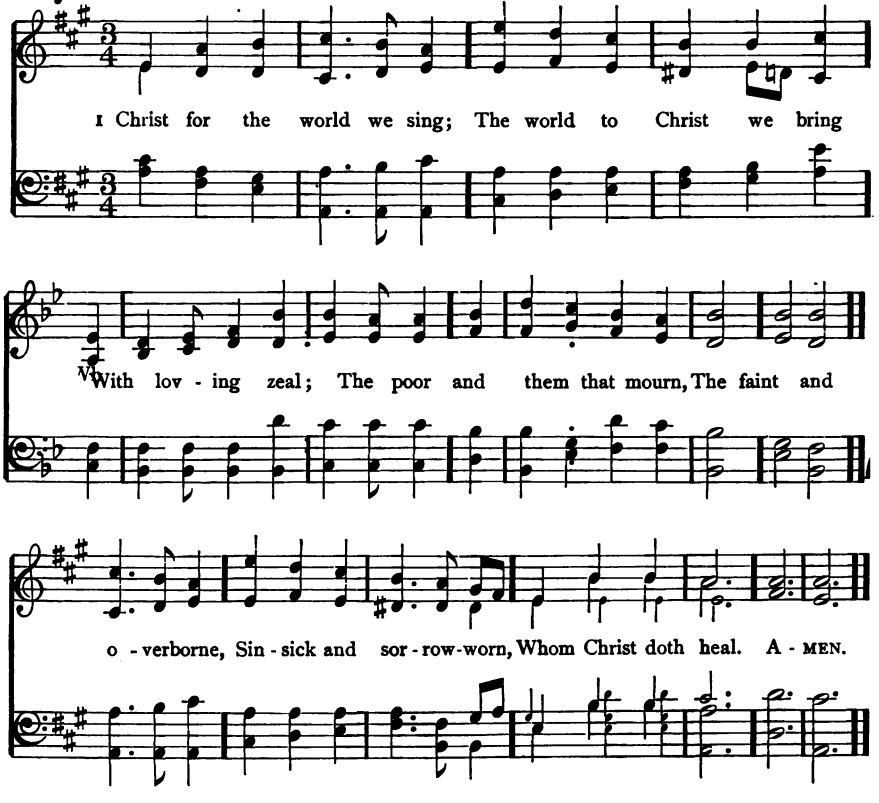
2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming:
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, c. 1860: alt.

172 FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
o - verborne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - MEN.

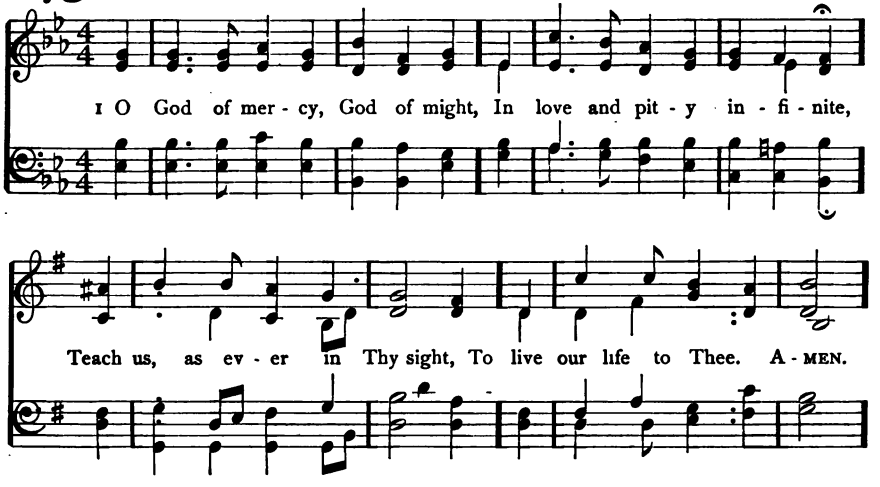
2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, 1869

173 ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887

2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who live to Thee.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1877: verse 6, l. 4, alt.

174 (REMSEN) C. M.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure;
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.

2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

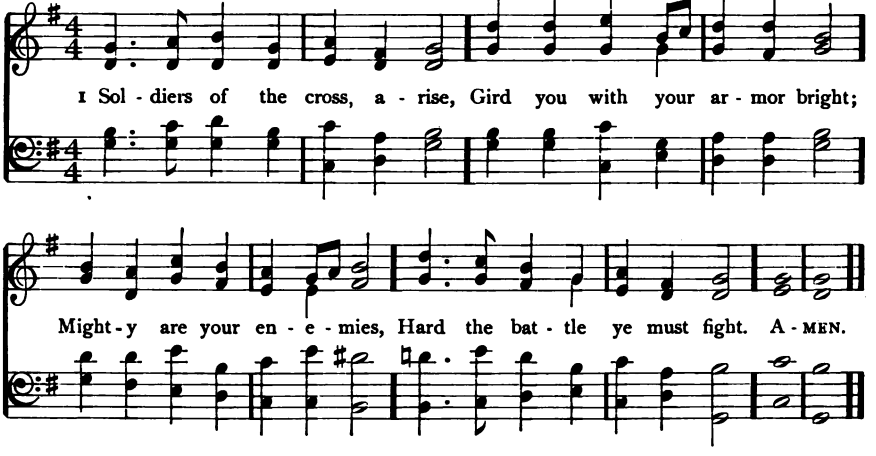
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Rev. William Croswell, 1831

175 REDHEAD No. 45 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French Melody: arr. by R. Redhead, 1853



2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

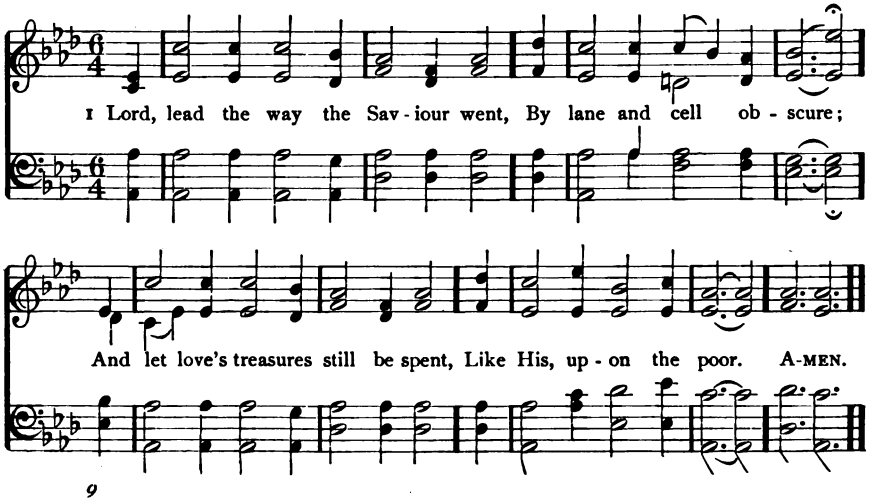
3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

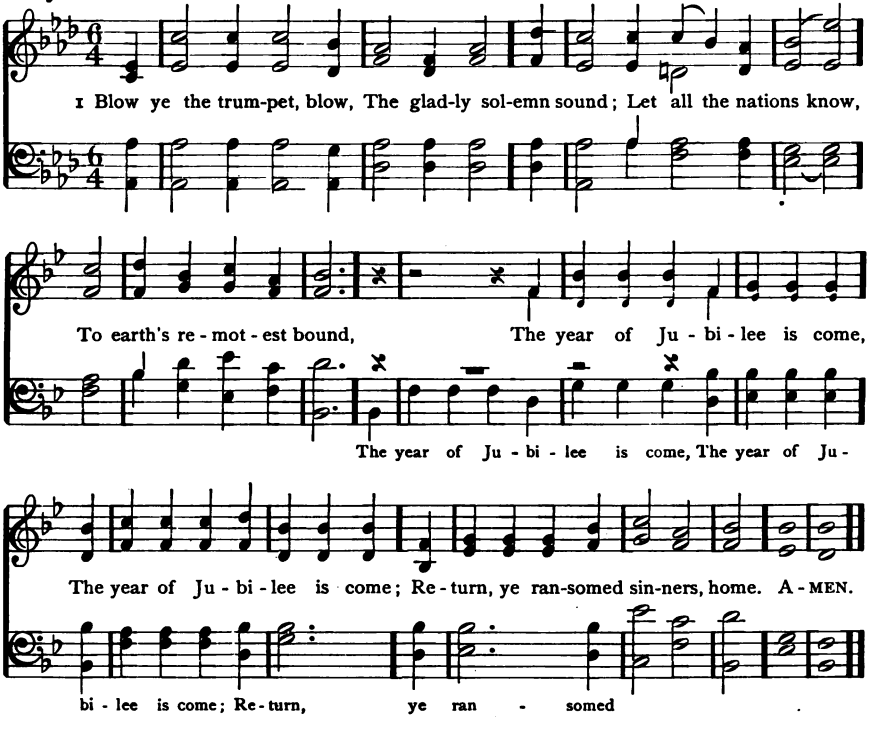
5 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How, 1854

REMSEN C. M.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1 Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure;
And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A-MEN.

176 LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Lewis Edson, 1782

1 Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the nations know,
To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. A-MEN.
bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1750

177 (VIGIL) S. M.

1 O PRAISE our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

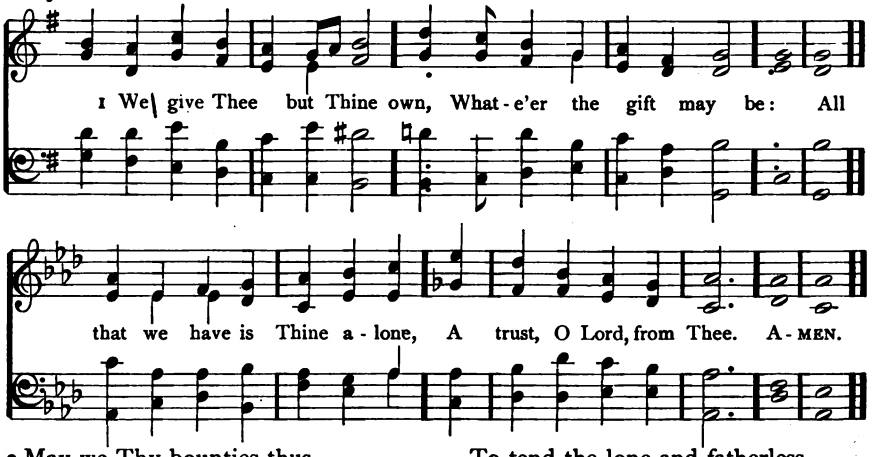
2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

178 SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

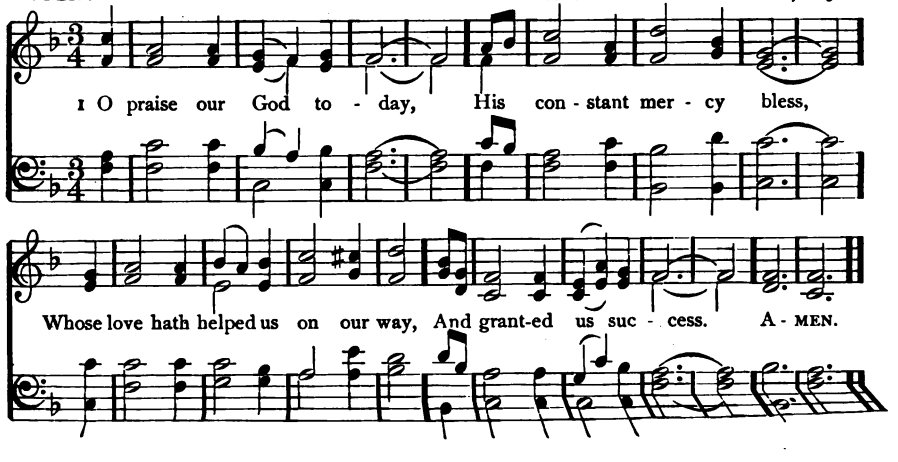
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

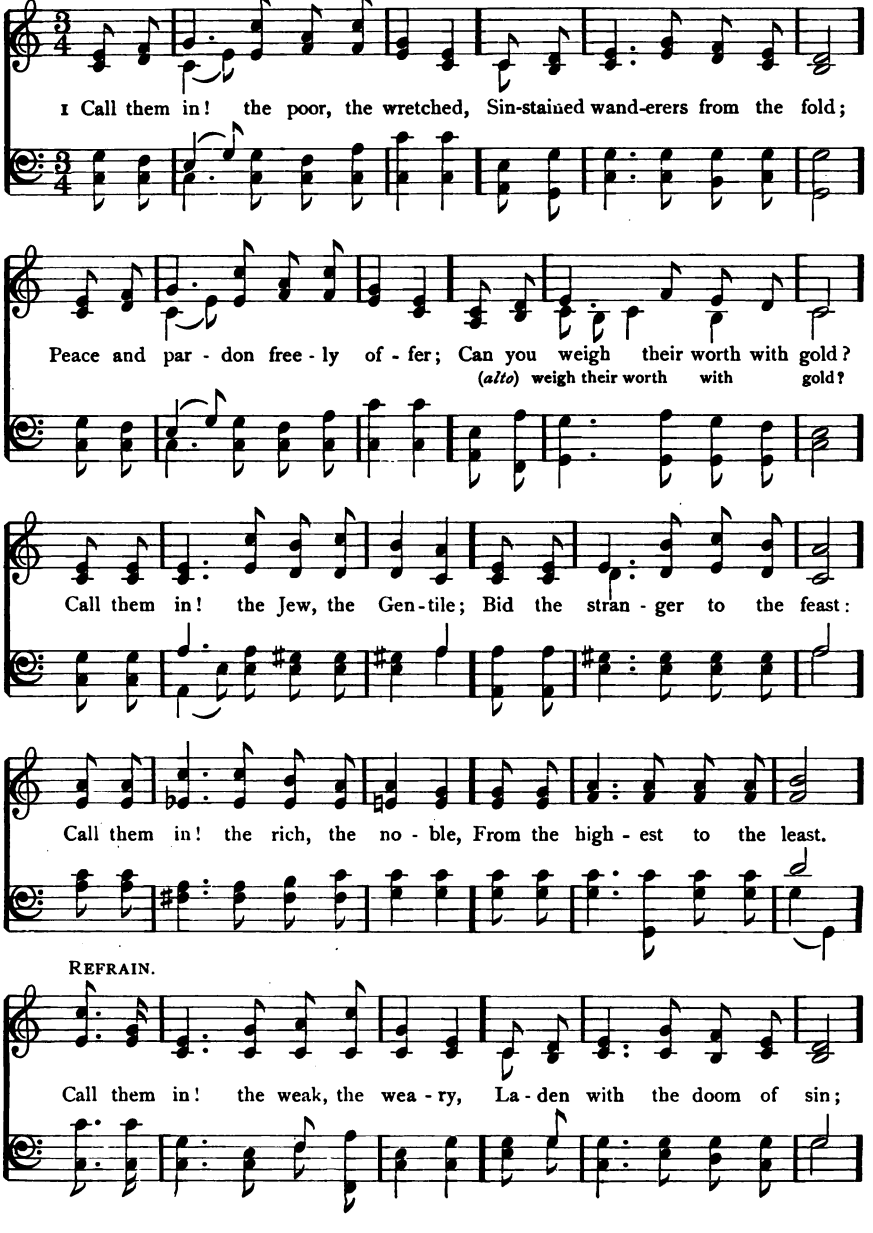
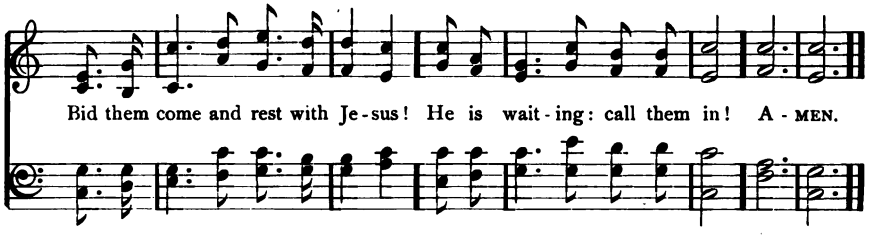
Bishop William W. How, 1864

VIGIL S. M.

Arr. for St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865



179 CALL THEM IN 8. 7. 8. 7. D. with Refrain

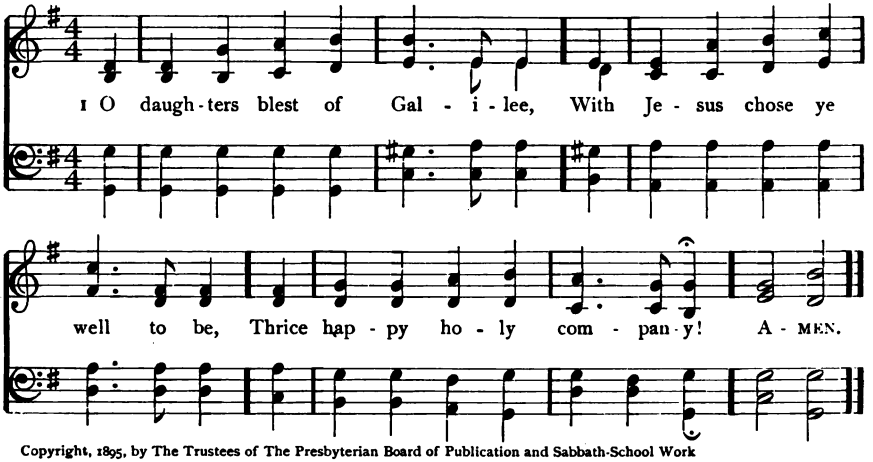
Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger

1 Call them in! the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand-erers from the fold;
Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?
(alto) weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in! the Jew, the Gen-tile; Bid the stran - ger to the feast:
Call them in! the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the least.
REFRAIN.
Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

2 Call them in! the little children,
Ere they wander far away;
Wait, O wait not for to-morrow;
Christ would have them come to-day.
Follow on! the Lamb is leading;
He has conquered,—we shall win:
Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;
He will heal them: call them in!—REF.

3 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:
Speak Love's message, low and tender;
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See! the shadows lengthen 'round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave the lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: call them in!—REF.

Anna Shipton, 1862: arr.

180 INASMUCH 8. 8. 8.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895



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2 O joy, to see that Master dear!
O joy, to live with Him so near!
O joy, that gentle voice to hear!

3 O more than joy, to that dear Lord,
In purest, deepest love adored,
All lowly service to afford!

4 O Jesus, throned above the height,
Adoring troops of angels bright
Wait on Thy bidding day and night:

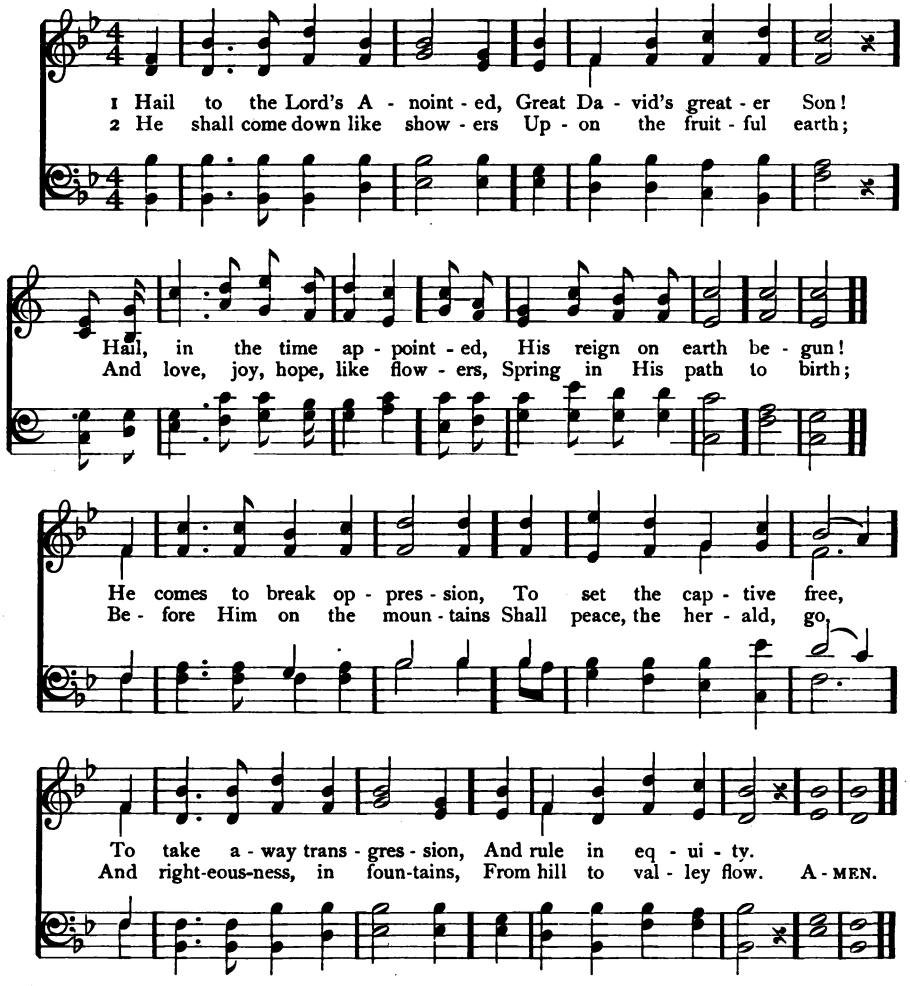
5 Thy sacred form we cannot see,
Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee
Each lowly act of charity.

6 For while 'mid want and woe we move,
And tend Thy poor in gentle love,
We minister to Thee above.

7 O gracious Jesus, we confess
Our poor cold love, our nothingness:
Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

181 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

1 Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2 He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth;
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth;
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
Be - fore Him on the moun - tains Shall peace, the her - ald, go,
To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
And right-eous-ness, in foun-tains, From hill to val - ley flow. A - MEN.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand for ever,—
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821

182 (WEBB) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

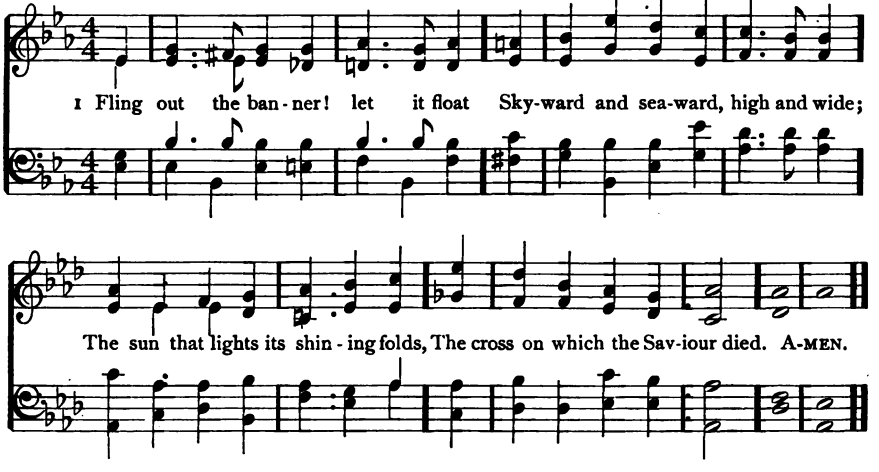
1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

183 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-MEN.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

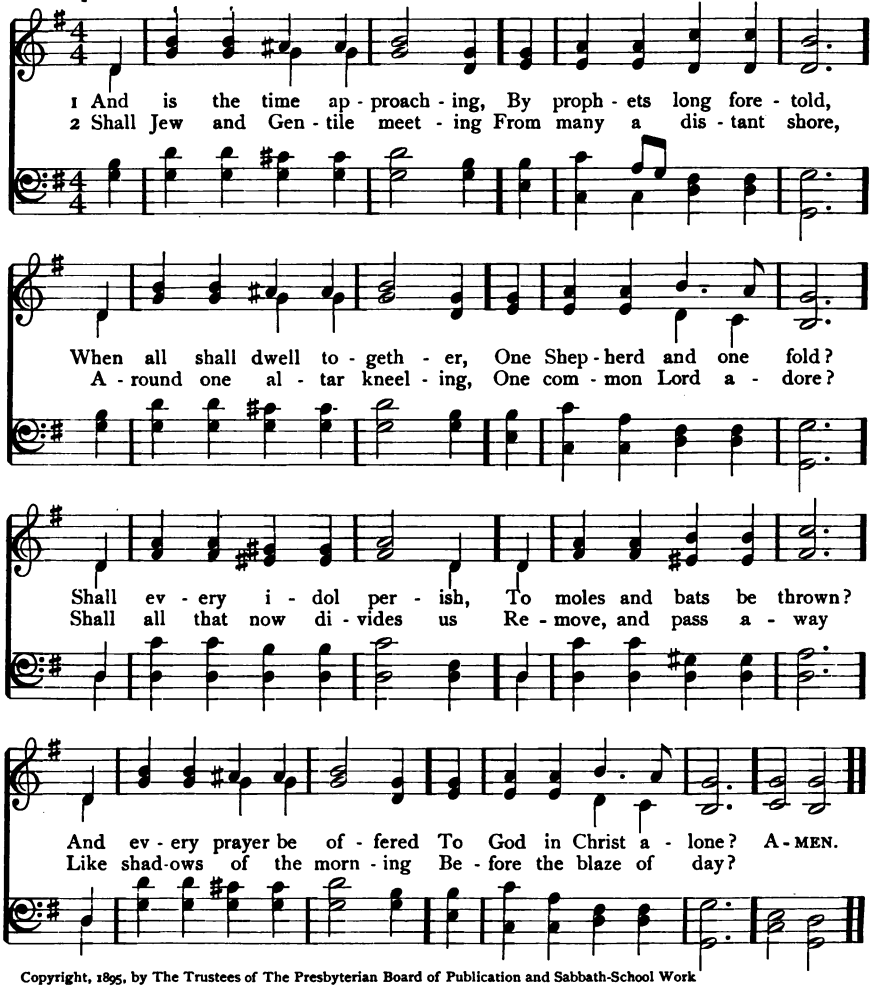
3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

Bishop George W. Doane, 1848

184 SCHUBERT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Schubert by William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 And is the time ap - proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,
2 Shall Jew and Gen - tile meet - ing From many a dis - tant shore,
When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?
A - round one al - tar kneel - ing, One com - mon Lord a - dore?
Shall ev - ery i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?
Shall all that now di - vides us Re - move, and pass a - way
And ev - ery prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A - MEN.
Like shad-ows of the morn - ing Be - fore the blaze of day?

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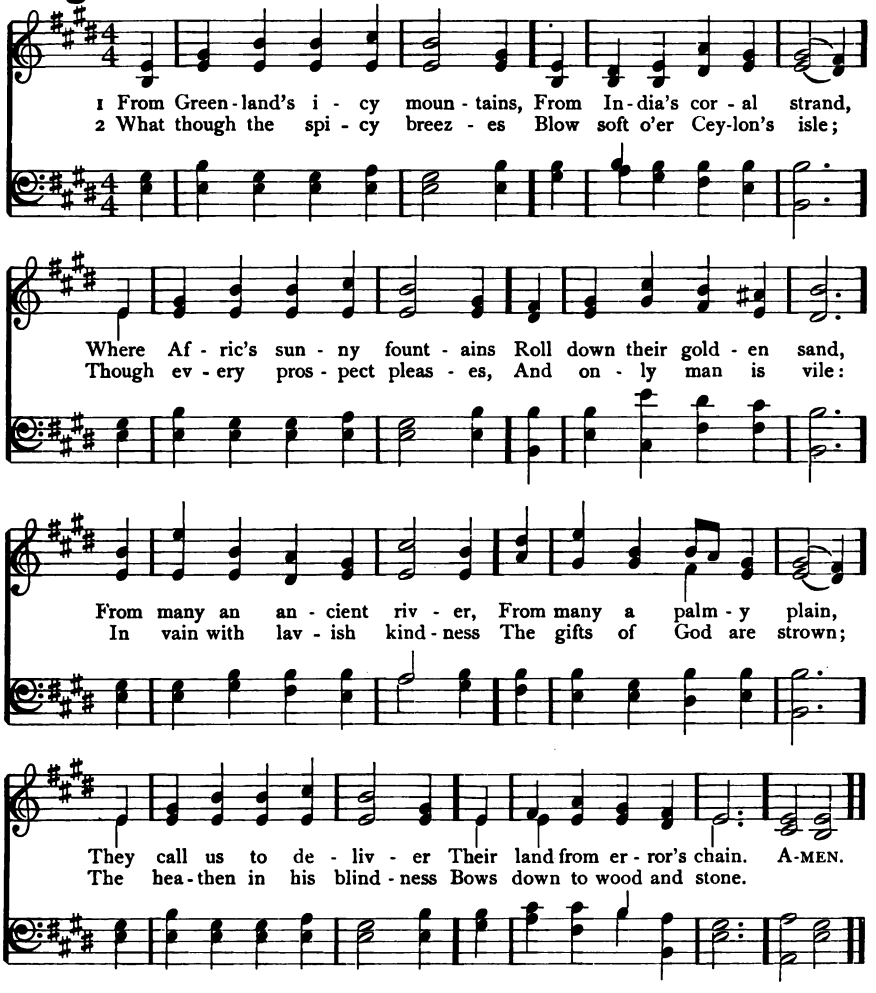
3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

185 MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

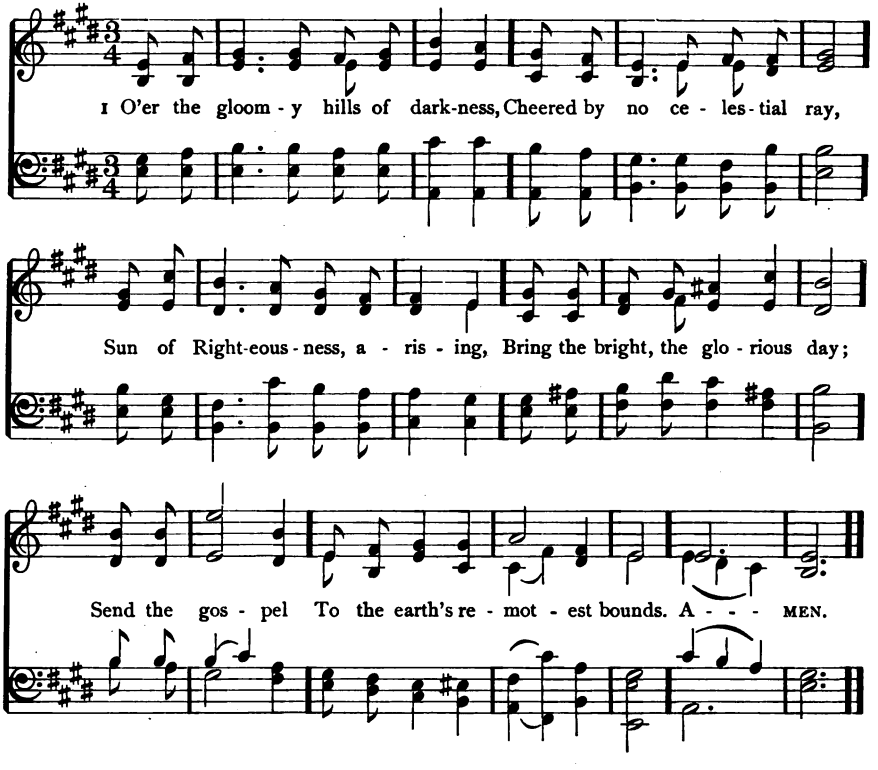
Lowell Mason, 1823

1 From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand,
2 What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-MEN.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 18

186 WILDERSMOUTH 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879

1 O'er the gloom - y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray,
Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo - rious day;
Send the gos - pel To the earth's re - mot - est bounds. A - - - MEN.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams, 1772: verse 1, re-written; verse 2, l. 2, and verse 3, alt.

187 (MISSIONARY CHANT) L. M.

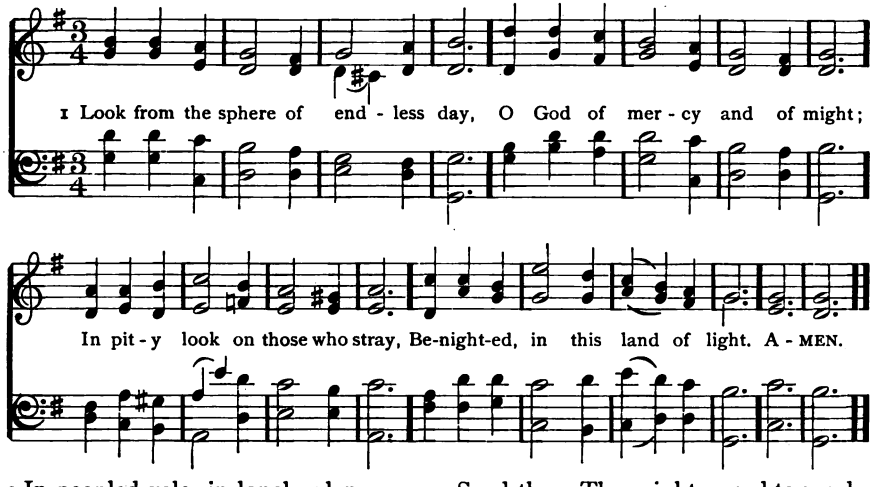
1 YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation through Emmanuel's Name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Rev. Bourne H. Draper, 1803: verse 1, ll. 1, 3, verse 2, l. 1, alt.

188 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815

1 Look from the sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;
In pit - y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A - MEN.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

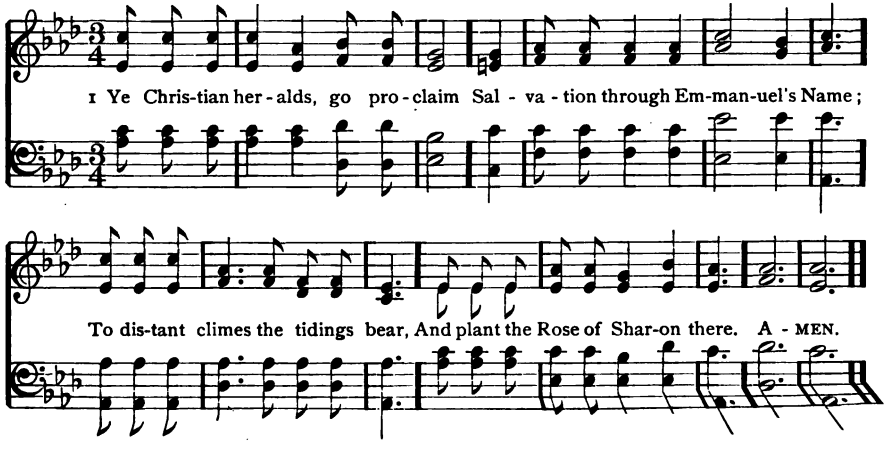
4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

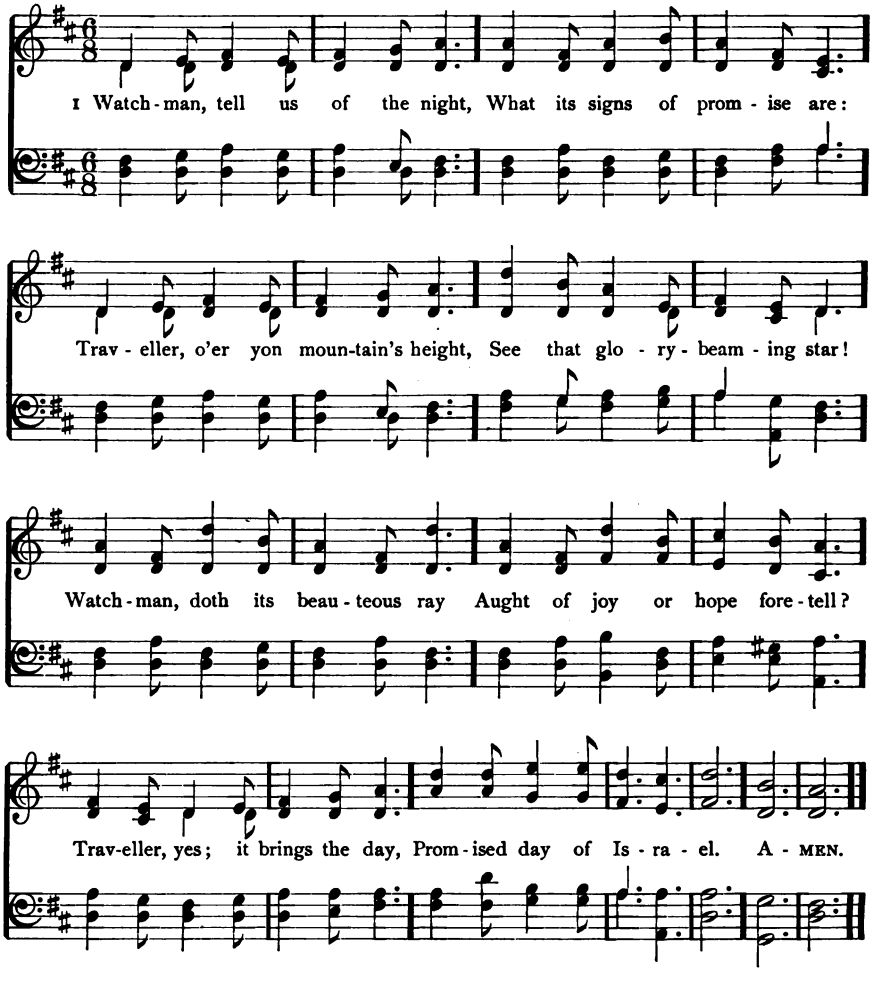
William Cullen Bryant, 1859

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832


1 Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go pro - claim Sal - va - tion through Em-man-uel's Name;
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there. A - MEN.

189 WATCHMAN 7. 7, 7. 7. D.

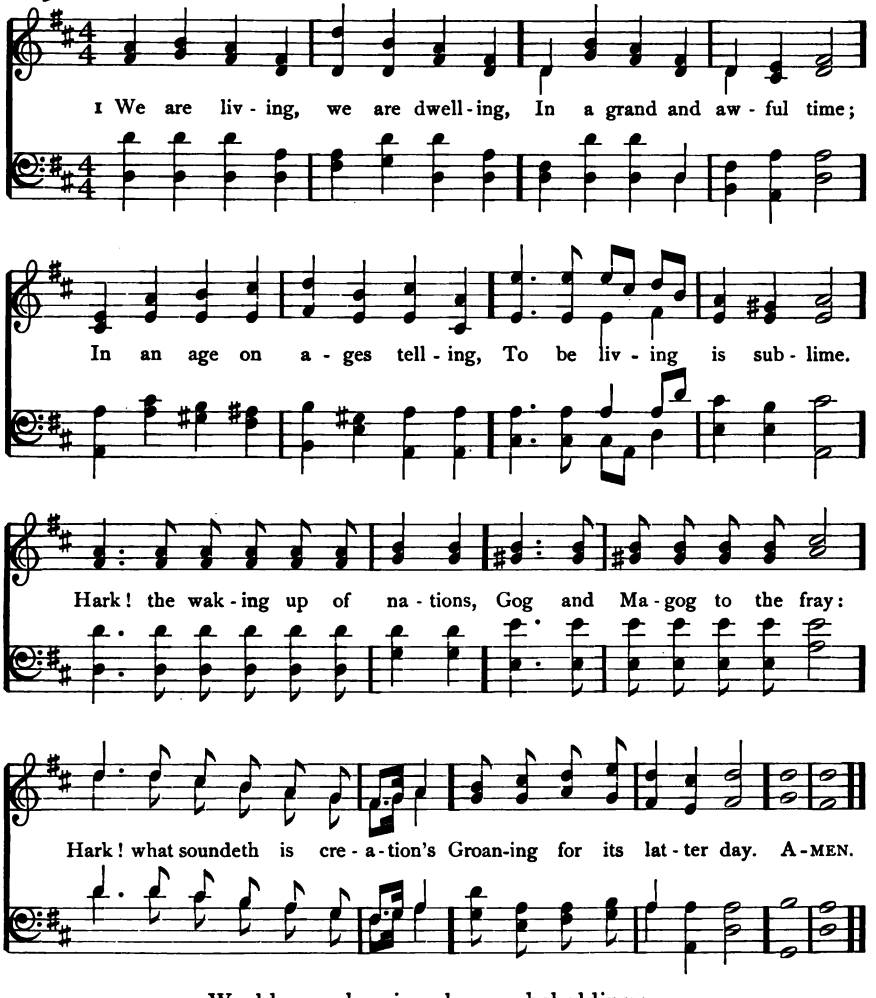
Lowell Mason, 1830

1 Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are:
Trav-eller, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!
Watch-man, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Trav-eller, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el. A-MEN.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring, 1825: verse 1, l. 6, verse 2, l. 8, alt.

190 LATTER DAY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

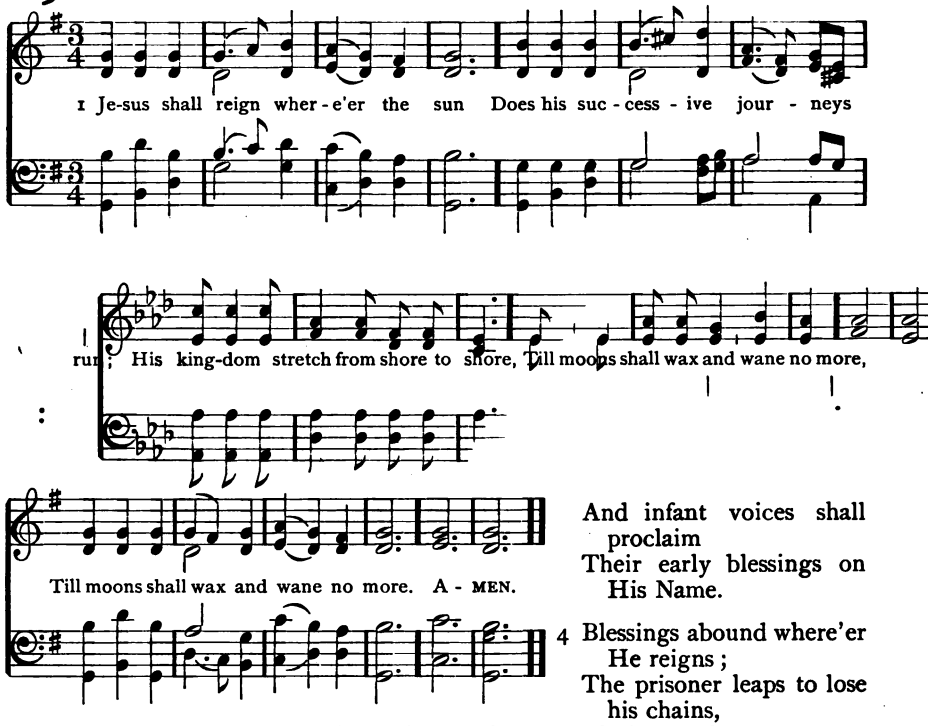
Plymouth Collection, 1855

1 We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time;
In an age on a - ges tell - ing, To be liv - ing is sub - lime.
Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray:
Hark! what soundeth is cre - a - tion's Groan-ing for its lat - ter day. A - MEN.

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1840

191 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810


1 Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-MEN.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

192 (GERMANY) L. M.

1 O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

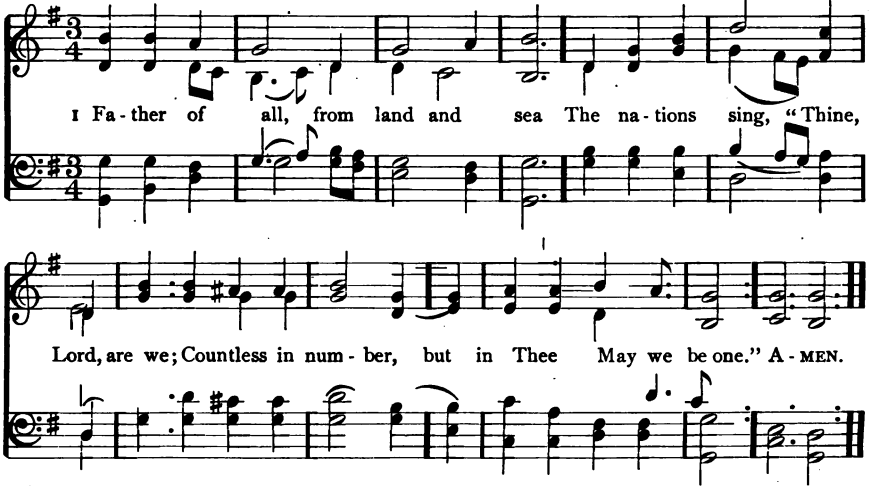
2 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
O gently seek; Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given;
And let them also share Thy heaven.

3 Shine on the darkened and the cold;
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;
Unite those now who walk apart;
Confirm the weak and doubting heart:

4 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all the Church in earth and heaven.

Rev. Johann Heermann, 1630. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

193 ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

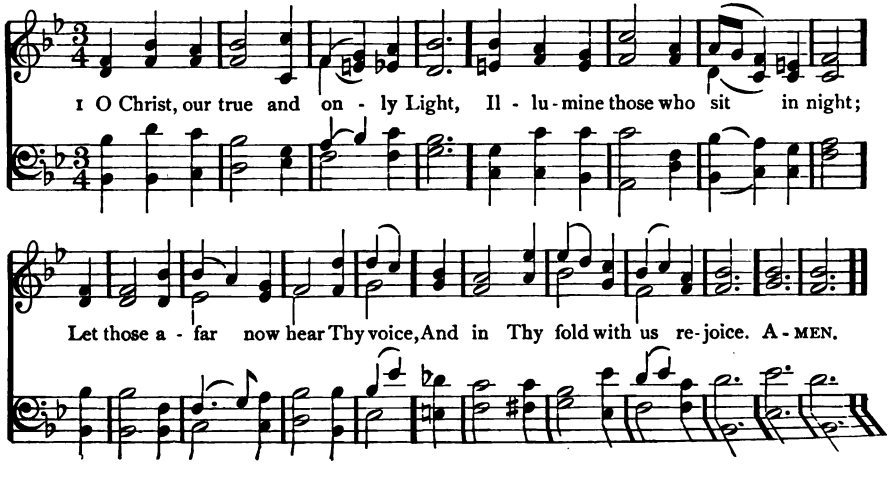
3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high with low, join young with old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

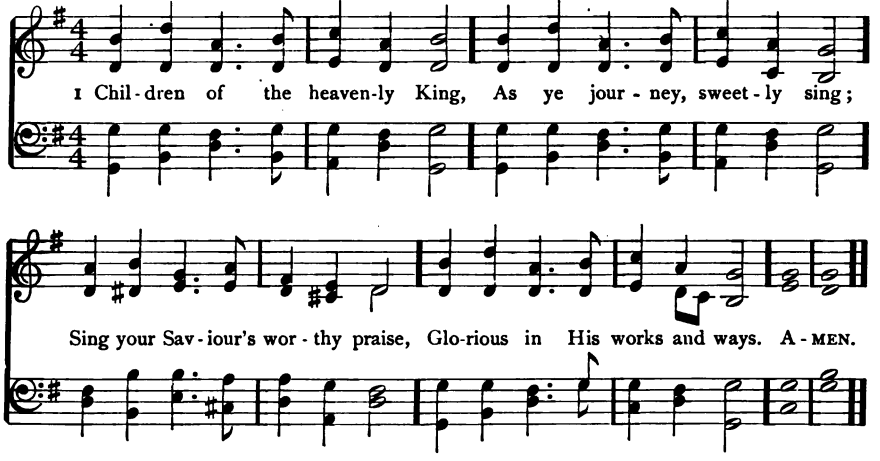
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1871

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815

1 O Christ, our true and on - ly Light, Il - lu - mine those who sit in night;
Let those a - far now hear Thy voice, And in Thy fold with us re - joice. A - MEN.

194 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790


1 Chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-MEN.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

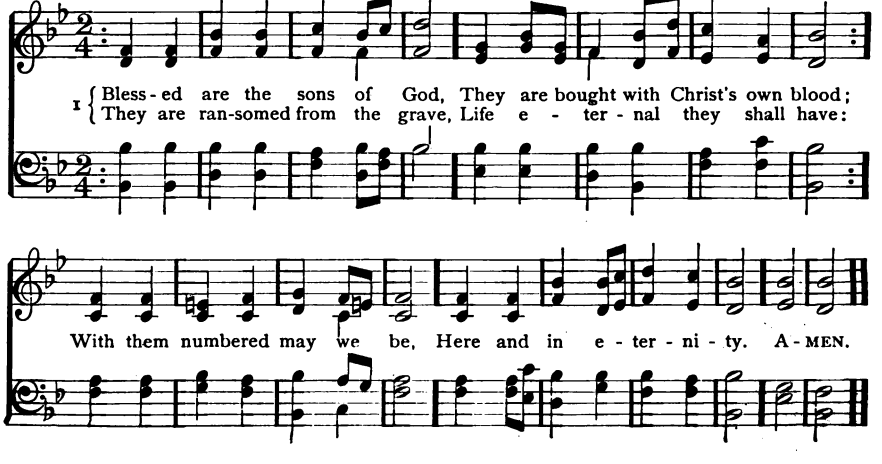
3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

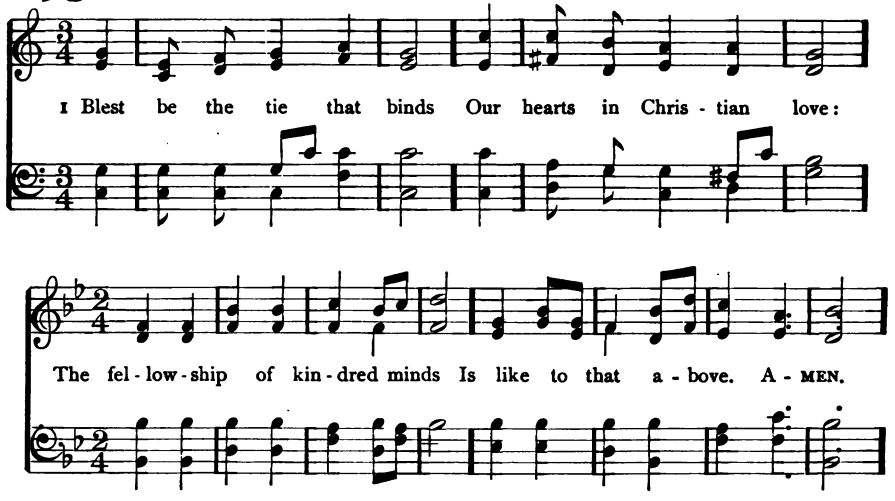
Rev. John Cennick, 1742

ROSEFIELD 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1834

1 Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ran-somed from the grave, Life e-ter-nal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be, Here and in e-ter-ni-ty. A-MEN.

195 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

196 (ROSEFIELD) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

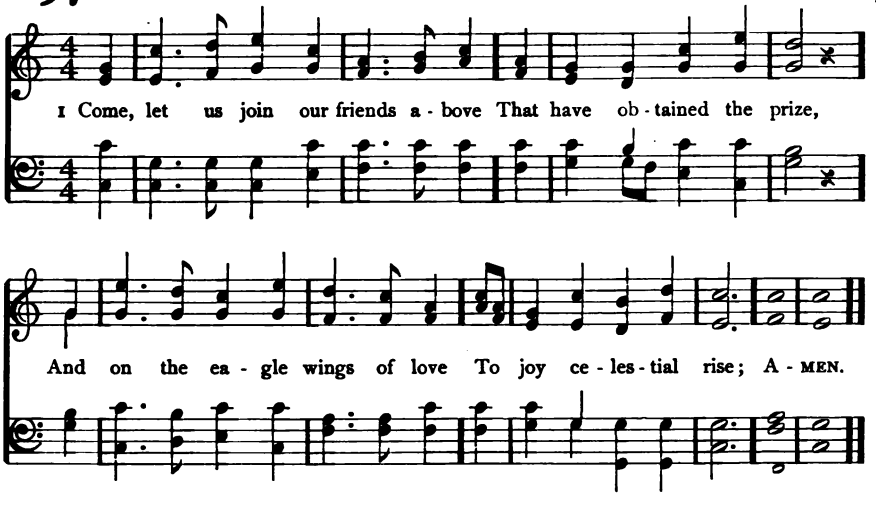
1 BLESSÈD are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Rev. Joseph Humphreys, 1743; arr. and verse 2, l. 2, alt.

197 BROWN C. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death;

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

5 His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land:

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1759

198 (NORTHREPPS) C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

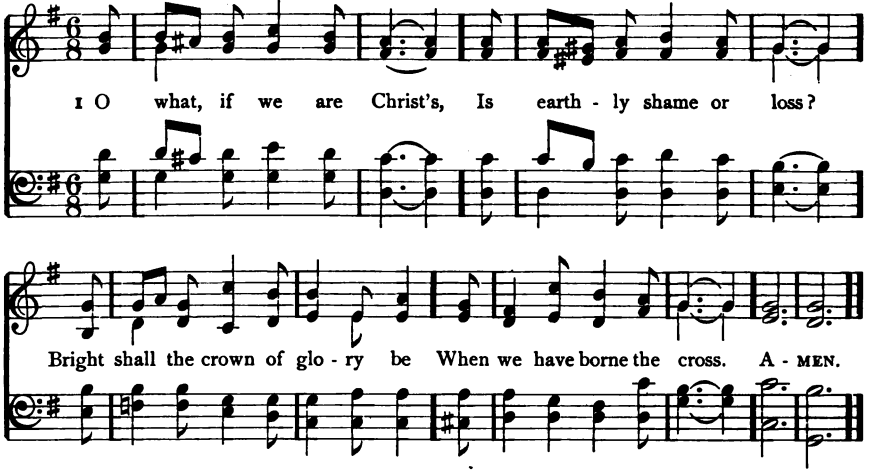
4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

199 WOOLWICH S. M.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876



2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

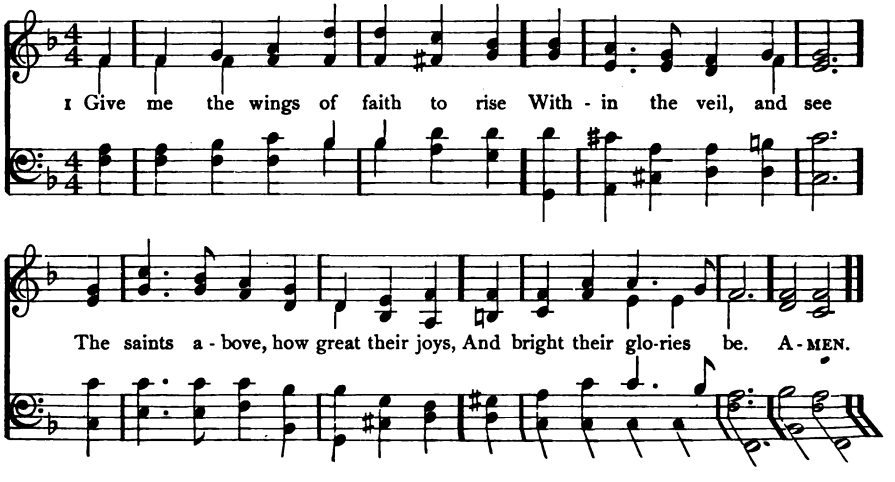
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

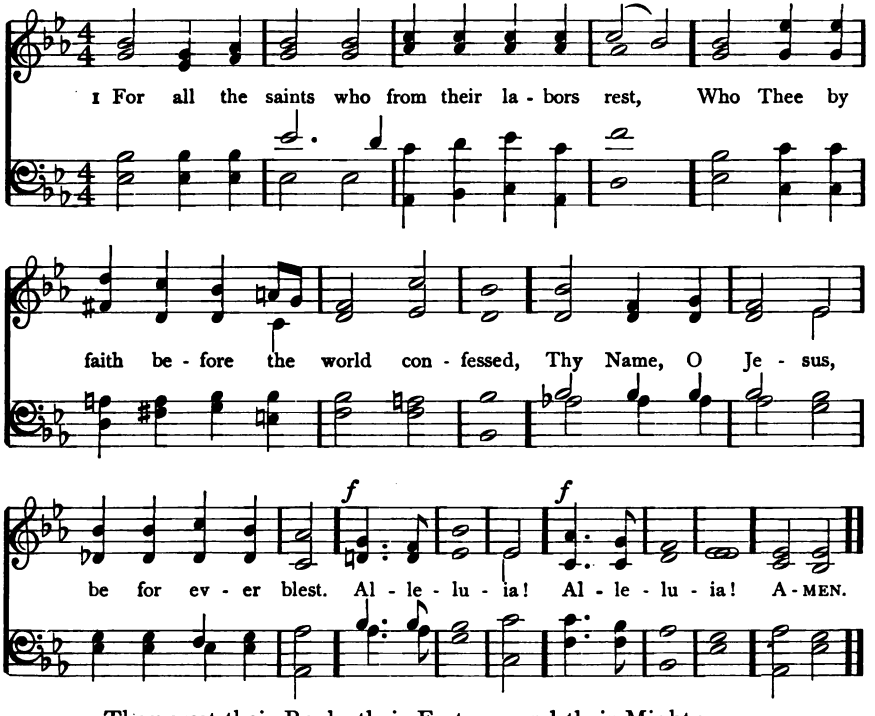
Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1852

NORTHREPPS C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887


1 Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, And bright their glo-ries be. A - MEN.

200 SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,
f
f
be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

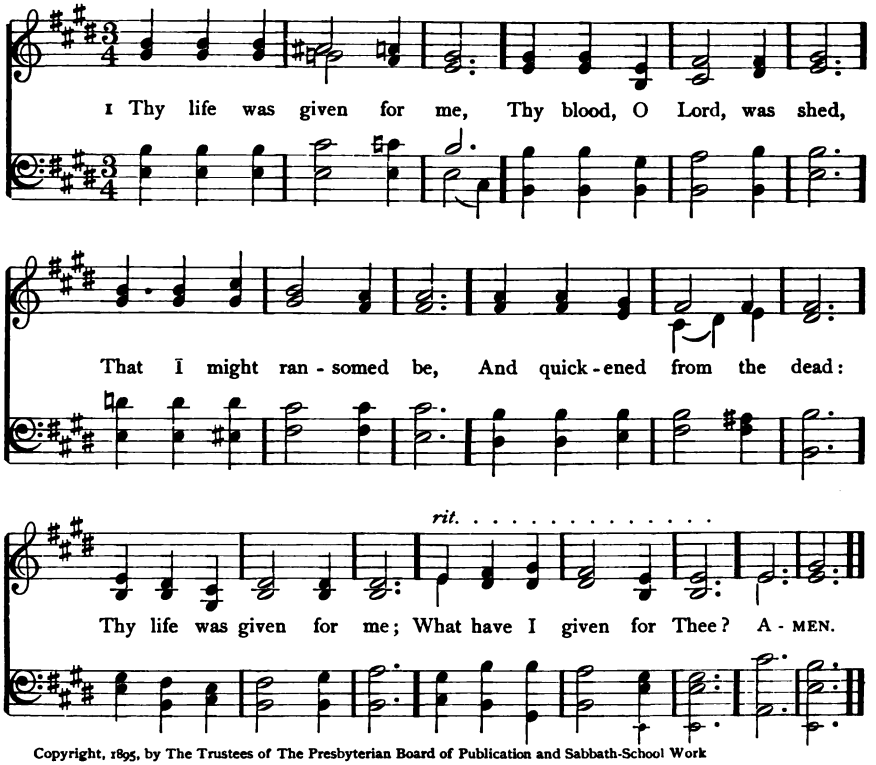
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Bishop William W. How, 1864

201 DEVOTION 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Thy life was given for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead:
rit.
Thy life was given for me; What have I given for Thee? A - MEN.

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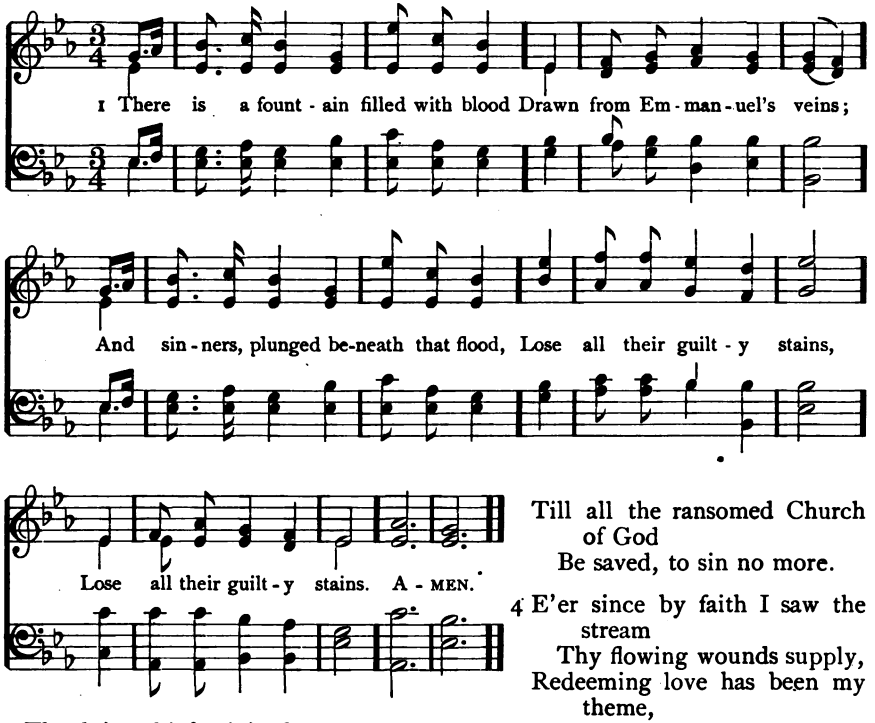
2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love:
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?

4 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1858; recast, Church Hymns, 1871

202 COWPER · C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins;
And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1772

203 (OLMUTZ) S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

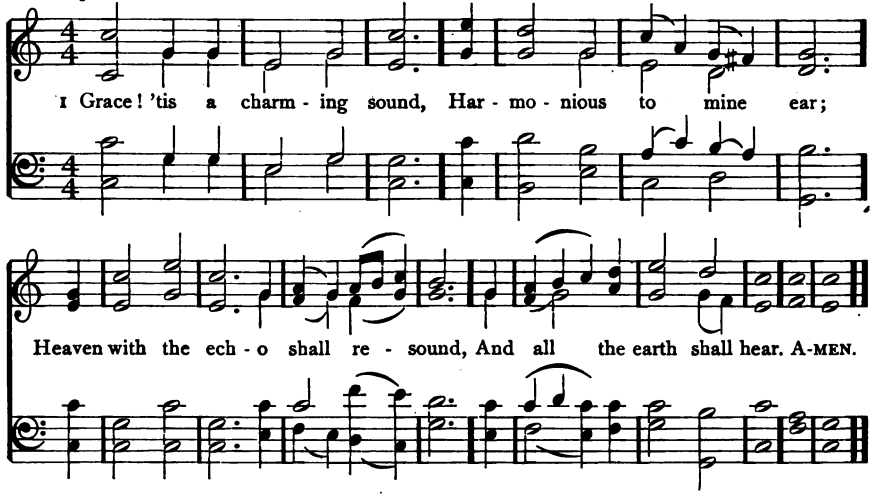
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

204 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

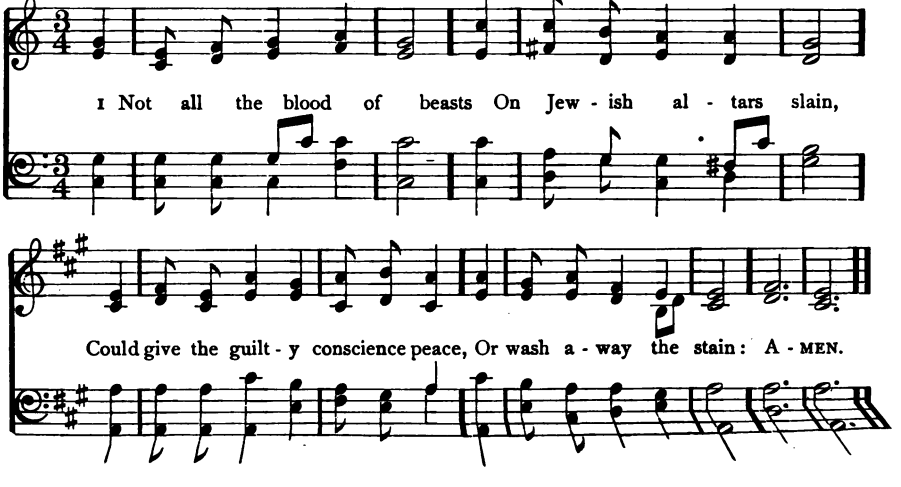
3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

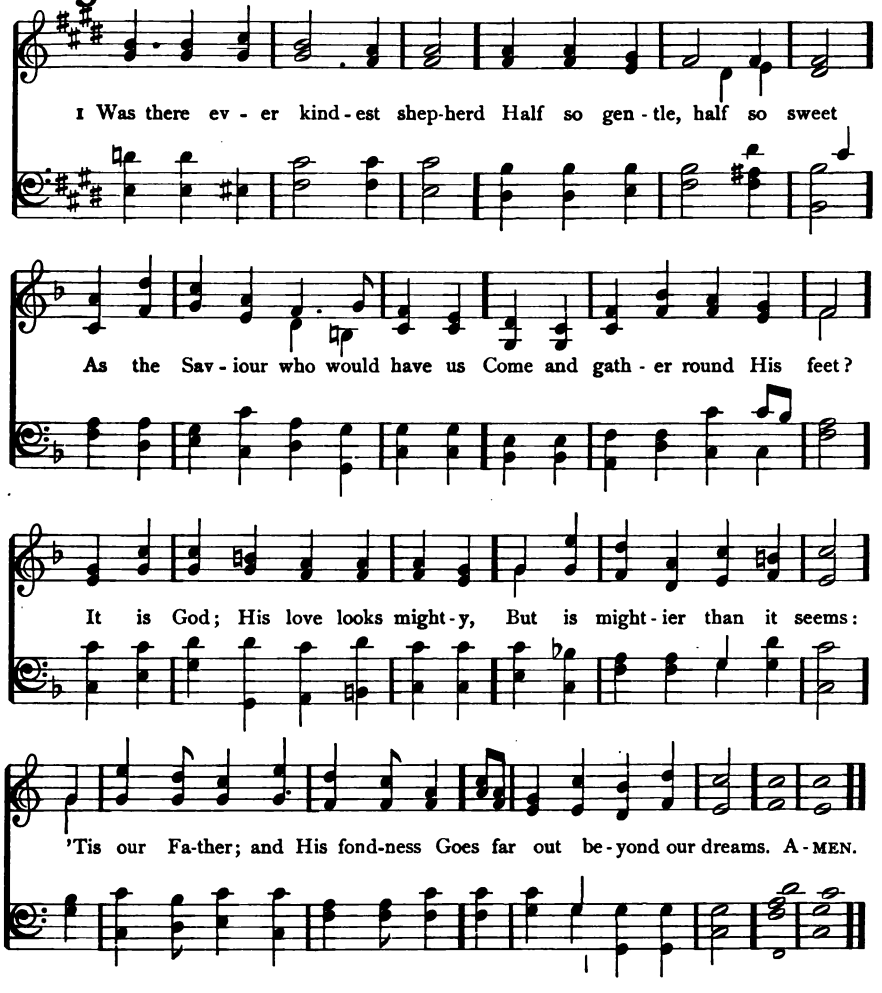
Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



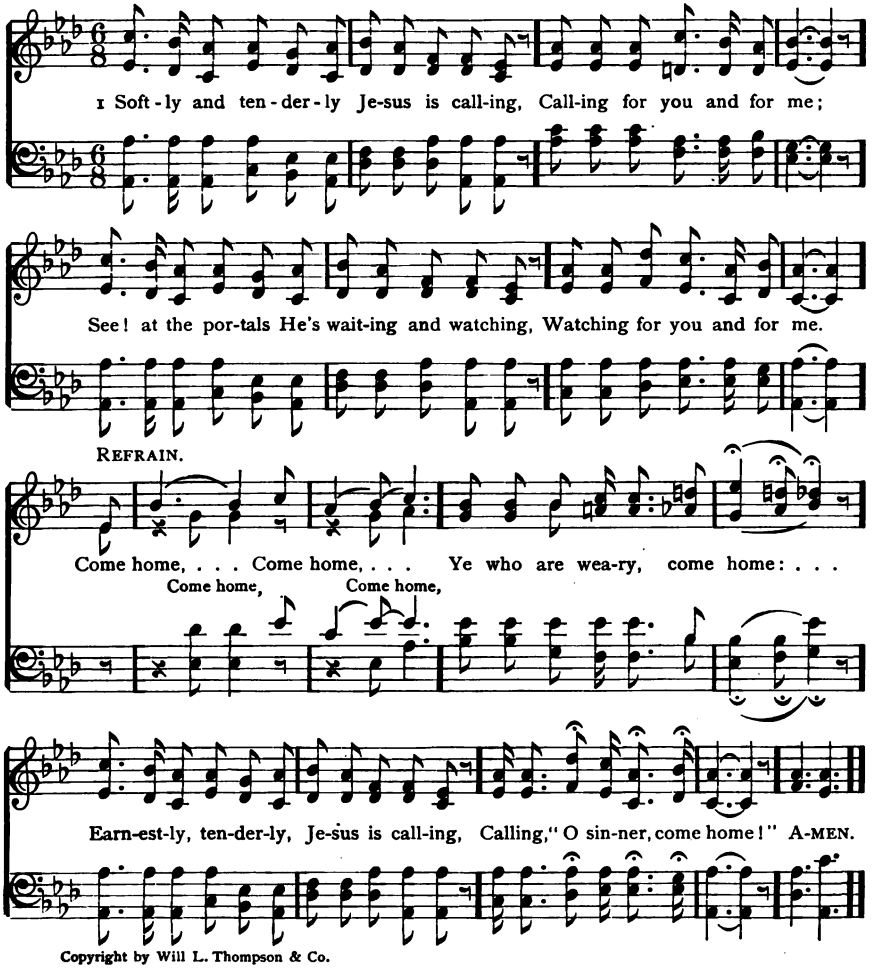
205 CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

1 Was there ev - er kind - est shep-herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet
As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?
It is God; His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems:
'Tis our Fa-ther; and His fond-ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams. A - MEN.

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood;

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854

206 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY 11. 7. 11. 7. with Refrain Will L. Thompson, 1880

1 Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
See! at the por-tals He's wait-ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
REFRAIN.
Come home, . . . Come home, . . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home: . . .
Come home, Come home,
Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, "O sin-ner, come home!" A-MEN.

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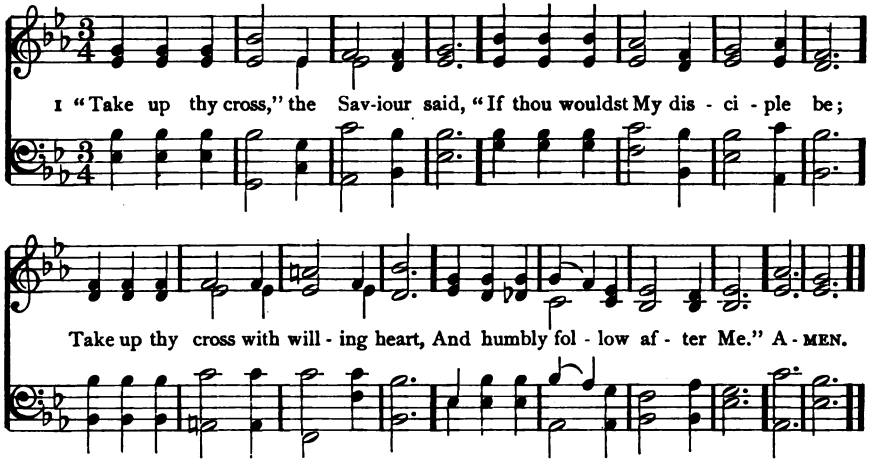
2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?—REF.

3 O for the wonderful love He has promised,
Promised for you and for me;
Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.—REF.

Will L. Thompson, 1880

207 QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866


1 "Take up thy cross," the Sav-iour said, "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be;
Take up thy cross with will - ing heart, And humbly fol - low af - ter Me." A - MEN.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

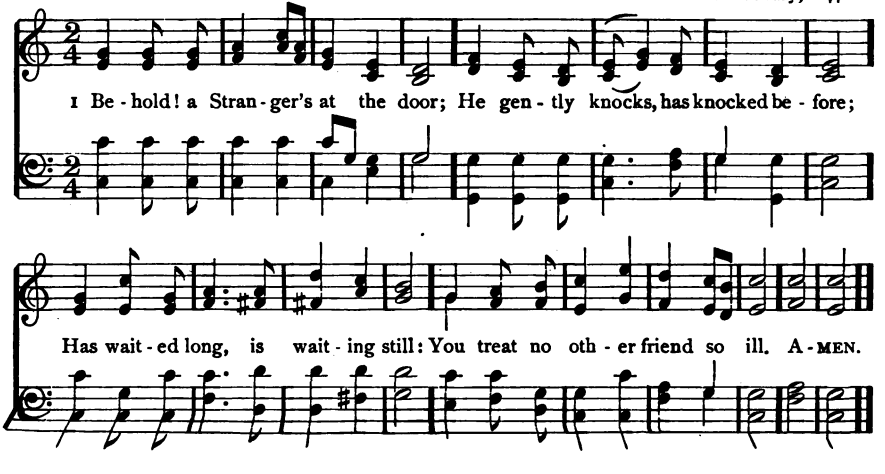
3 Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

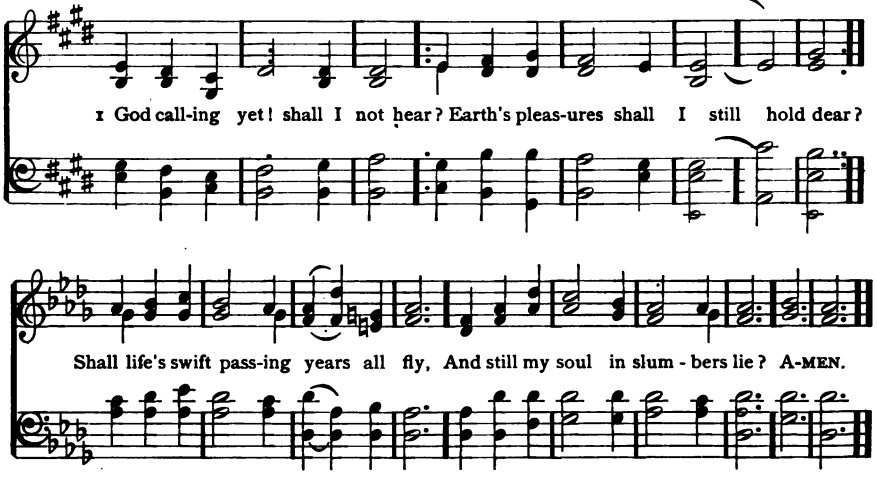
5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Rev. Charles W. Everest, 1833

ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844

1 Be - hold! a Stran - ger's at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore;
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - MEN.

208 CLOLATA L. M.

W. St. Clair Palmer, 1893

1 God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleas-ures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - bers lie? A-MEN.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735. Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855: recast, Sabbath Hy. Bk., 1858

209 (ZEPHYR) L. M.

1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

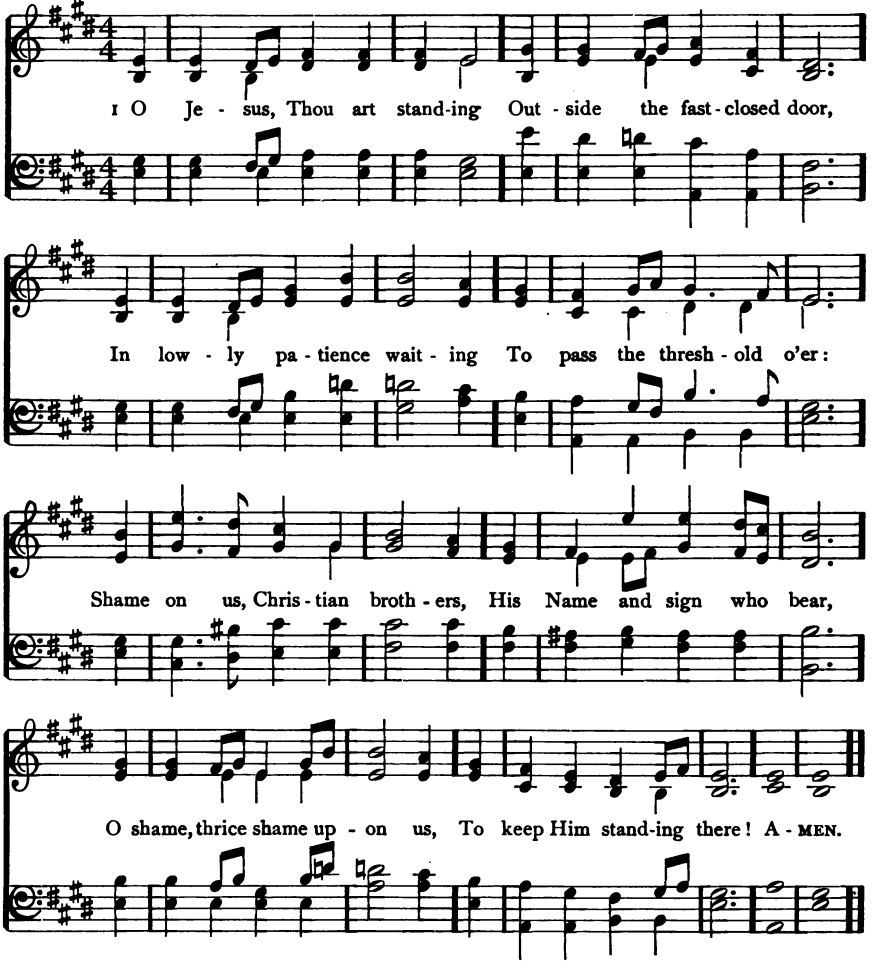
3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765: verse 4, l. 3, alt.

210 ST. EDITH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

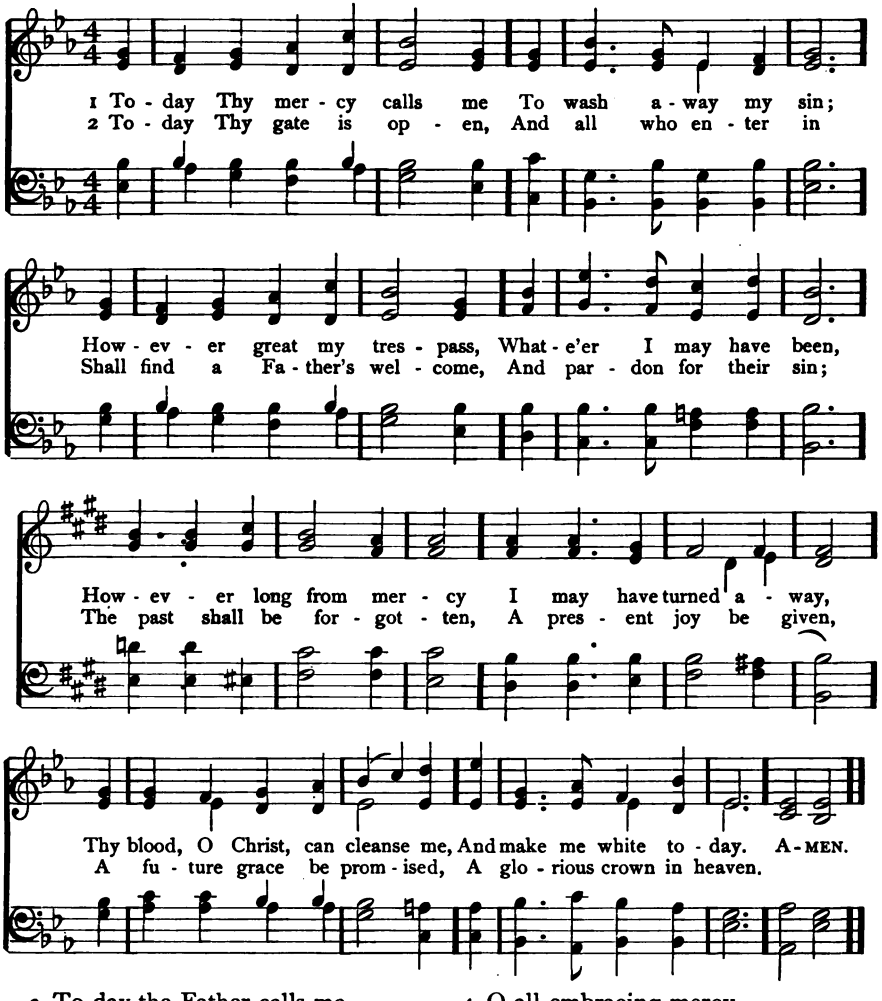
Justin H. Knecht, 1799, and
Rev. Edward Husband, 1871

1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! A - MEN.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1867

211 BLAIRGOWRIE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

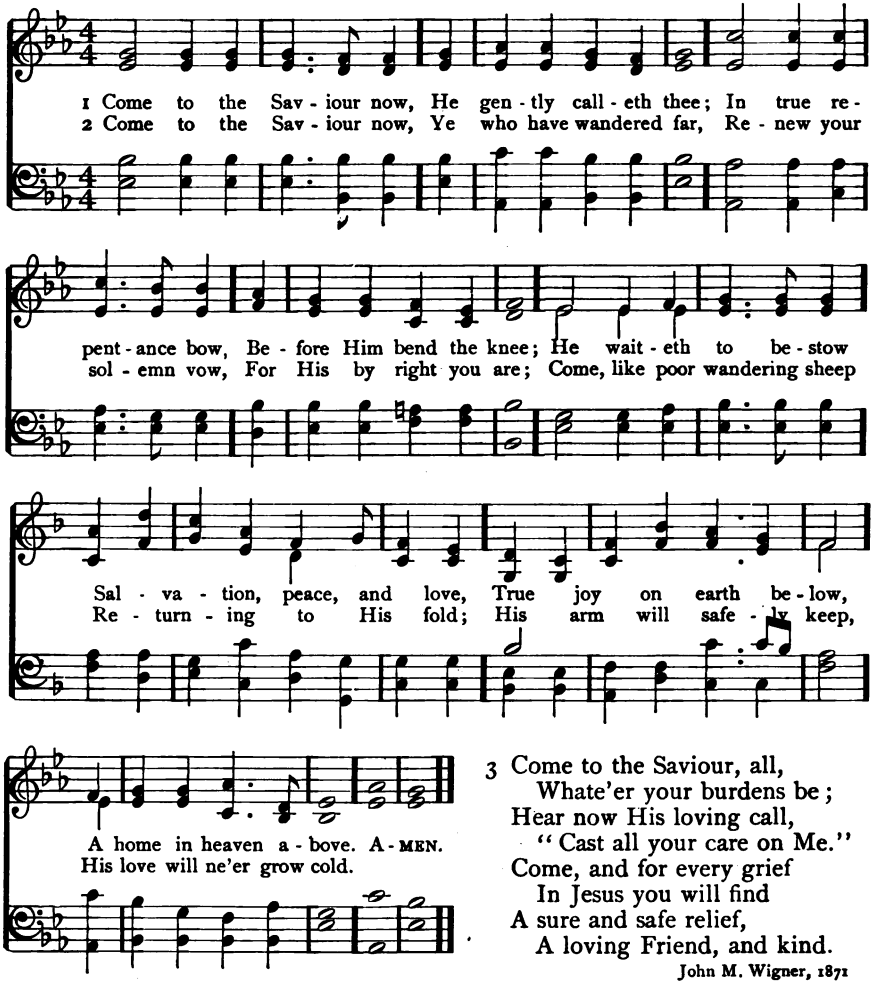
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1872

1 To - day Thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;
2 To - day Thy gate is op - en, And all who en - ter in
How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,
Shall find a Fa - ther's wel - come, And par - don for their sin;
How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,
The past shall be for - got - ten, A pres - ent joy be given,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day. A - MEN.
A fu - ture grace be prom - ised, A glo - rious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What shall I do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

Oswald Allen, 1861

212 INVITATION 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1 Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee; In true re -
2 Come to the Sav - iour now, Ye who have wandered far, Re - new your
pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee; He wait - eth to be - stow
sol - emn vow, For His by right you are; Come, like poor wandering sheep
Sal - va - tion, peace, and love, True joy on earth be - low,
Re - turn - ing to His fold; His arm will safe - ly keep,
A home in heaven a - bove. A - MEN.
His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now His loving call,
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend, and kind.

John M. Wigner, 1871

213 (AZMON) C. M.

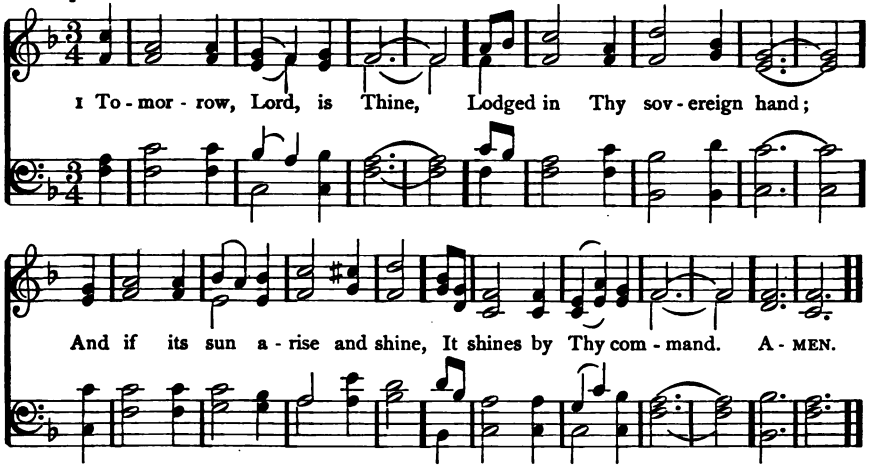
1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace Divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

214 VIGIL S. M.

Arr. for St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

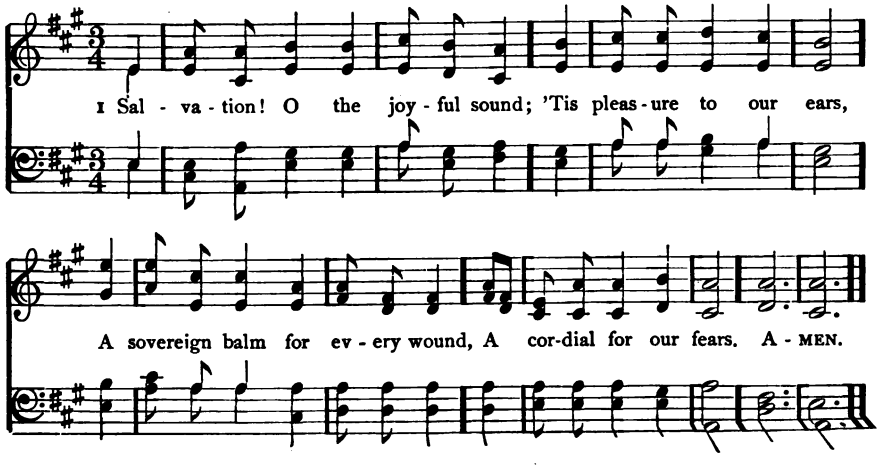
3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

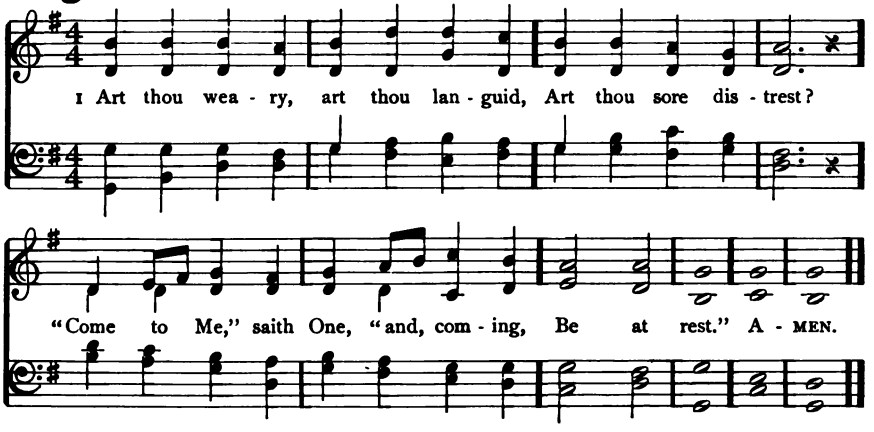
5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light, [die
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden, endless night.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from Carl G. Gläser, 1828, by Lowell Mason, 1839

215 STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862

216 (ST. BEES) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest Thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

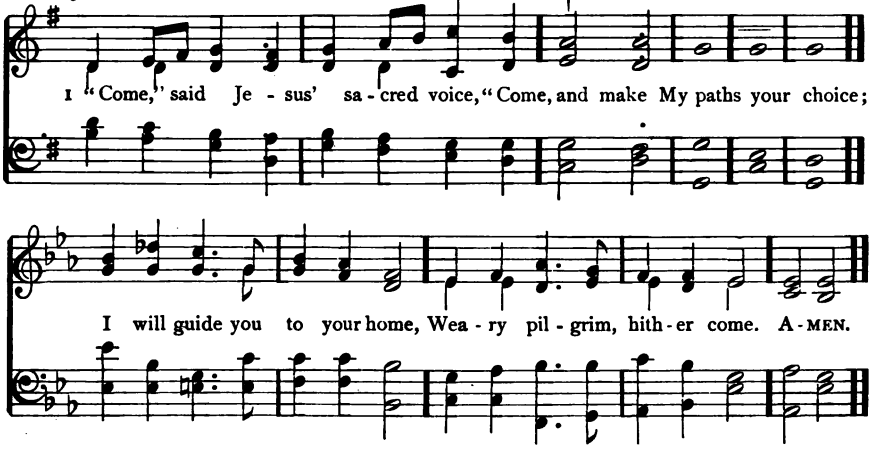
4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

217 FORGIVENESS 7.7.7.7.

George M. Garrett, 1872

1 "Come," said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, "Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come. A - MEN.

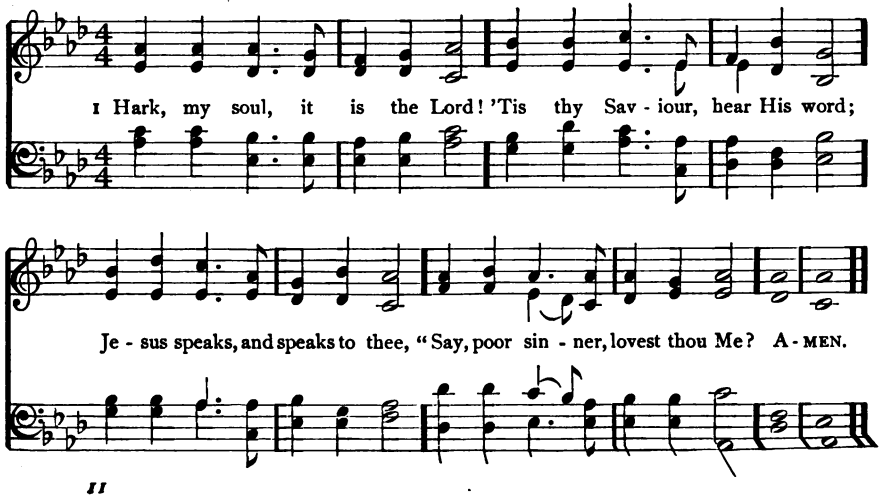
2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

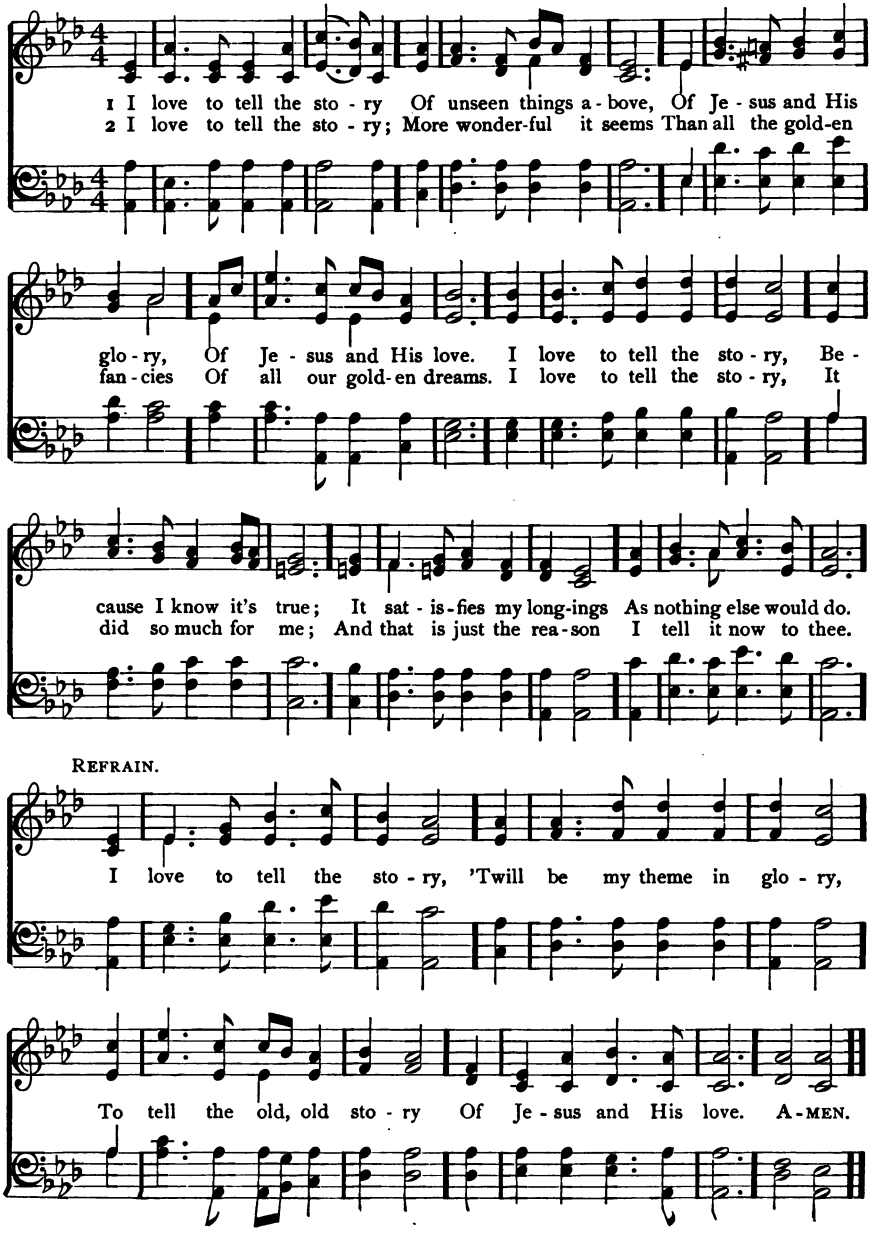
3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

Anna L. Barbauld, 1792: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me? A - MEN.

218 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Ref. Wm. G. Fischer, 1869

1 I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
2 I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the gold-en
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be -
fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It
cause I know it's true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings As nothing else would do.
did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
REFRAIN.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

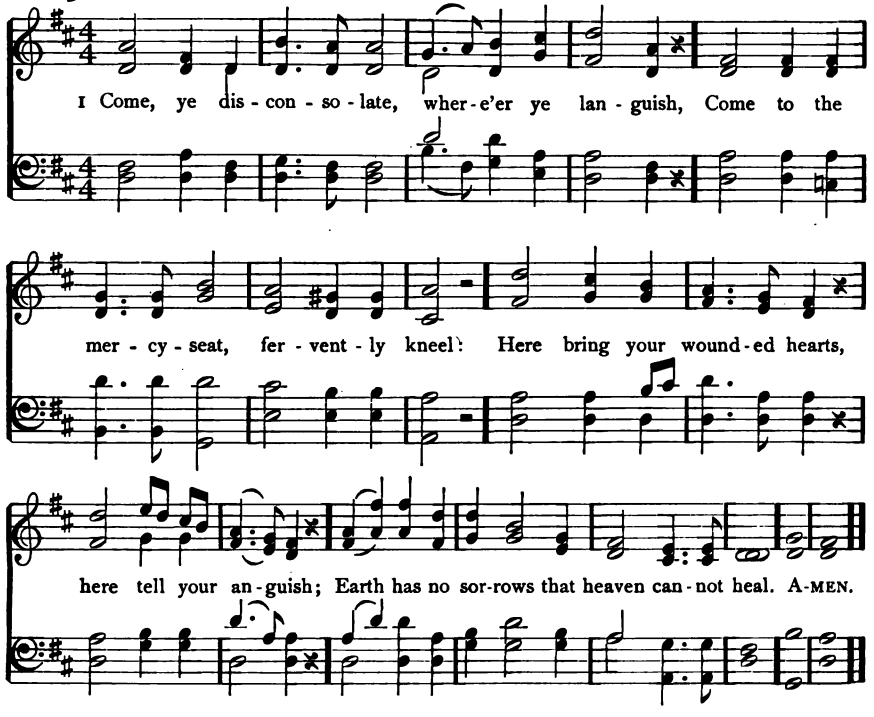
3 I love to tell the story;
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—REF.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—REF.

Katherine Hankey, 1865: refrain added

219 ALMA 11. 10. 11. 10.

Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792

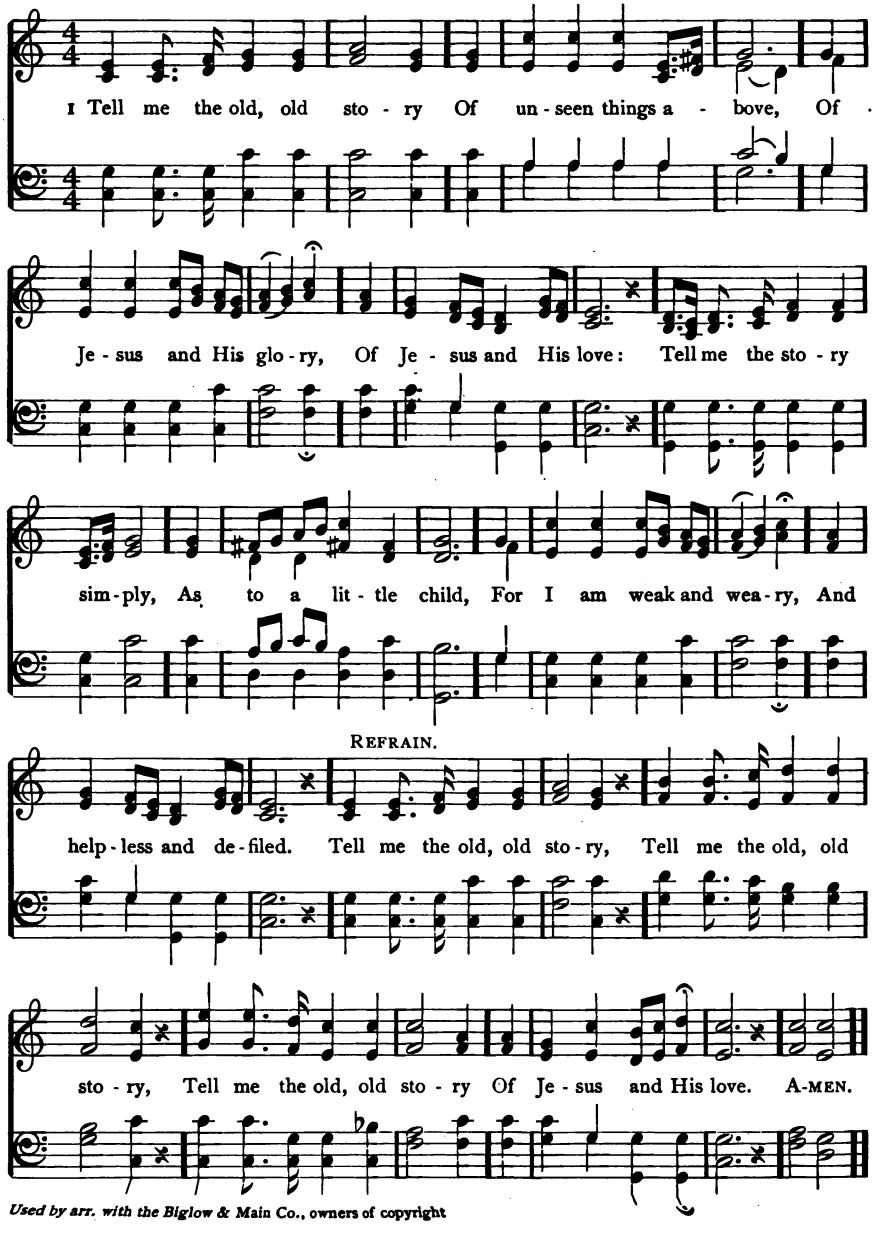

1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-rows that heaven can - not heal. A-MEN.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Verses 1, 2, Thomas Moore, 1816, alt.; verse 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832

220 EVANGEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1869

1 Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love: Tell me the sto - ry
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
REFRAIN.
help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

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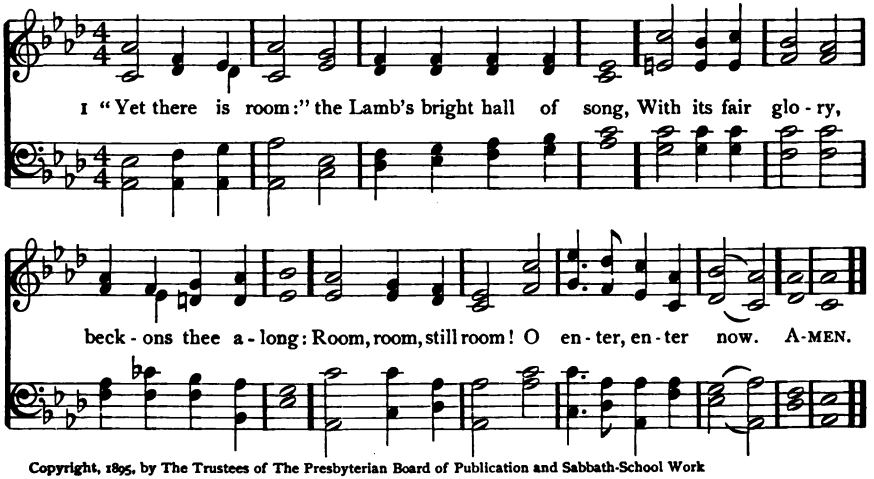
2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save:
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—REF.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear:
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—REF.

Katherine Hankey, 1866: refrain added

221 CANTUS 10. 10. 10.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895


1 "Yet there is room:" the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo-ry,
beck-ons thee a-long: Room, room, still room! O en-ter, en-ter now. A-MEN.

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2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

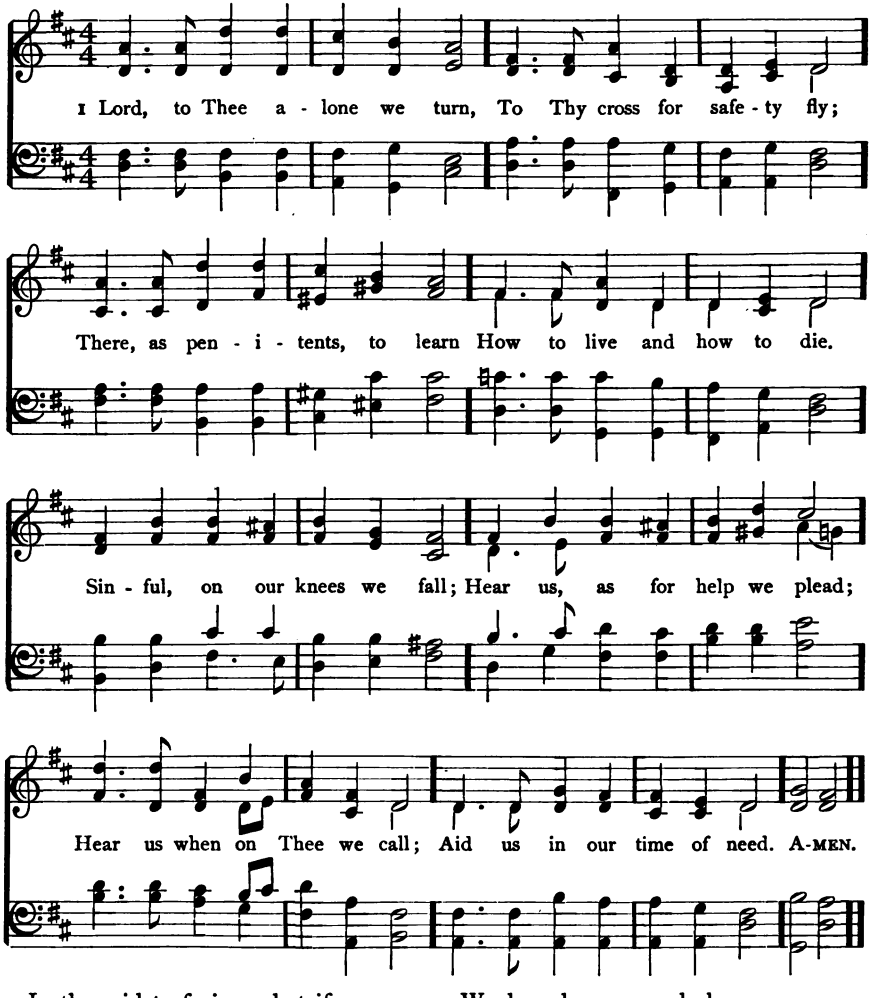
4 Yet there is room: still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

5 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

6 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last low, long cry, "No room, no room!"
No room, no room! O woeful cry, "No room!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1879

222 RAMOTH 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

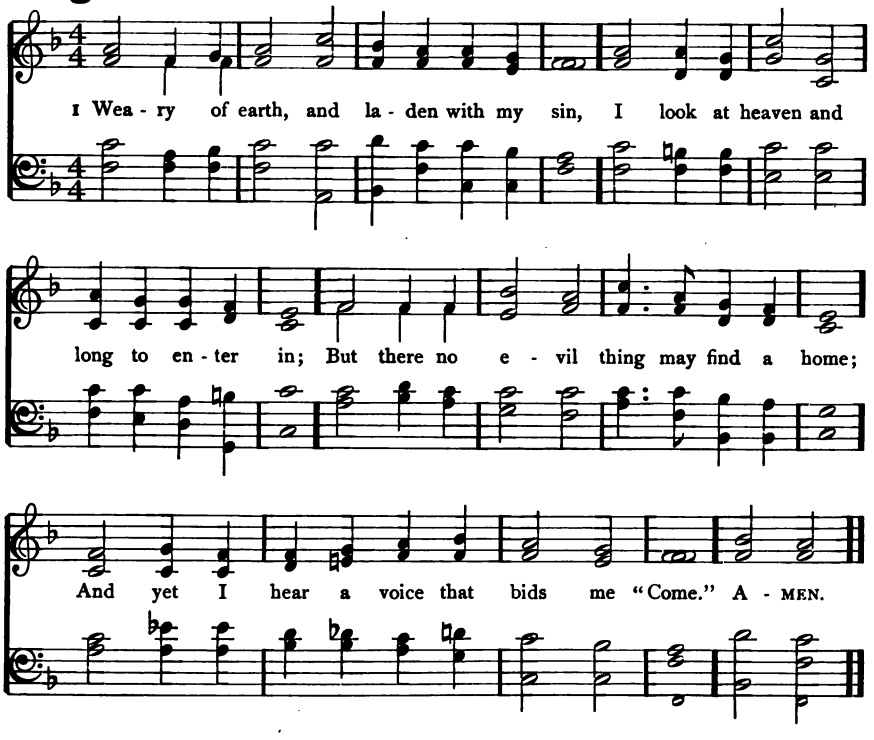
J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

1 Lord, to Thee a - lone we turn, To Thy cross for safe - ty fly;
There, as pen - i - tents, to learn How to live and how to die.
Sin - ful, on our knees we fall; Hear us, as for help we plead;
Hear us when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need. A-MEN.

2 In the midst of sin and strife,
In the depths of mortal woe,
Teach us, Lord, to live a life
Meet for sojourners below.
Though the road be oft-times dark,
Though the feet in weakness stray,
Lead us, Saviour, as the ark
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone
When the vale of death we tread,
Then be all Thy mercy shown,
Then be all Thy love displayed;
Guard us in that darksome hour,
Lead us to the land of rest,
Where, secure from Satan's power,
We may lie upon Thy breast.

Rev. Albert E. Evans, 1867

223 LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1862

1 Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heaven and
long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - MEN.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

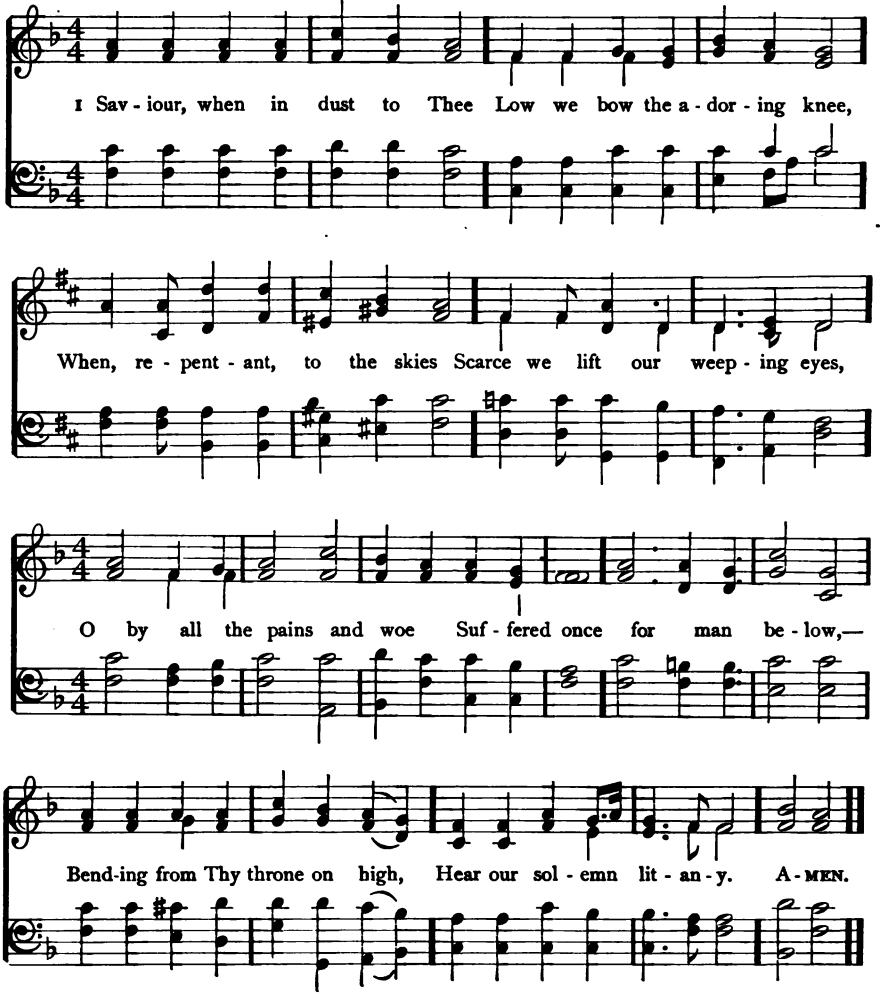
3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866

224 BLUMENTHAL 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Jacques Blumenthal, 1847

1 Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,
O by all the pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,—
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y. A - MEN.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,—
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815

225 (BLUMENTHAL or SEYMOUR) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 HOLY Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh:
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

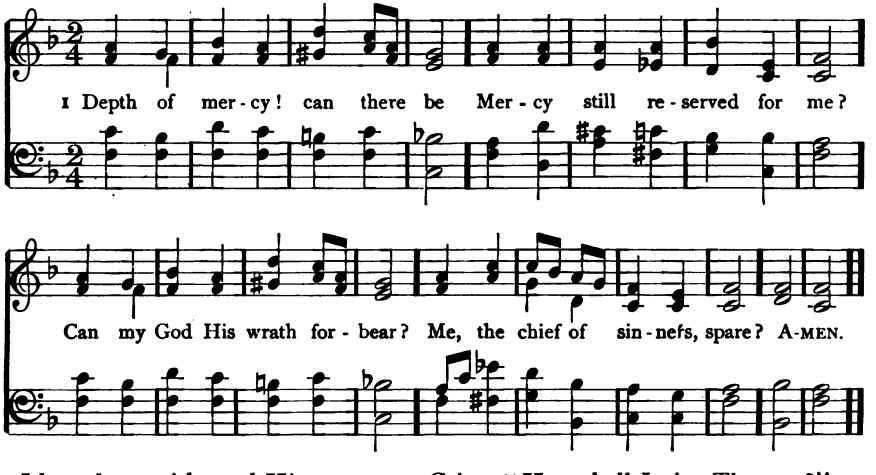
2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit—Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

226 SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

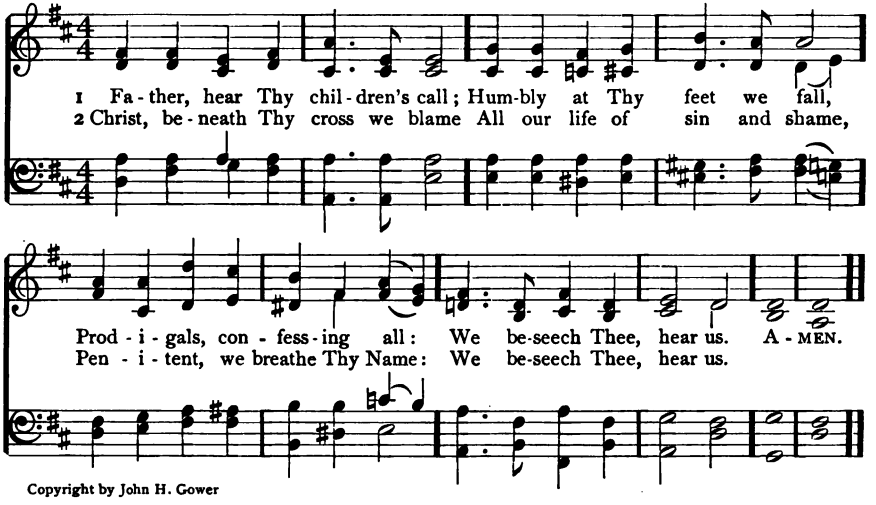
Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is Love: I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

227 GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6.

John H. Gower, 1891

1 Fa - ther, hear Thy chil - dren's call; Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,
2 Christ, be - neath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame,
Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A - MEN.
Pen - i - tent, we breathe Thy Name: We be-seech Thee, hear us.

Copyright by John H. Gower

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

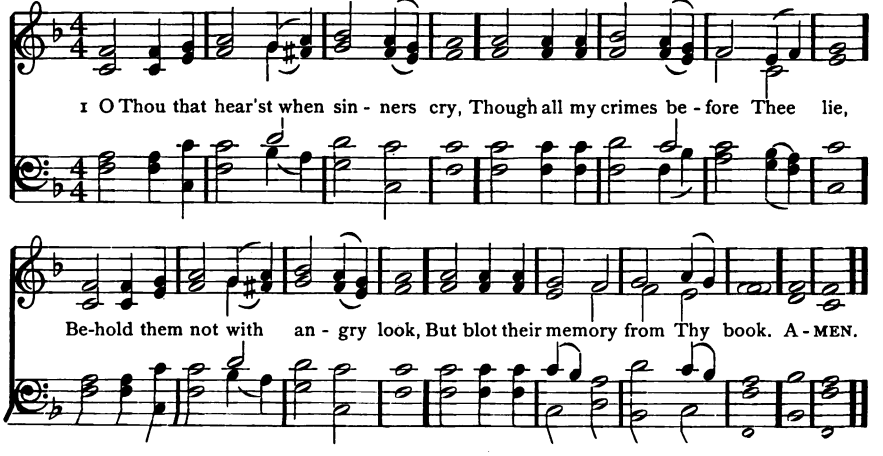
4 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Thou who hearest each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

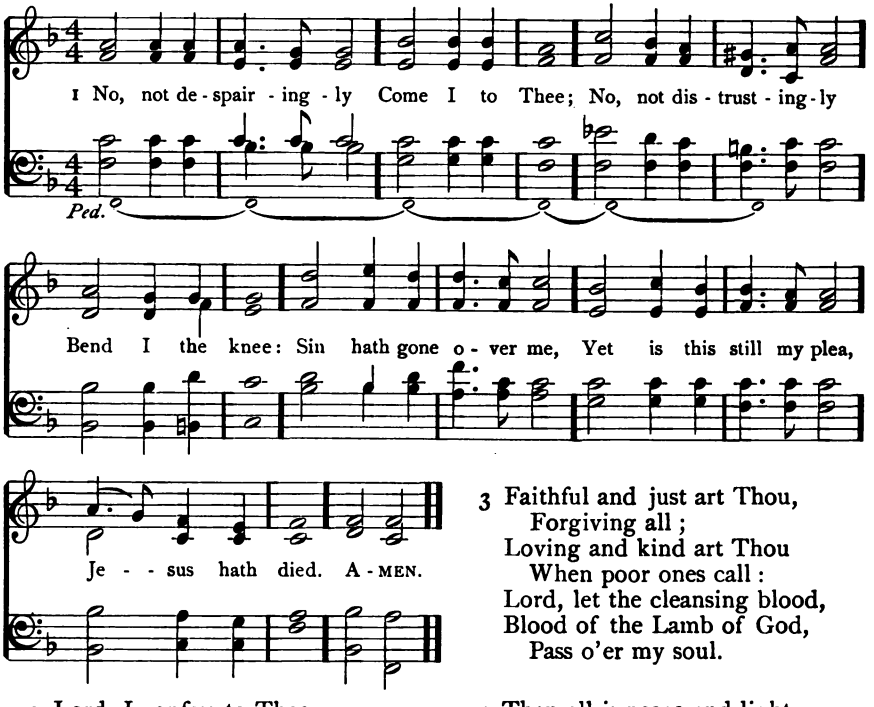
Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1875

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

1 O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though all my crimes be - fore Thee lie,
Be-hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their memory from Thy book. A - MEN.

Repentance and Confession of Sin

228 KEDRON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

A. B. Spratt,

1 No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis - trust - ing - ly
Ped.
Bend I the knee: Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this still my plea,
Je - - sus hath died. A - MEN.

2 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been:
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

4 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved Unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

229 (HAMBURG) L. M.

1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

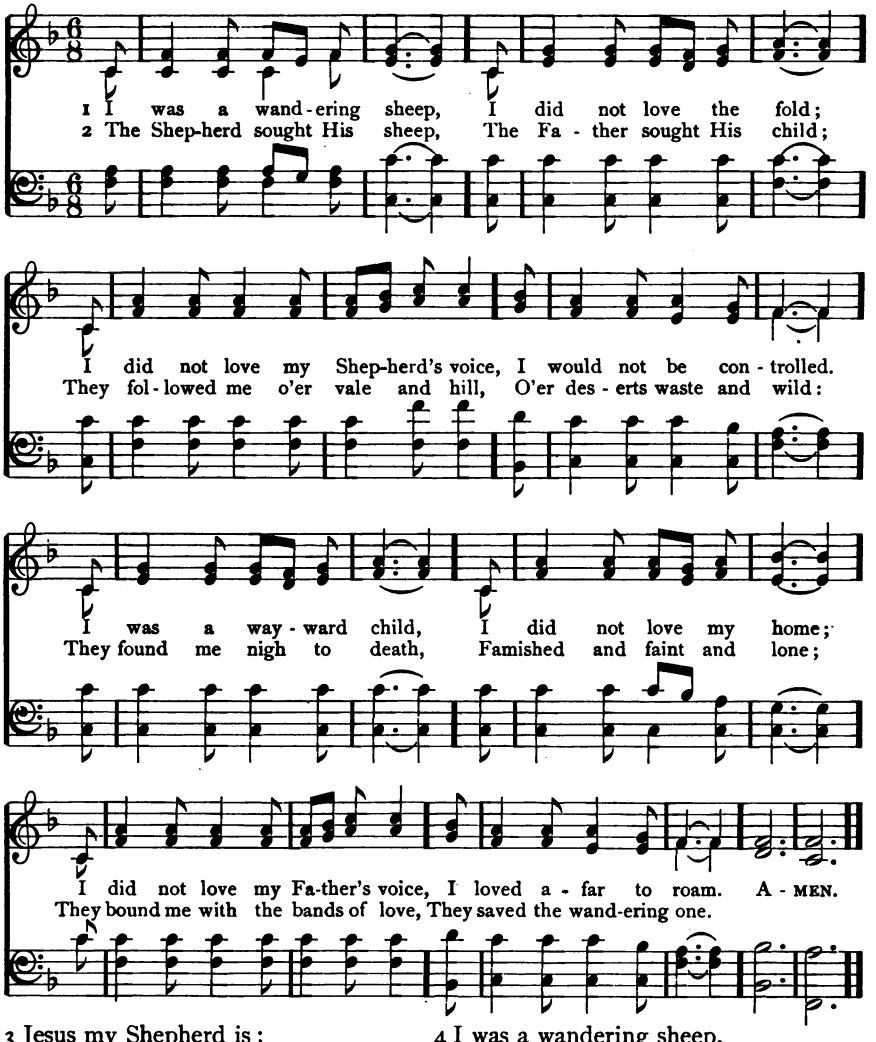
2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

230 LEBANON S. M. D.

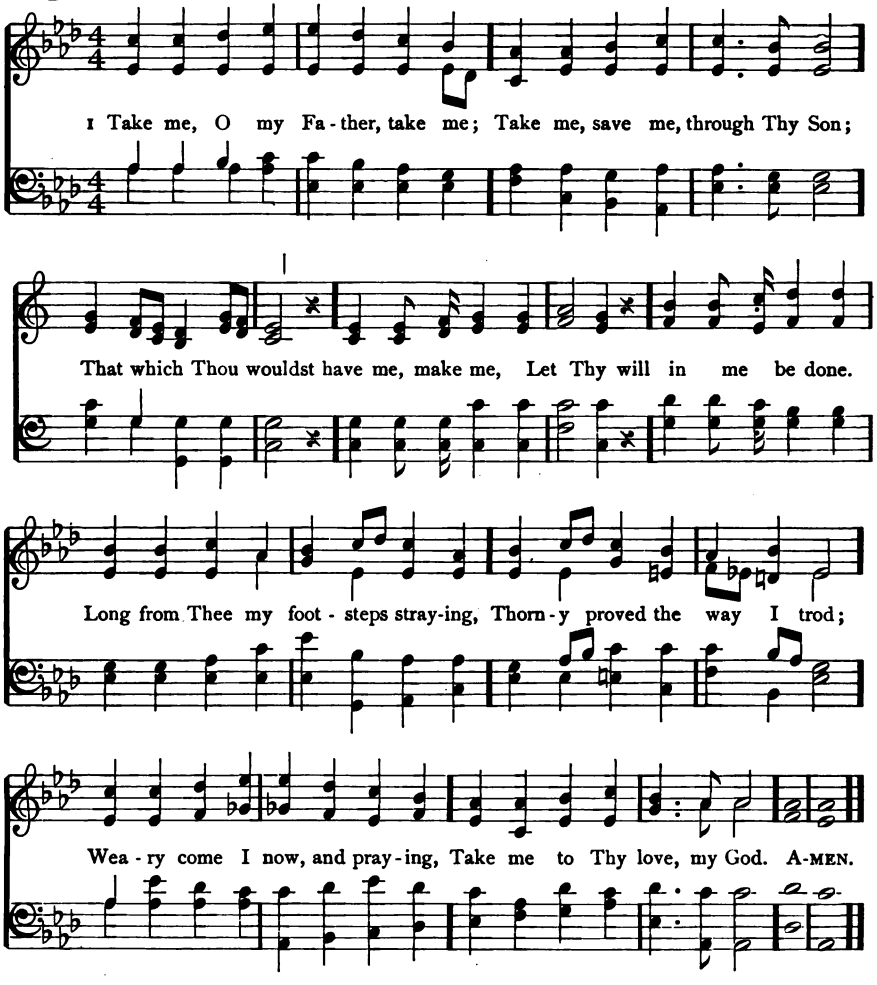
John Zundel, 1855

1 I was a wand-ering sheep, I did not love the fold;
2 The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child;
I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.
They fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild:
I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home;
They found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A - MEN.
They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wand-ering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

231 THE HYMN TO JOY 8.7.8.7.D.

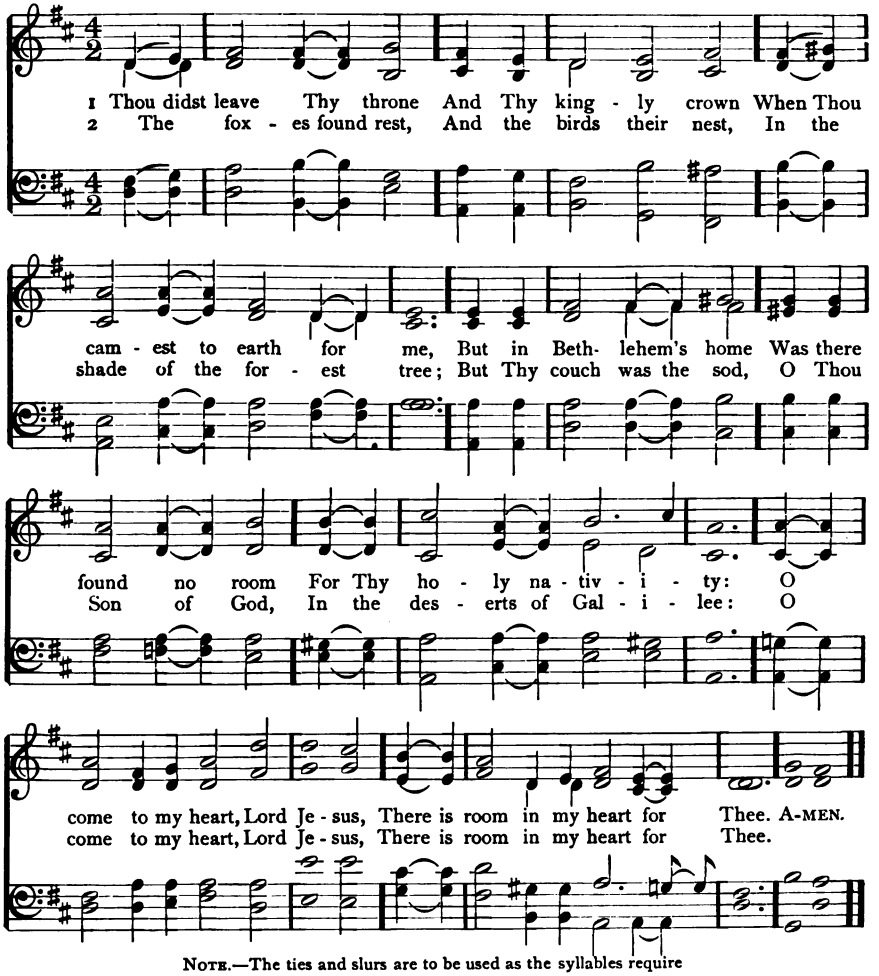
Arr. from Beethoven, 1824

1 Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me; Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.
Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing, Take me to Thy love, my God. A-MEN.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee:
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living
I must be for ever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1864

232 MARGARET Irregular

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826–)

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king - ly crown When Thou
2 The fox - es found rest, And the birds their nest, In the
cam - est to earth for me, But in Beth- lehem's home Was there
shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty: O
Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee: O
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. A-MEN.
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.

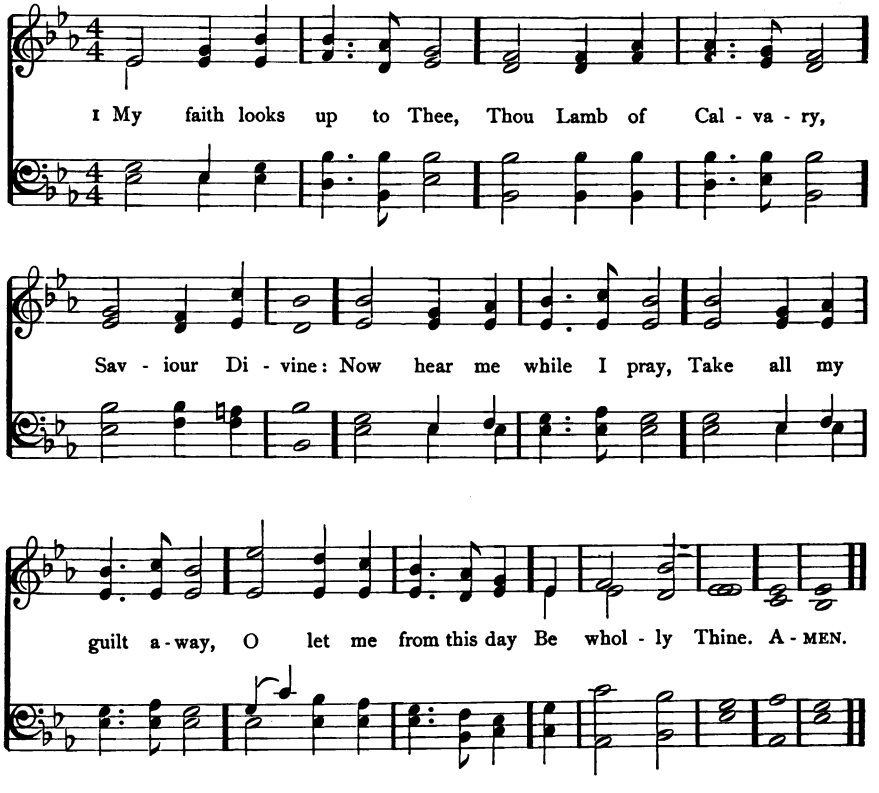
NOTE.—The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require

3 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

4 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

233 OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - MEN.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

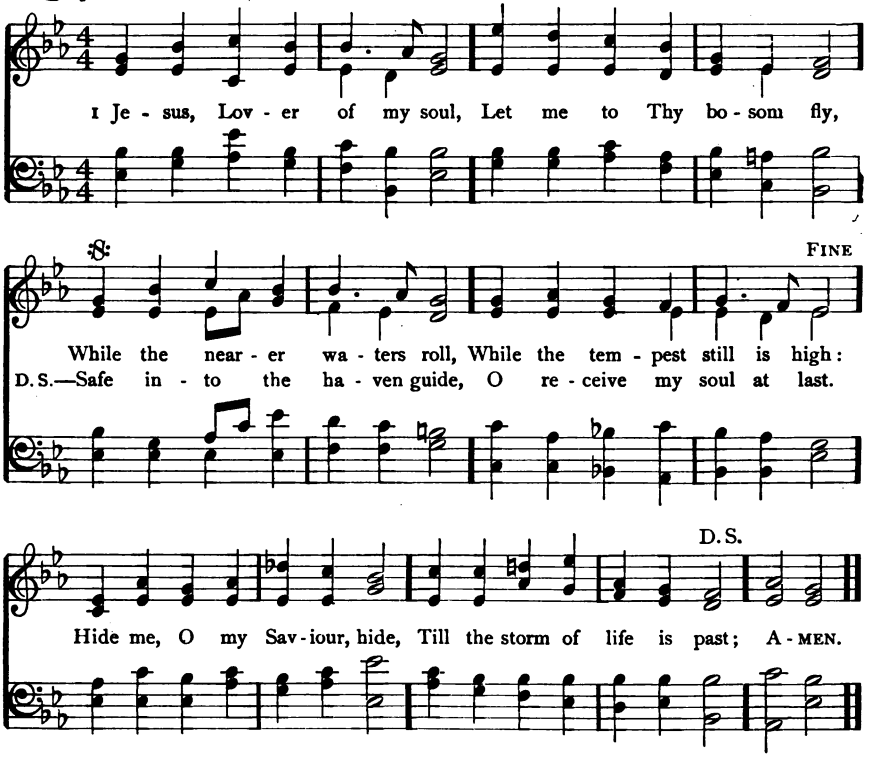
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830

234 HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861


1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
FINE
D. S.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.S.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

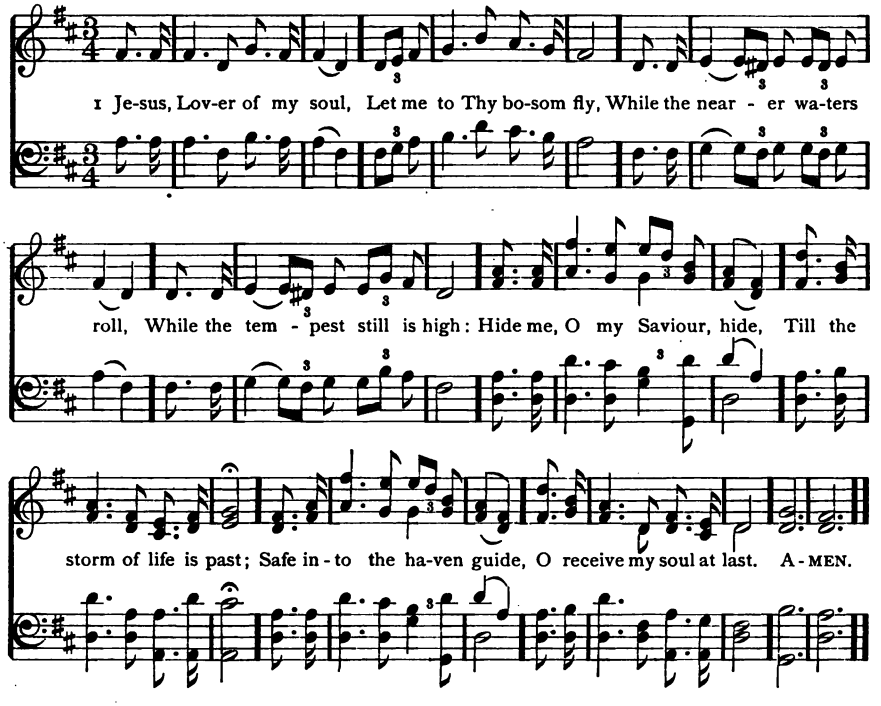
4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

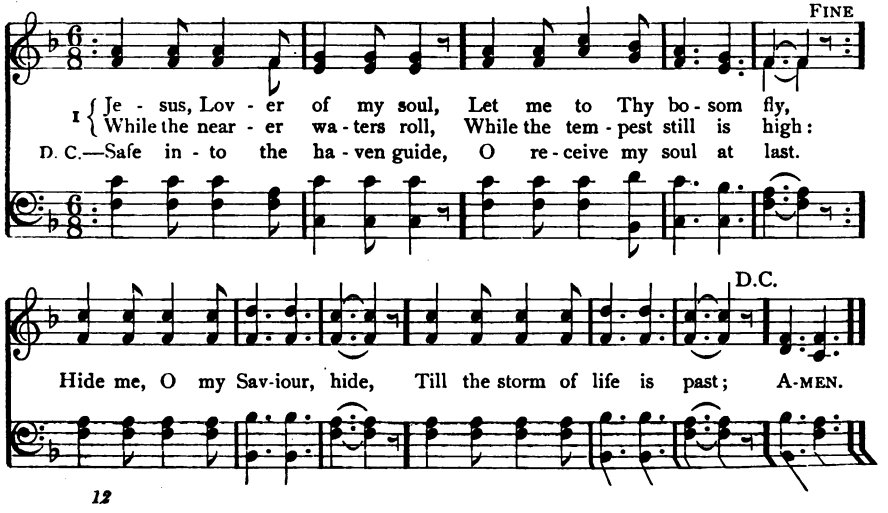
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

Faith in Christ

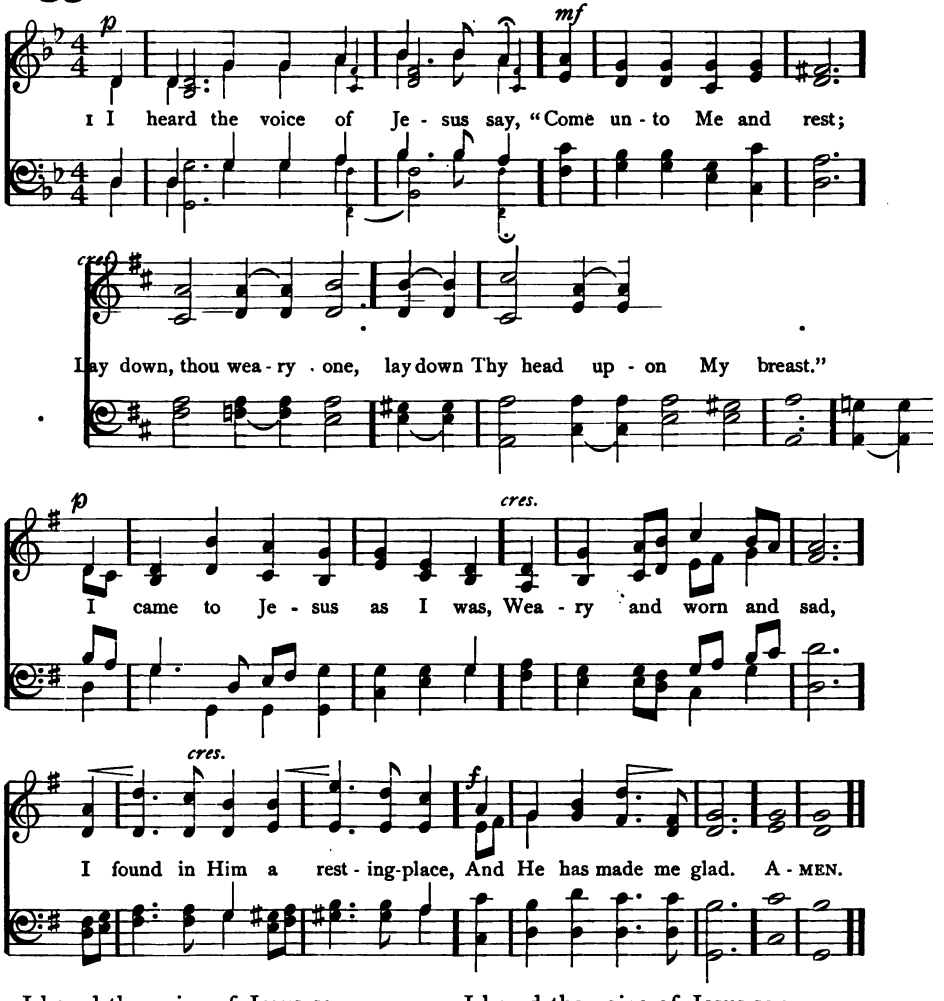
REFUGE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1 Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
roll, While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last. A - MEN.

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

FINE
1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A-MEN.

235 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

p
mf
1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
cres.
lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
p
cres.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
cres.
f
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - MEN.

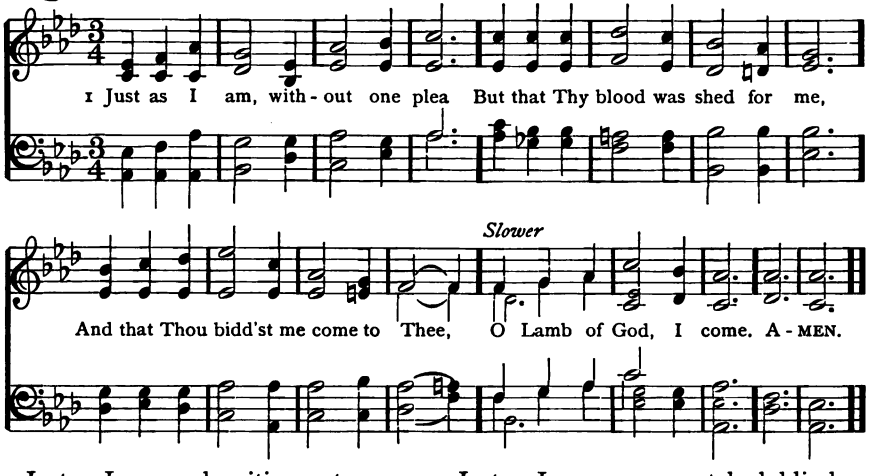
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

236 JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893


1 Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
Slower
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

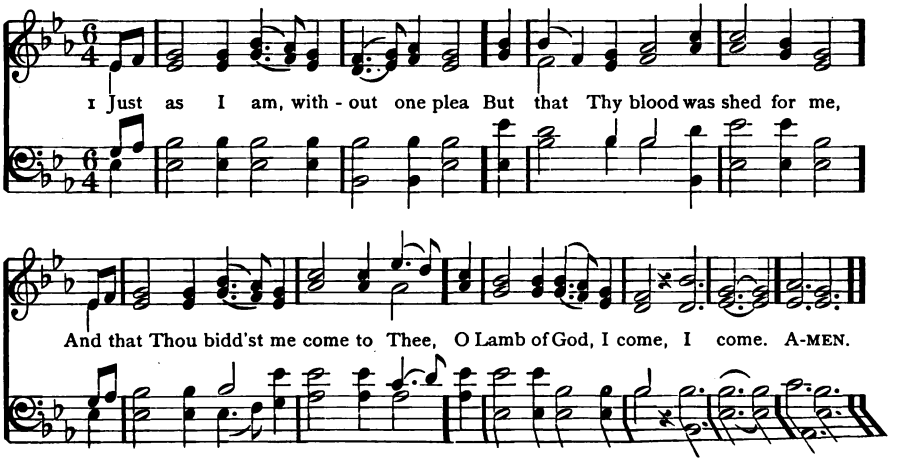
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

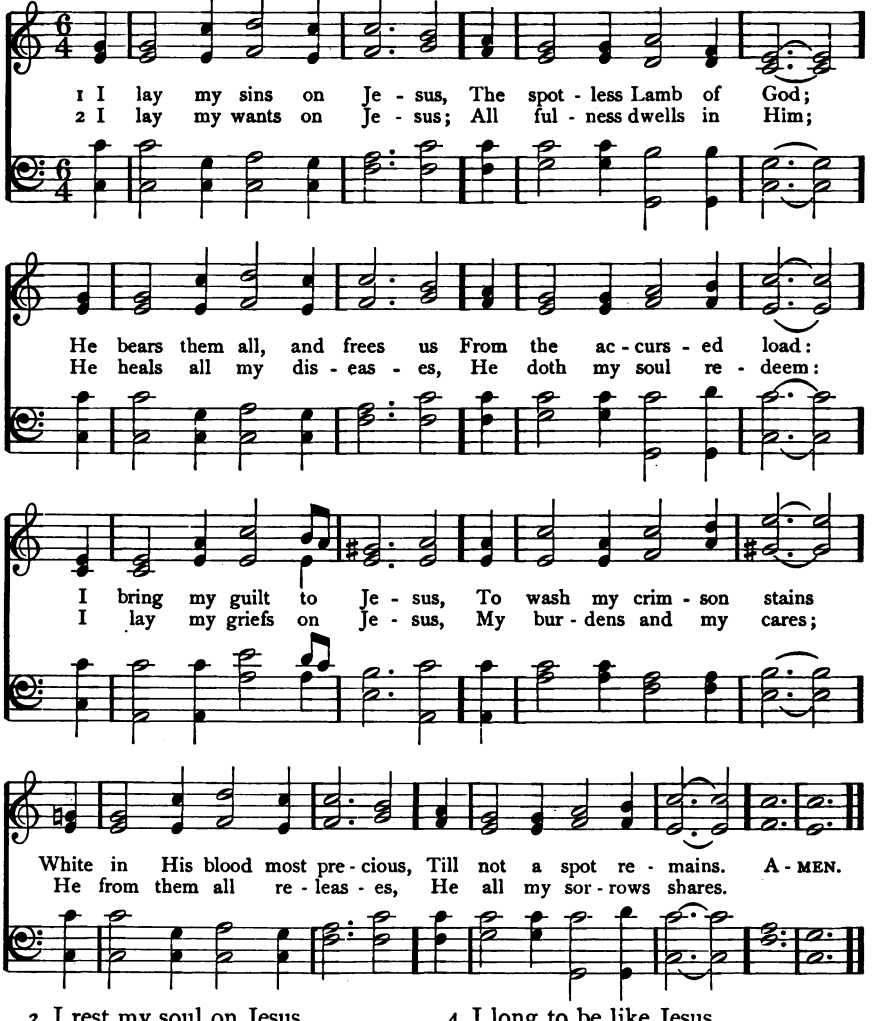
Charlotte Elliott, 1836

WOODWORTH 8. 8. 8. 6.

William B. Bradbury, 1849


1 Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

237 MIRIAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

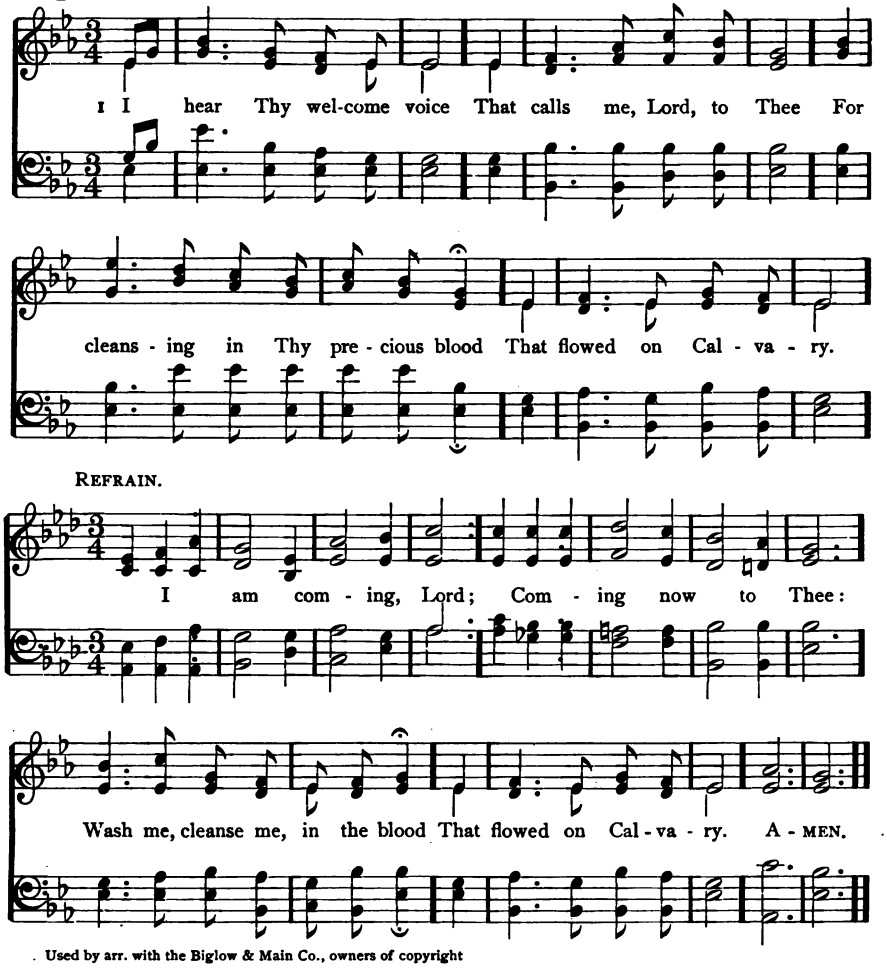
Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2 I lay my wants on Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A - MEN.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

238 WELCOME VOICE S. M. with Refrain

Rev. Lewis Hartsough (1828-)

1 I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For
cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
REFRAIN.
I am com - ing, Lord; Com - ing now to Thee:
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry. A - MEN.

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2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.—REF.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.—REF.

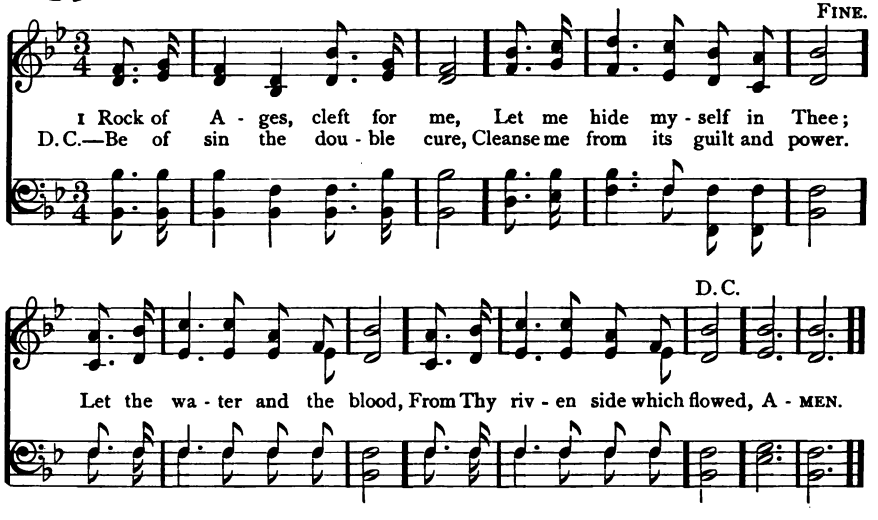
4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.—REF.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.—REF.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough, (1828-)

239 TOPLADY 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Thomas Hastings, 1830


FINE.
1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A - MEN.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776: verse 4, l. 2, alt. Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1815

240 (TRUSTING) 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

1 I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

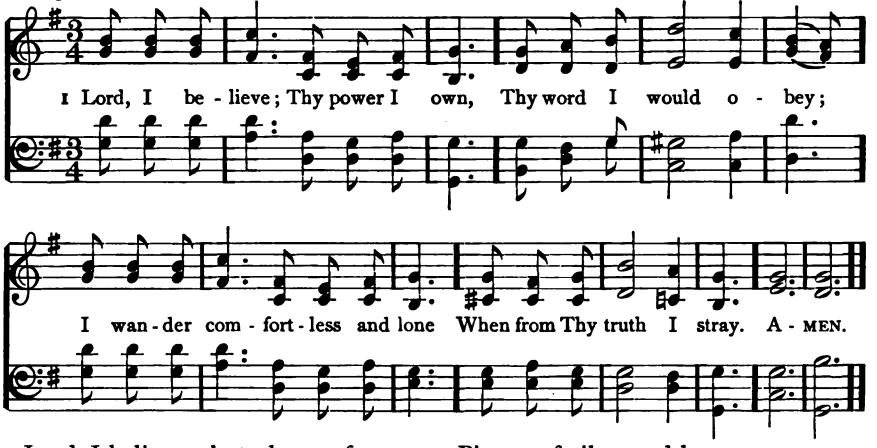
REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessèd Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."—REF.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine, for ever more.—REF.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

Rev. William McDonald, 1869

241 LAMBETH C. M.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

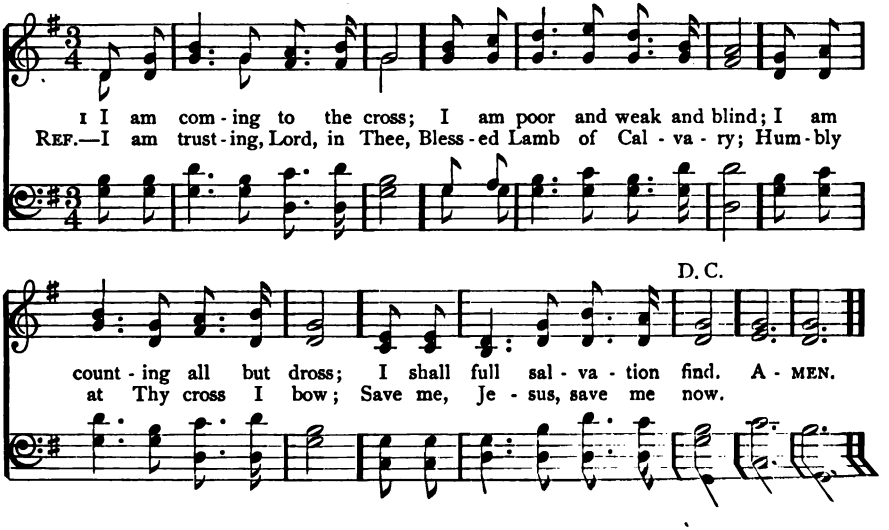
3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
Help Thou mine unbelief.

Rev. John R. Wreford, 1837

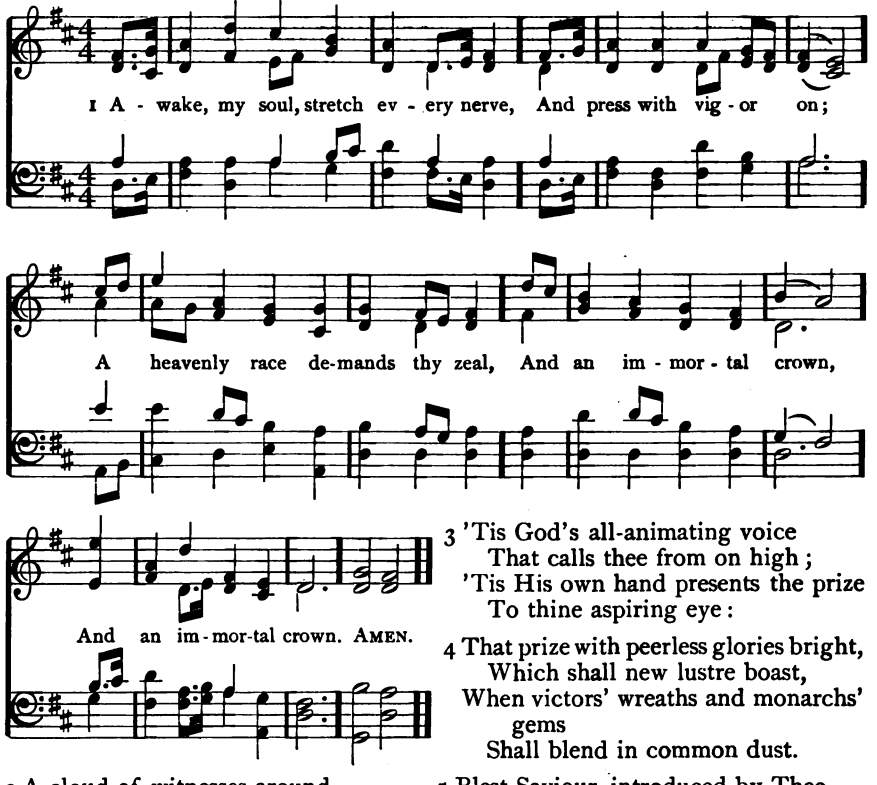
TRUSTING 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869


1 I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am
REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum - bly
D. C.
count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find. A - MEN.
at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

242 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1728


1 A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on;
A heavenly race de-mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown,
And an im-mor-tal crown. AMEN.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

243 (BELMONT) C. M.

1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

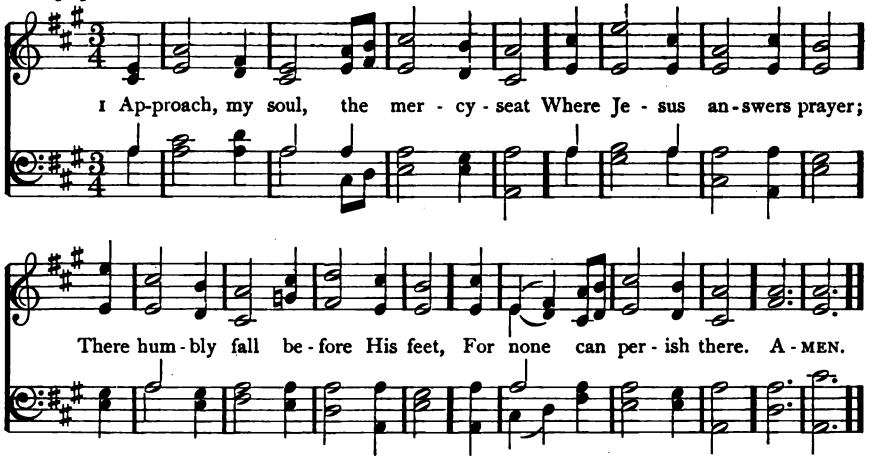
2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827

244 MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1825

1 Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat Where Je - sus an - swers prayer;
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - MEN.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

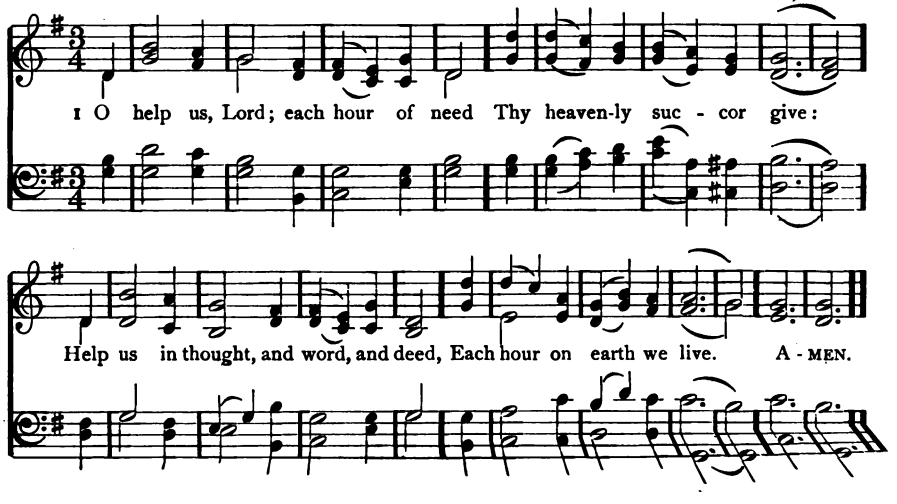
4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

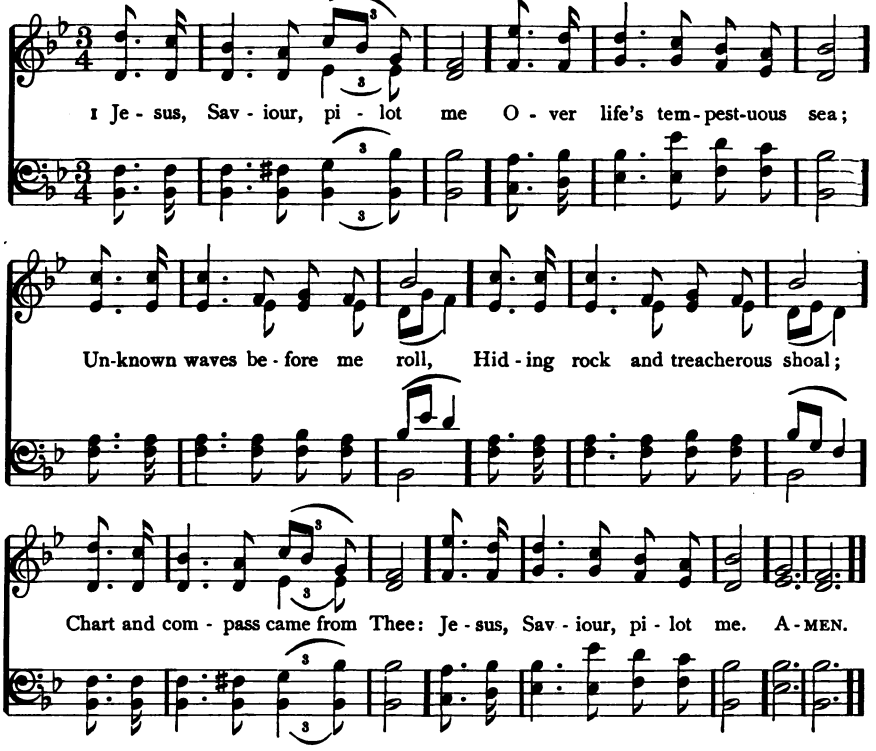
5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

Rev. John Newton, 1779

BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812


1 O help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heaven-ly suc - cor give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live. A - MEN.

245 PILOT 7.7.7.7.7.7. John E. Gould, 1871

1 Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - MEN.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871

246 (VIGILATE) 7.7.7.3.

1 Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

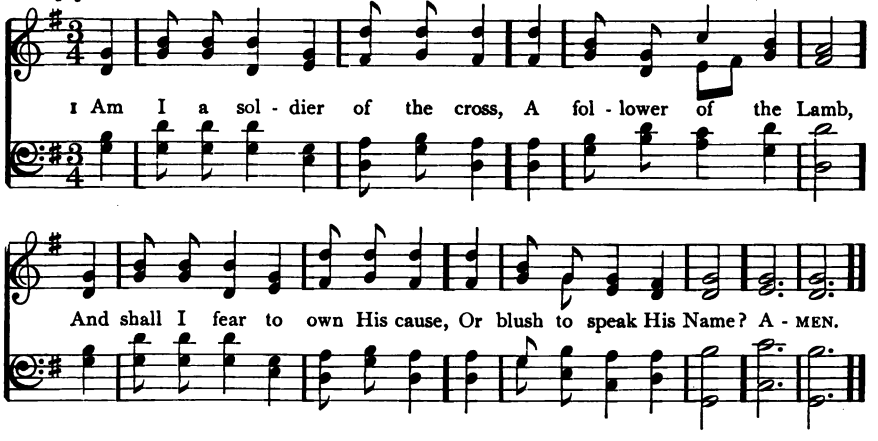
3 Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

4 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1839; verse 1, l. 2, alt.

247 MARLOW C. M.

Rev. John Chetham's Psalmody, 1718



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

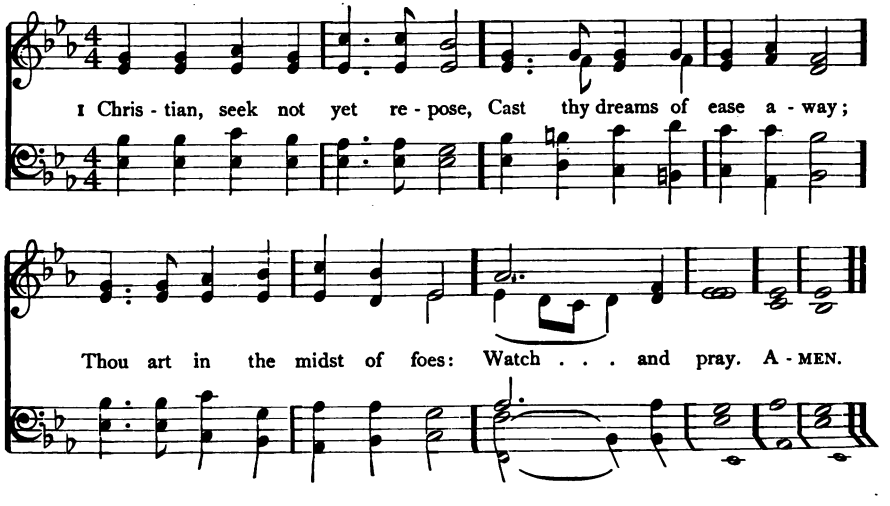
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

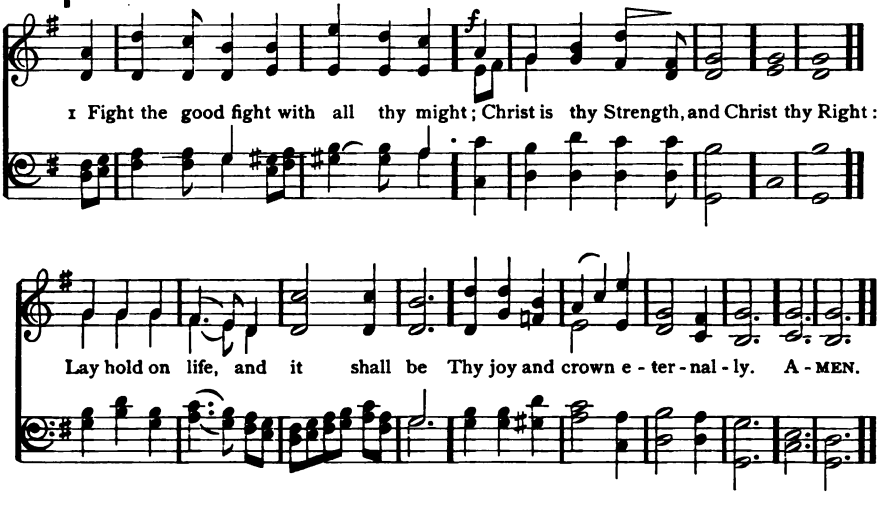
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

Rev. Isaac Watts, c. 1723

VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3.

William H. Monk, 1868

248 MOZART L. M.

Arr. from Mozart (1756–1791)

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize.

3 Cast care aside;
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its Life, and Christ its Love.

4 Faint not, nor fear,
His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

249 (WAVERTREE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

1 SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
Against my soul the battle goes;
Yet though I weary, sore distrest,
I know that I shall reach my rest:
I lift my tearful eyes above,—
His banner over me is love.

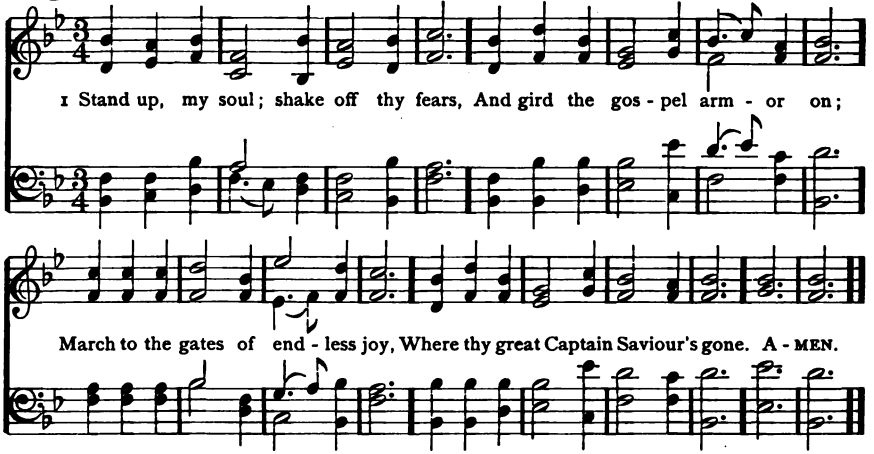
2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light:
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love.

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain Him;
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near:
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

Gerald Massey, 1869

250 MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824


1 Stand up, my soul; shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel arm - or on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone. A - MEN.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

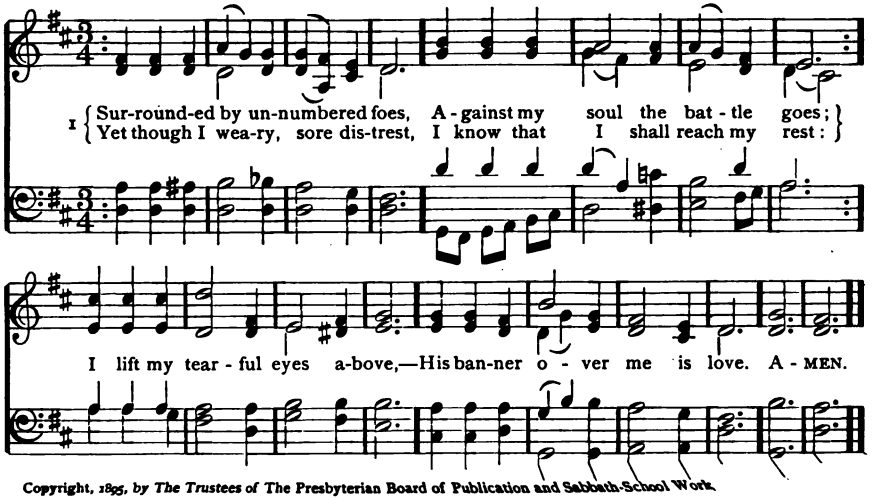
3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

WAVERTREE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William Shore, 1840:
Har. by William W. Gilchrist, 1895


1 Sur-round-ed by un-numbered foes, A - gainst my soul the bat - tle goes;
Yet though I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest:
I lift my tear - ful eyes a-bove,—His ban-ner o - ver me is love. A - MEN.

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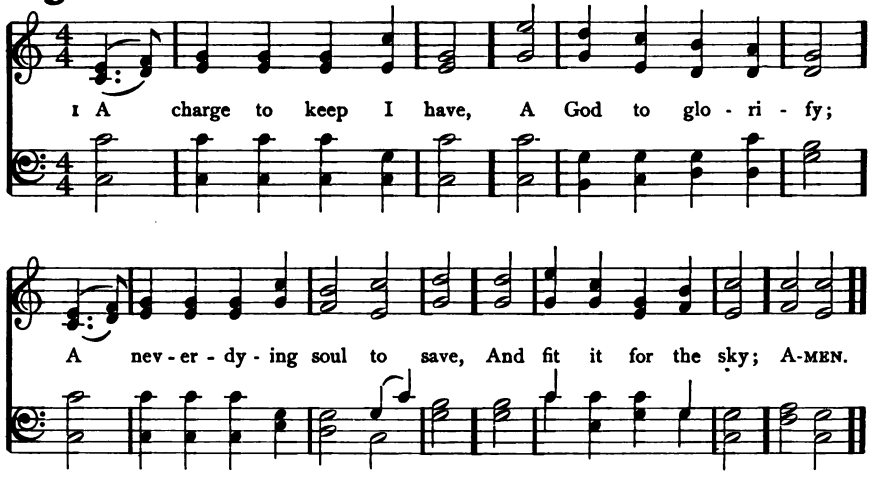
251 LABAN S. M.

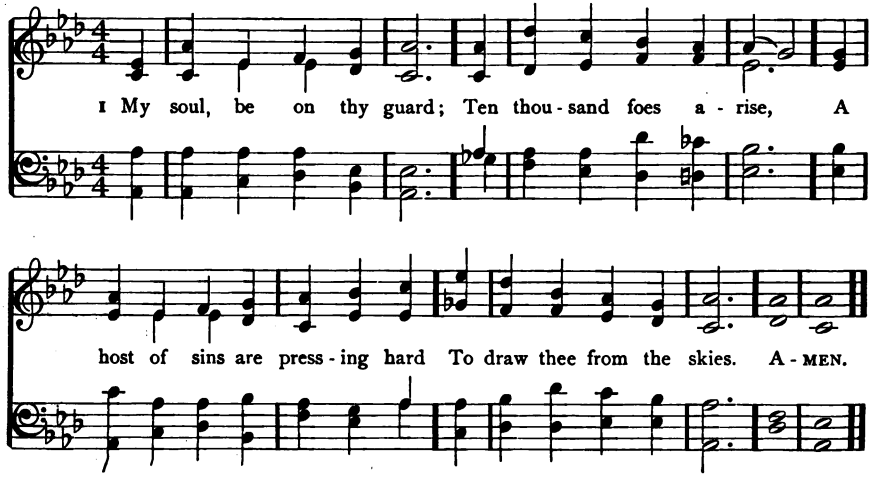
Lowell Mason, 1830

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

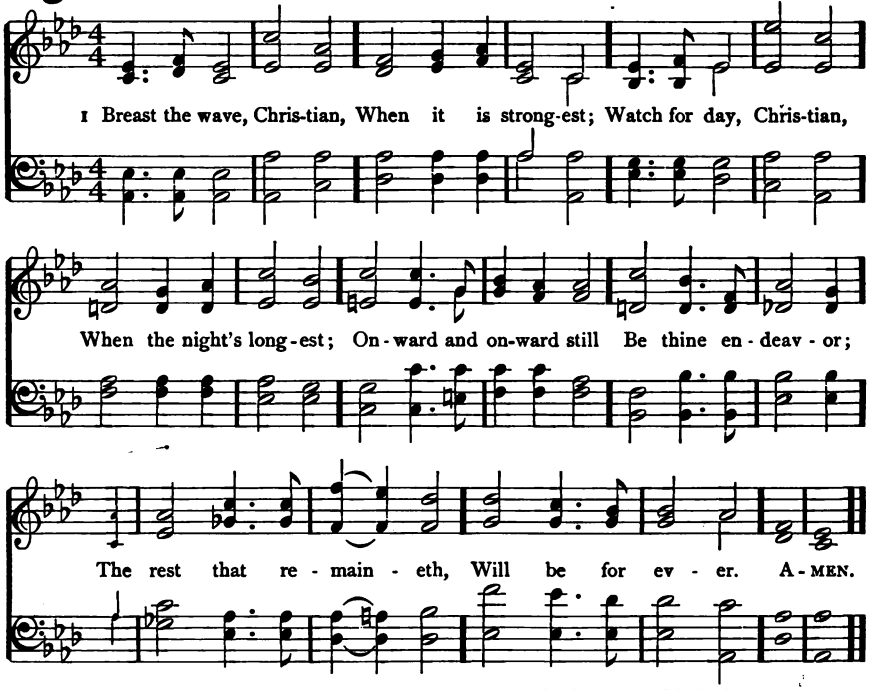
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762

SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

252 ONWARD 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

William C. Filby (1836–)


1 Breast the wave, Chris-tian, When it is strong-est; Watch for day, Chris-tian,
When the night's long-est; On-ward and on-ward still Be thine en-deav-or;
The rest that re-main-eth, Will be for ev-er. A-MEN.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee:
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

Joseph Stammers, 1830: verse 3, l. 7, alt.

253 (SCHUMANN or LABAN) S. M.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
A host of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

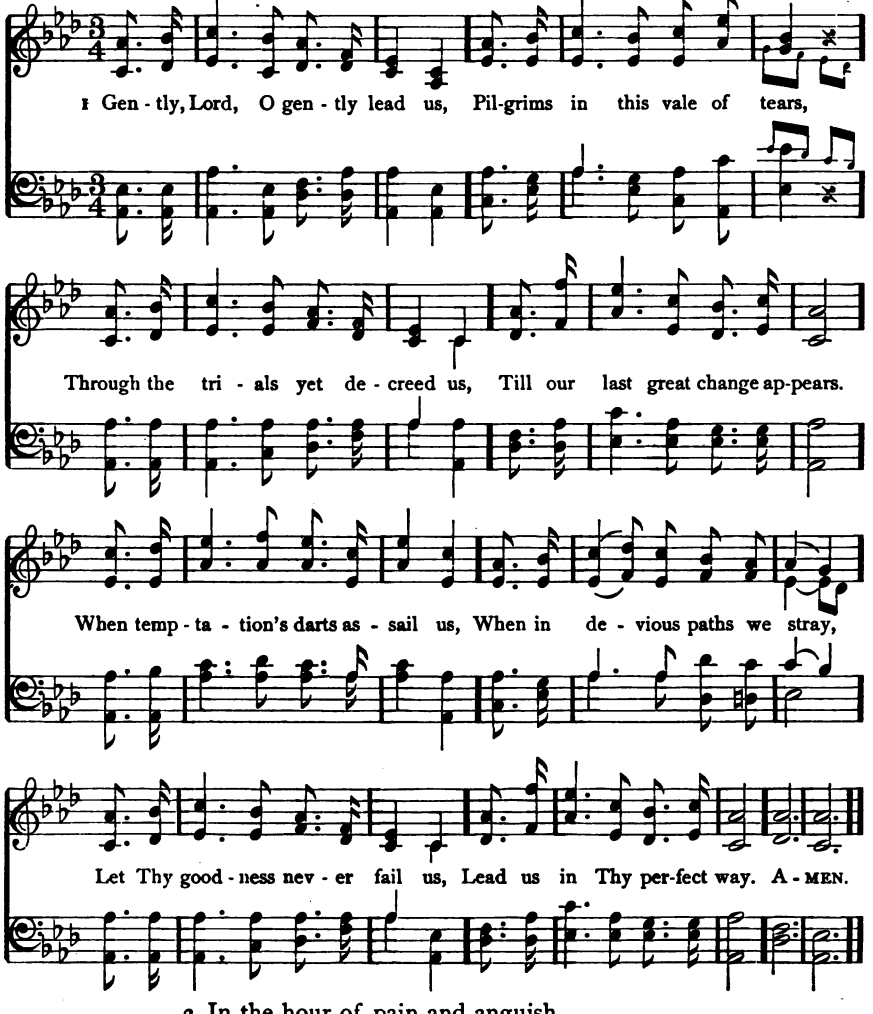
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781: verse 3, ll. 2, 4, verse 4, alt.

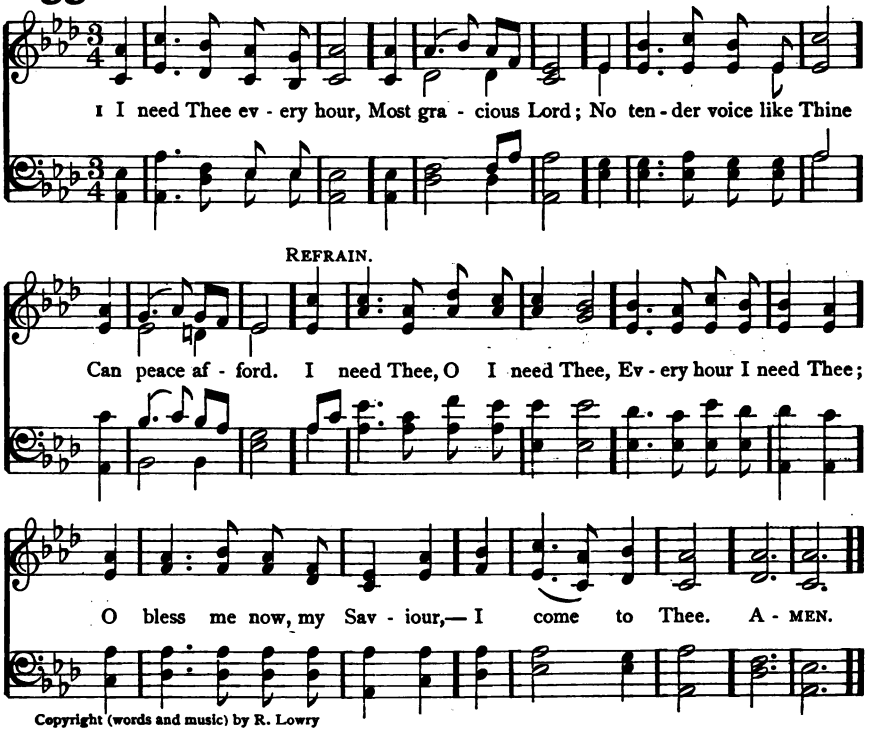
254 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Louis Von Esch, c. 1810

1 Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,
Through the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.
When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way. A - MEN.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1831, 1850

255 NEED 6. 4. 6. 4. with Refrain

Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872

1 I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine
REFRAIN.
Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Sav - iour,— I come to Thee. A - MEN.

Copyright (words and music) by R. Lowry

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

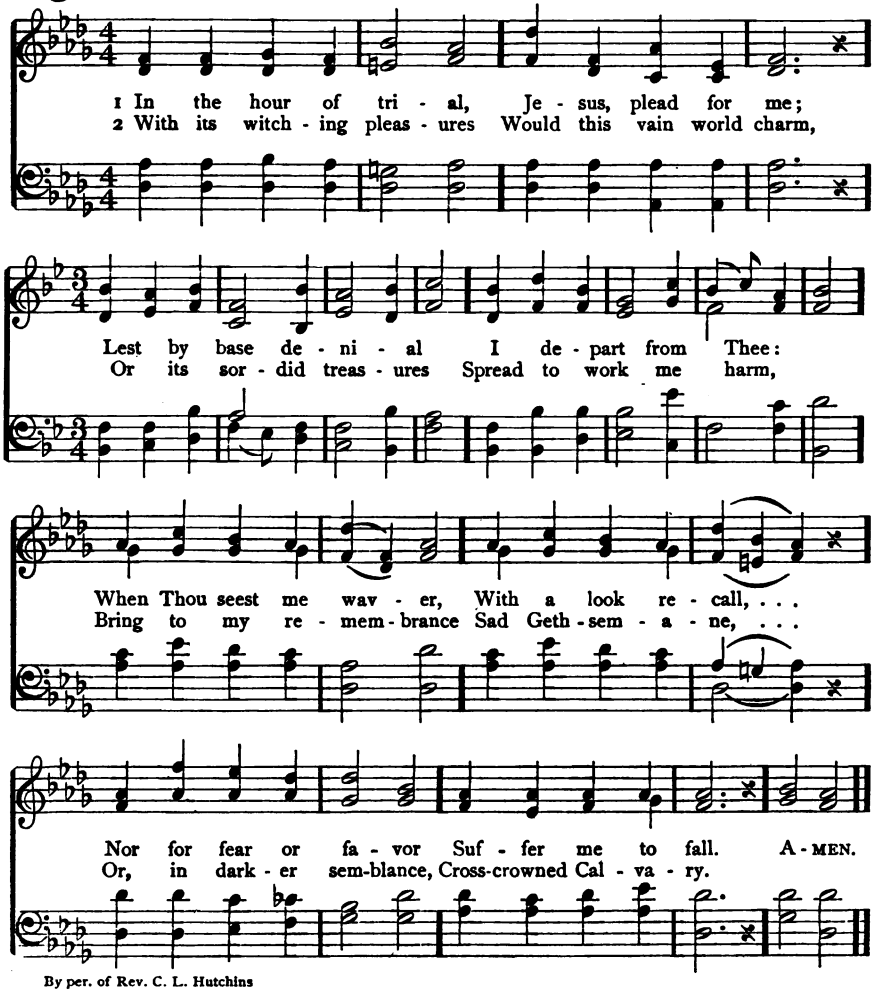
3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly, and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.—REF.

Annie S. Hawks, 1872: refrain added by Rev. Robert Lowry

256 PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane

1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
2 With its witch - ing pleas - ures Would this vain world charm,
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee:
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm,
When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . . .
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne, . . .
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - MEN.
Or, in dark - er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Cal - va - ry.

By per. of Rev. C. L. Hutchins

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

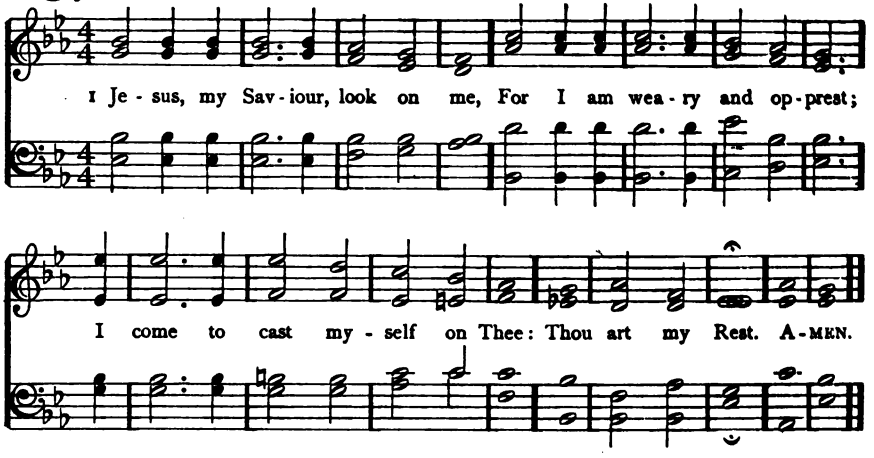
4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

Conflict with Sin

257 **HANFORD** 8. 8. 8. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my Rock.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

Charlotte Elliott, 1869

Trust

258 **(HANFORD)** 8. 8. 8. 4.

1 MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

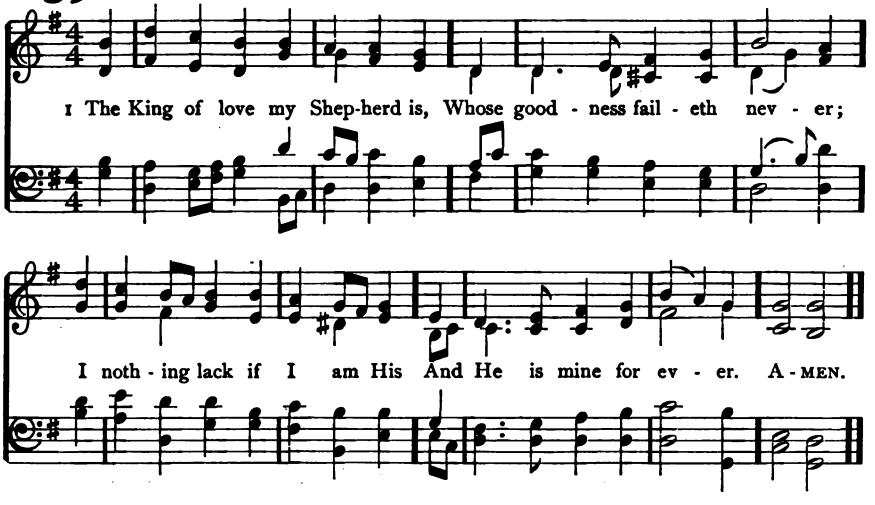
4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

259 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868

260 (BULLINGER) 8. 5. 8. 3.

1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

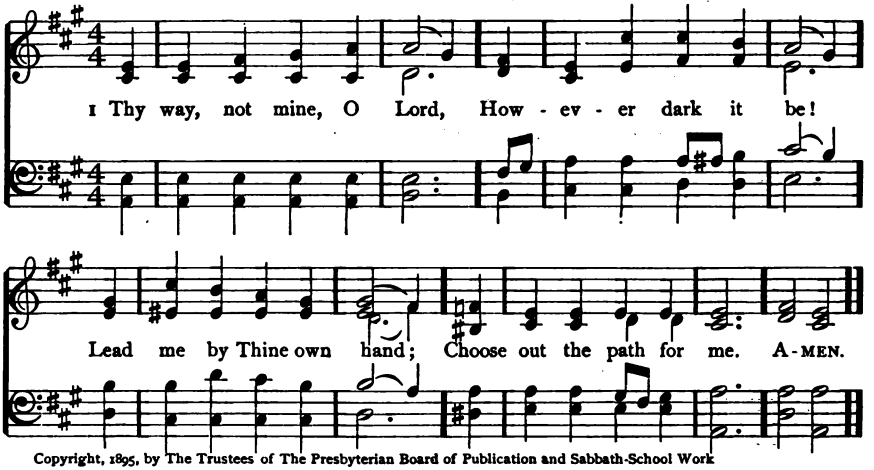
5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

261 HOLY GUIDE 6. 6. 6. 6.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895



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2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

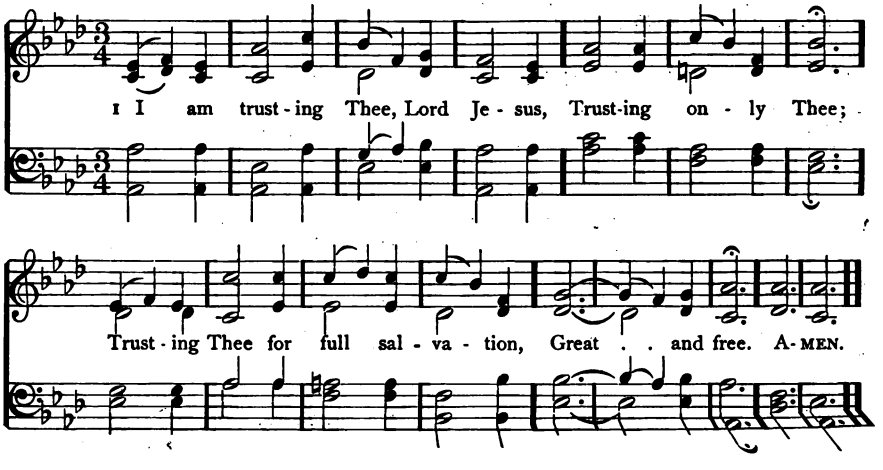
3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

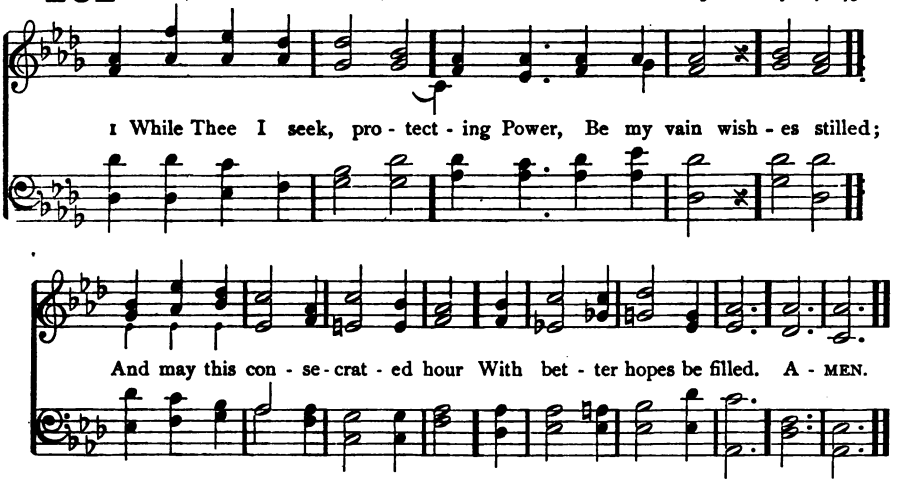
5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877

262 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875


1 While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - MEN.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

263 (BEATITUDO) C. M.

1 FATHER of Love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

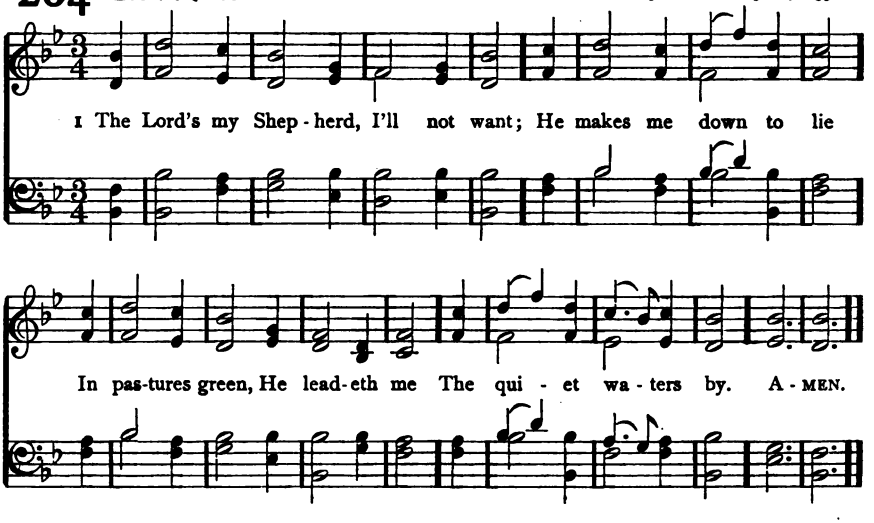
5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

Rev. William J. Irons, 1844

264 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833



2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter, 1650: based on Francis Rous, Sir William Mure, and others

265 (BALERMA) C. M.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

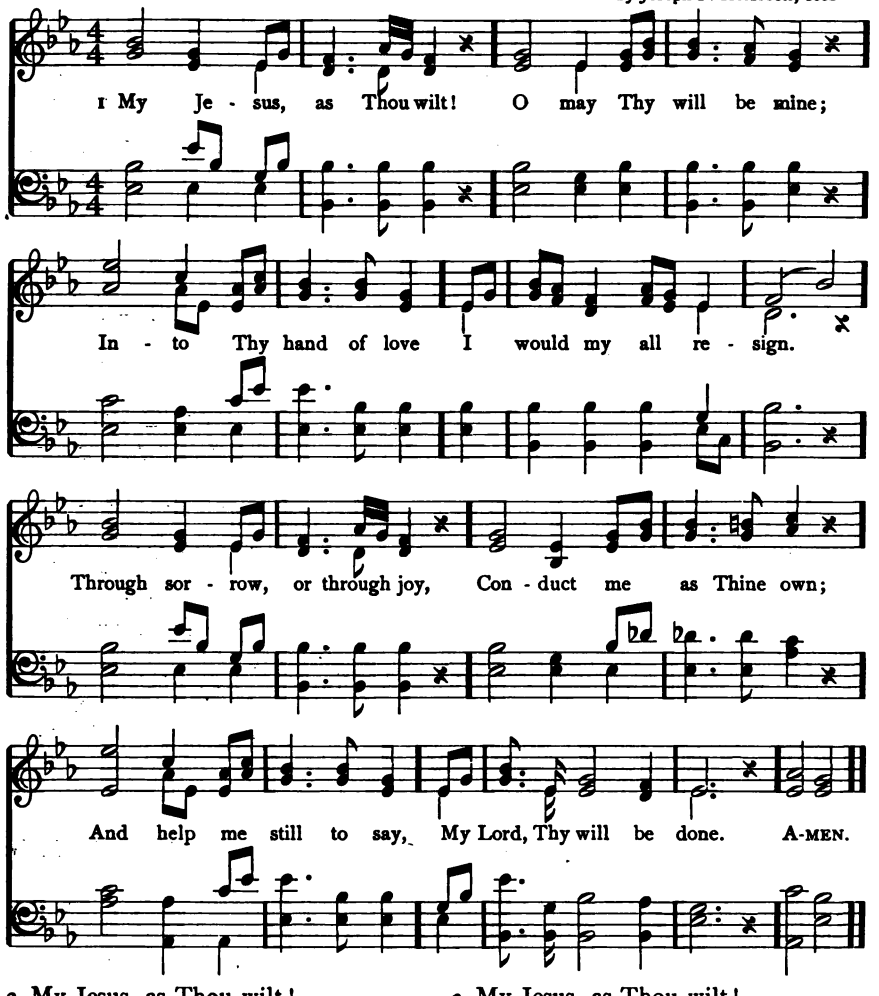
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Verses 1–4, Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737, recast by Rev. John Logan, 1781: verse 1, l. 1, alt. and verse 5, added, Scottish Trs. and Paraphs., 1781

266 JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

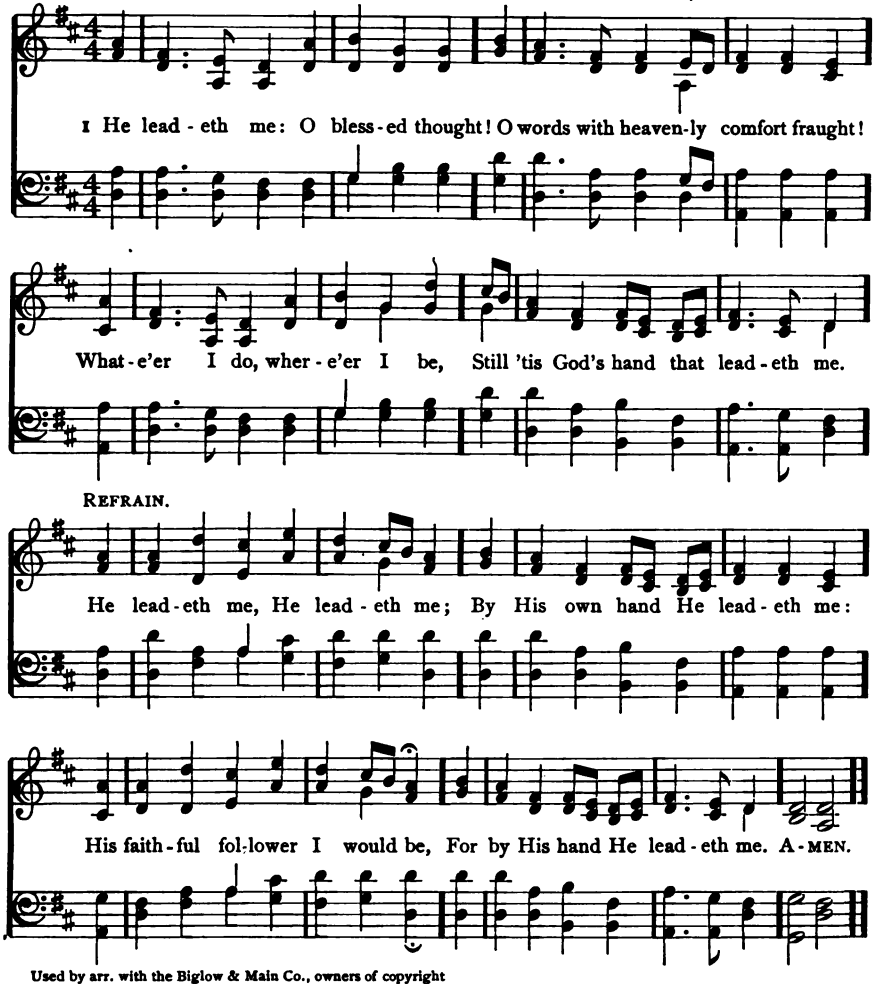
Arr. from C. M. von Weber, by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1 My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own;
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, c. 1704. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854

267 HE LEADETH ME L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1864

1 He lead - eth me: O bless - ed thought! O words with heaven-ly comfort fraught!
What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me:
His faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A - MEN.

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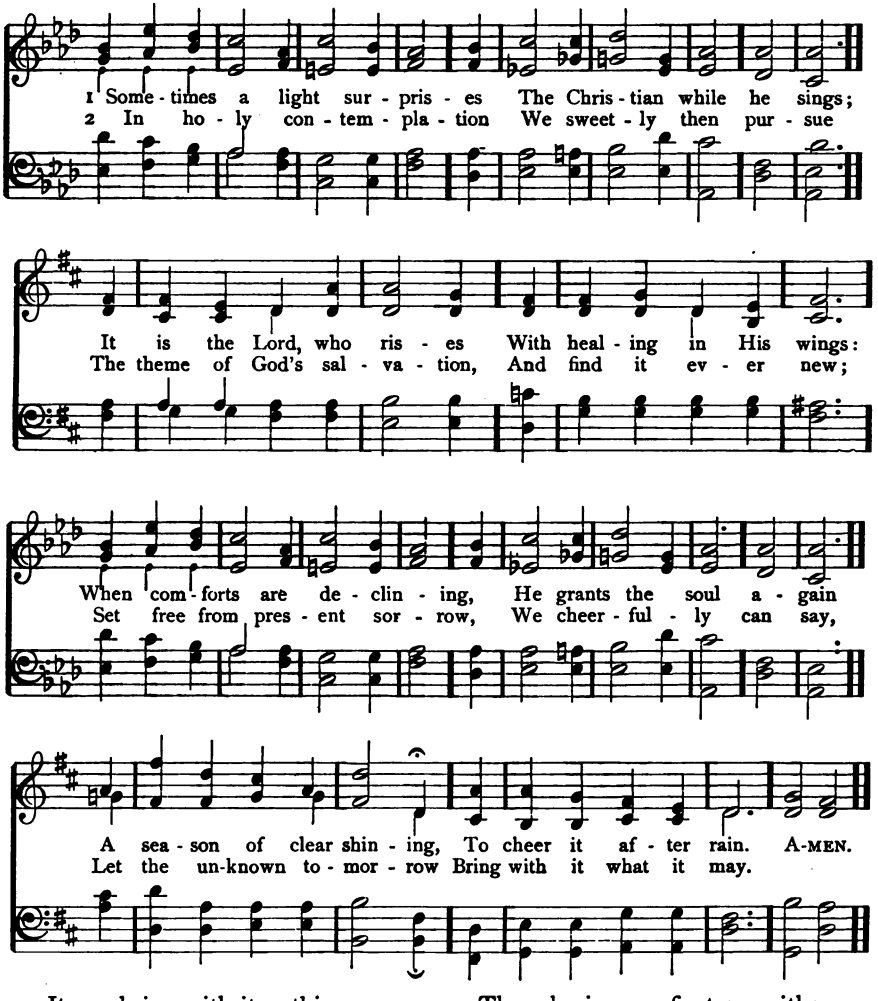
2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—REF.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—REF.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—REF.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862; ll. 3, 4, of refrain added.

268 BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John Hullah, 1867

1 Some - times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;
2 In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue
It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings:
The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;
When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A-MEN.
Let the un-known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

269 (BENTLEY) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

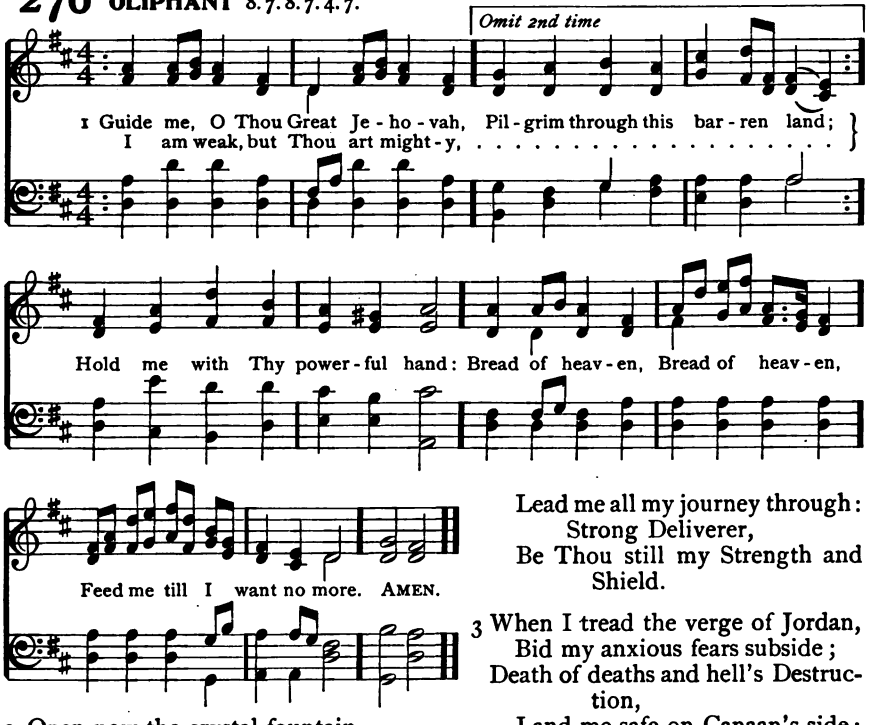
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring, 1850

270 OLIPHANT 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

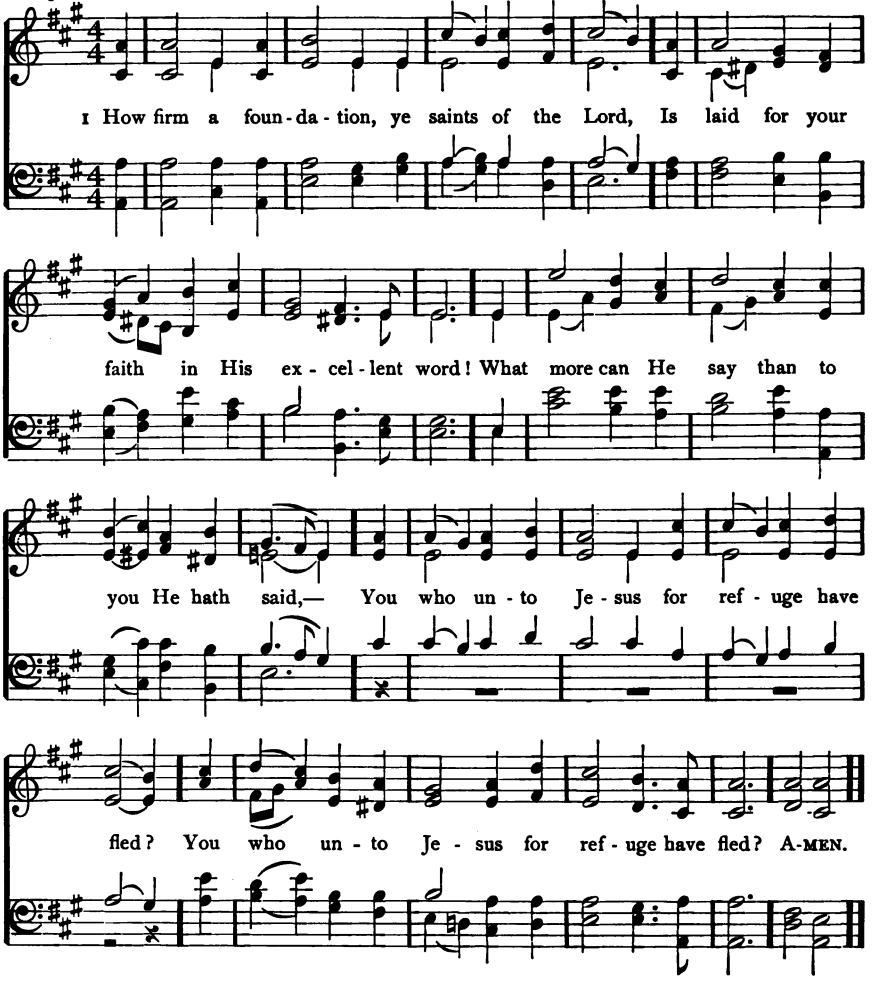
Arr. from Pierre M. F. de S. Baillot, 1830, by Lowell Mason, 1832


Omit 2nd time
1 Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y,
Hold me with Thy power - ful hand: Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
Feed me till I want no more. AMEN.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams (Welsh), 1745. Tr. verse 1, Rev. Peter Williams, 1771; verses 2, 3, Rev. Wm. Williams, c. 1772

271 ADESTE FIDELES 11. 11. 11. 11.

1 How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said,— You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have
fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-MEN.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

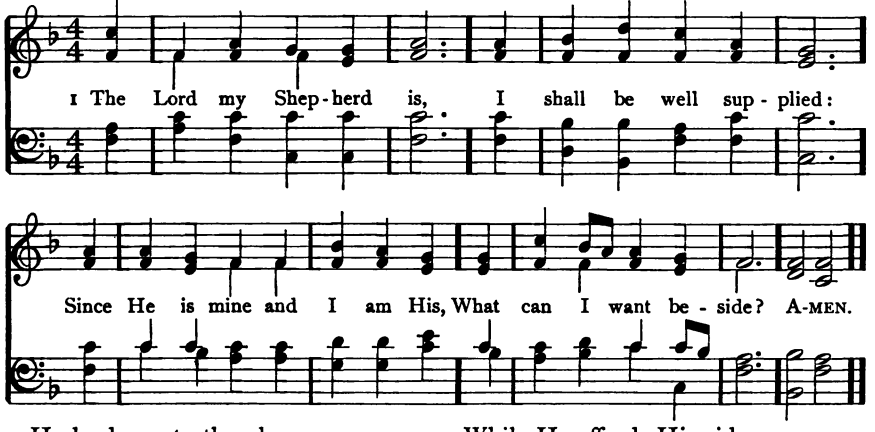
4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K," in Rippon's Selection, 1787

272 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

273 (NEWLAND) S. M.

1 MY times are in Thy hand;
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

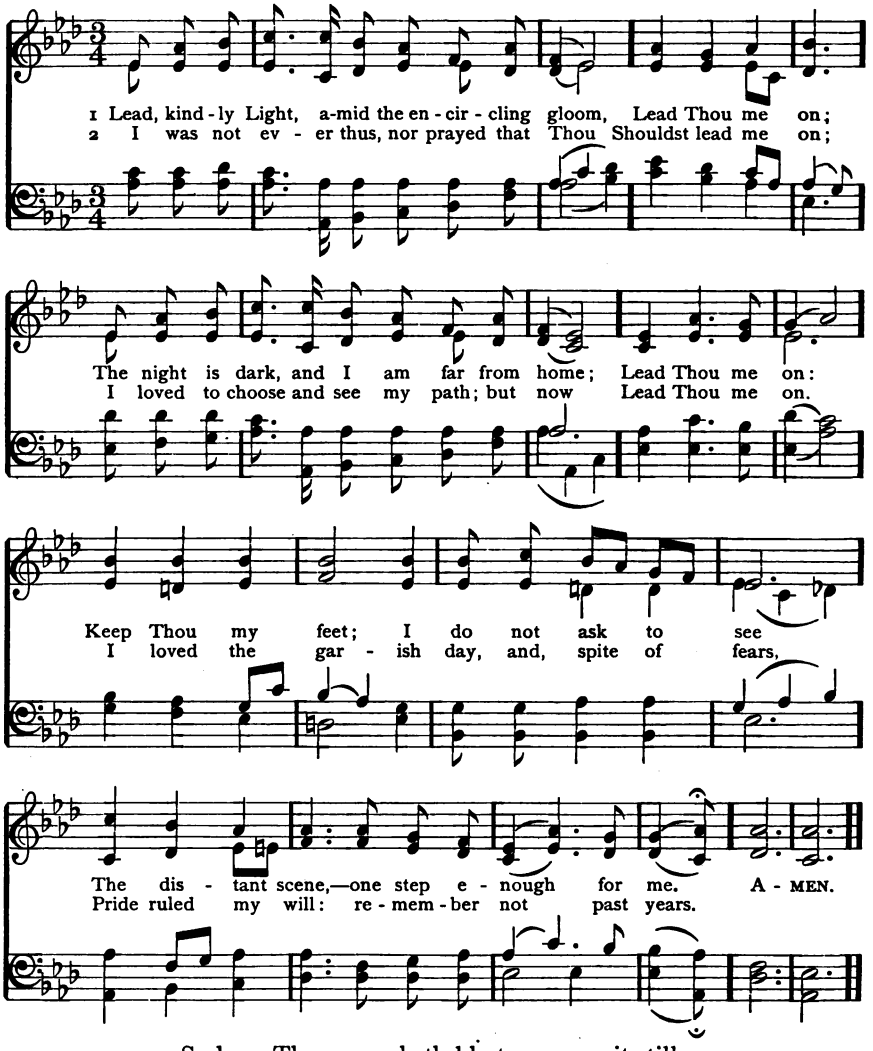
2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

William F. Lloyd, c. 1838

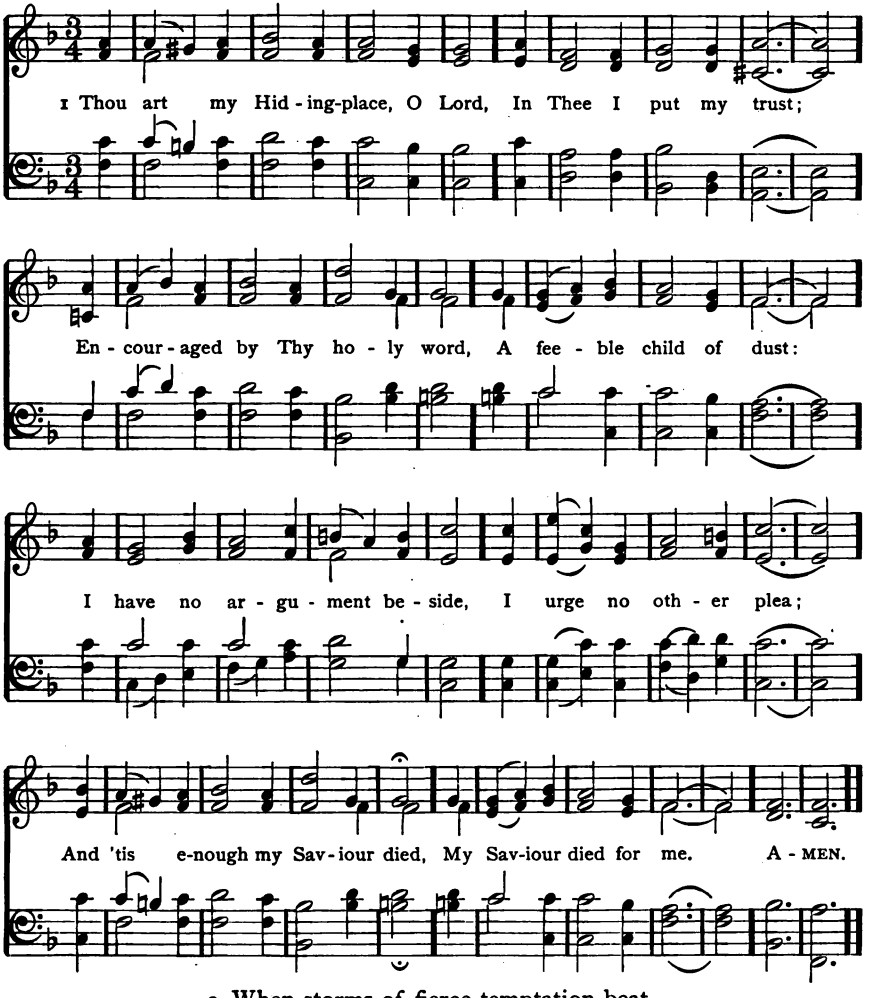
274 LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes (1823–1876)

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid the en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2 I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears,
The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-MEN.
Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1833

275 CHESTER C. M. D.

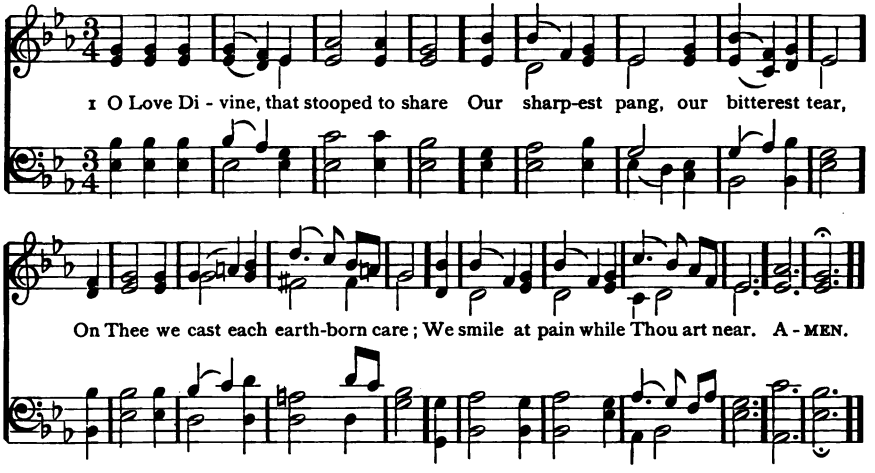
Oratory Hymns, 1868

1 Thou art my Hid - ing-place, O Lord, In Thee I put my trust;
En - cour - aged by Thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust:
I have no ar - gu - ment be - side, I urge no oth - er plea;
And 'tis e-nough my Sav-iour died, My Sav-iour died for me. A - MEN.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

Rev. Thomas Raffles, 1833

276 VESPERS L. M.

James W. Elliott (1816–)


1 O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - MEN.

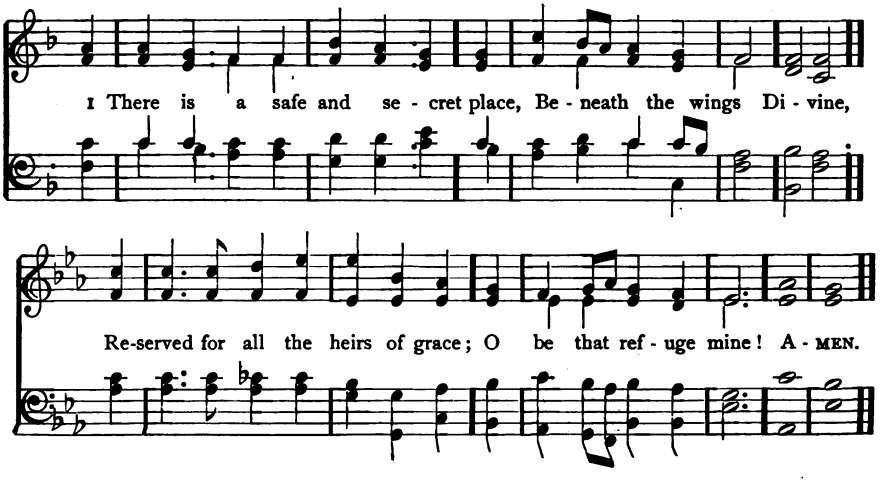
2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

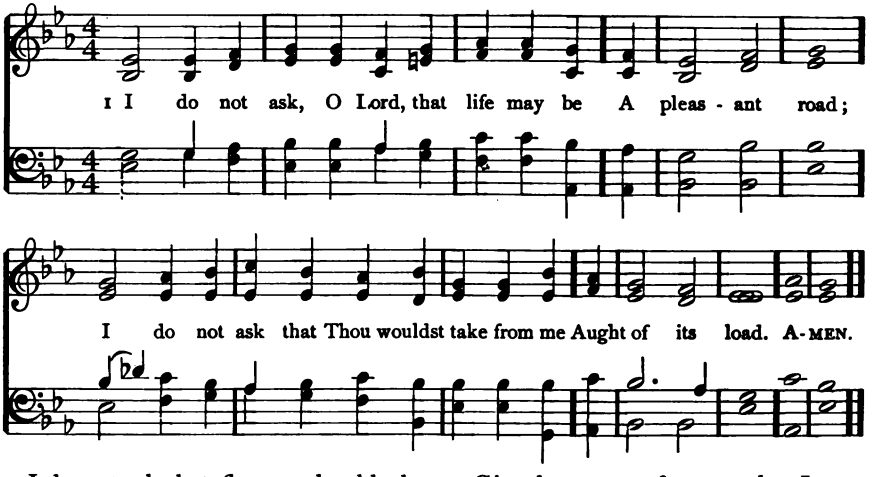
4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

277 SUBMISSION 10. 4. 10. 4.

Albert L. Peace, 1889



2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord,
I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace Divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

278 (GREEN HILL) C. M.

1 THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings Divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

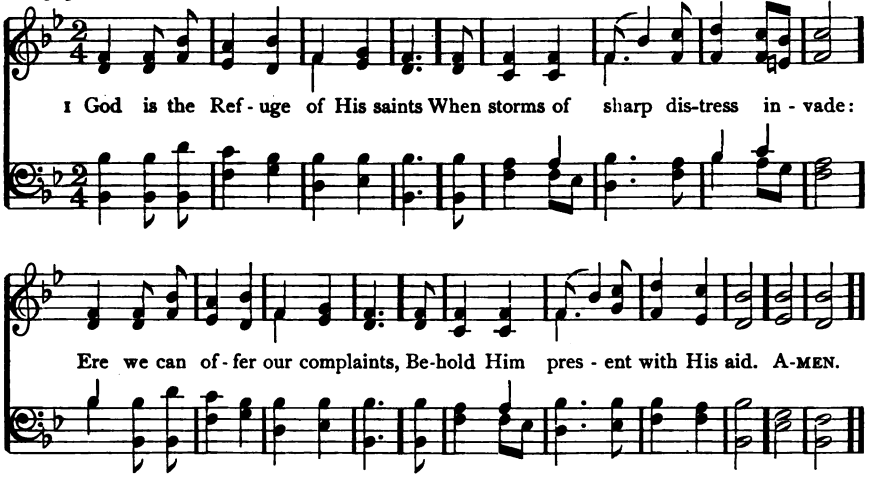
3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth Divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

279 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830


1 God is the Ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade:
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres - ent with His aid. A-MEN.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our Divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719: verse 5, l. 2, alt.

280 (DENNIS) S. M.

1 HOW gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

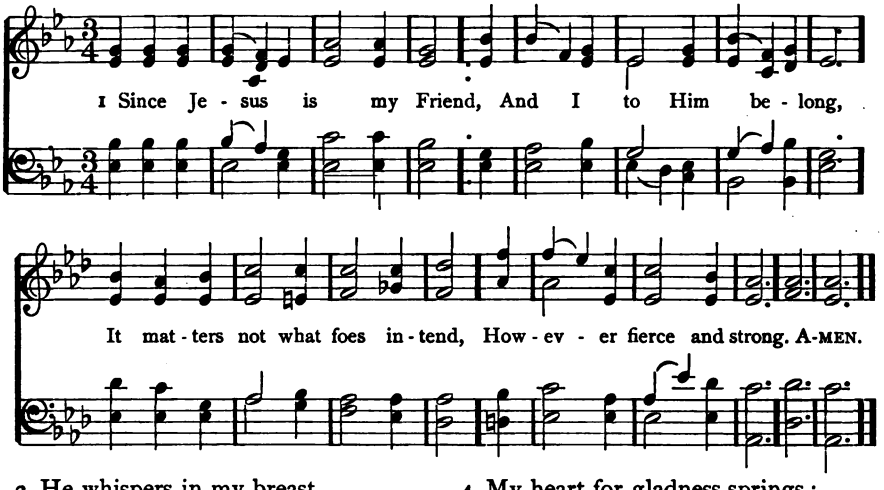
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

281 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849



2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near;

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new, [prove
Where eye and heart shall see and
What faith has counted true.

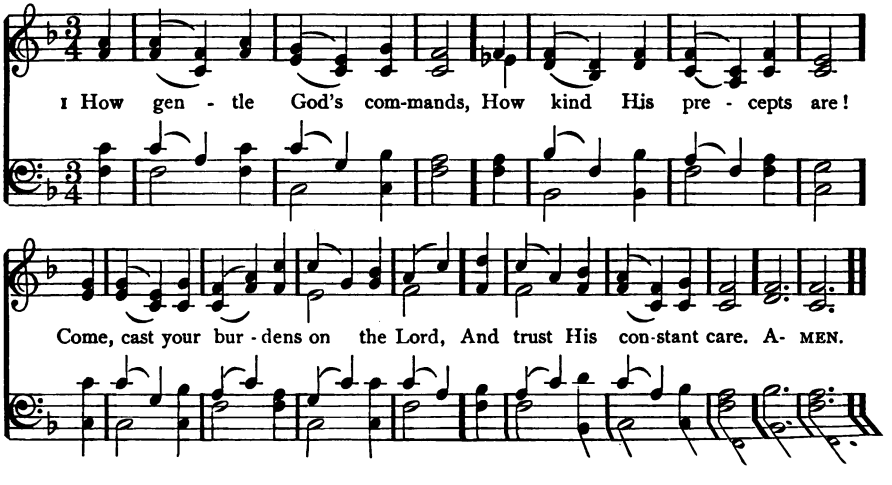
4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

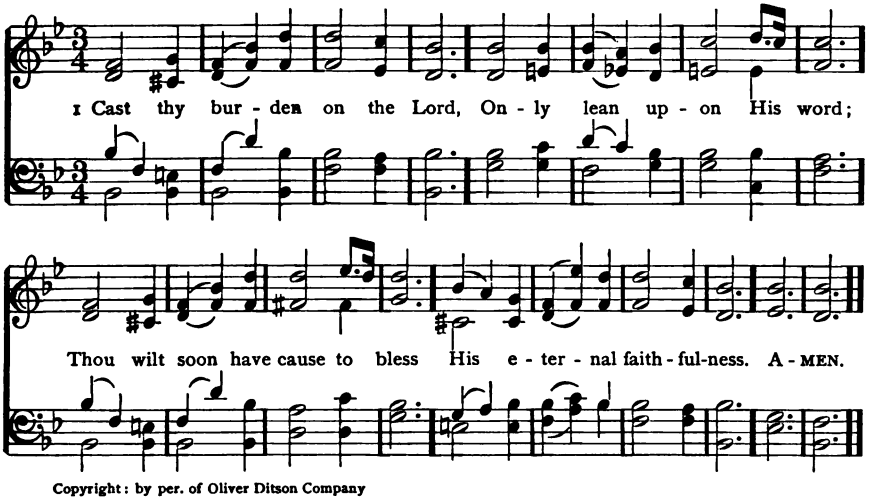
Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855: alt. and arr.

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



282 MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867

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2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From His grace are never moved.

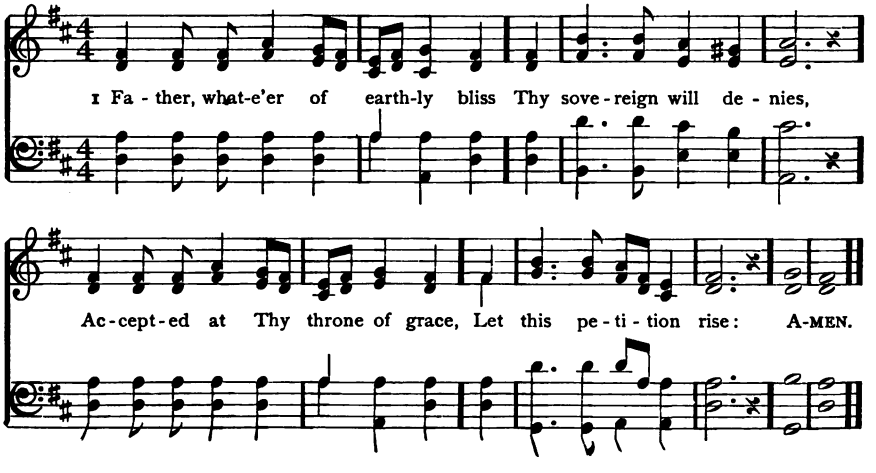
3 Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought;
His compassion, love, and power
Are the same for evermore.

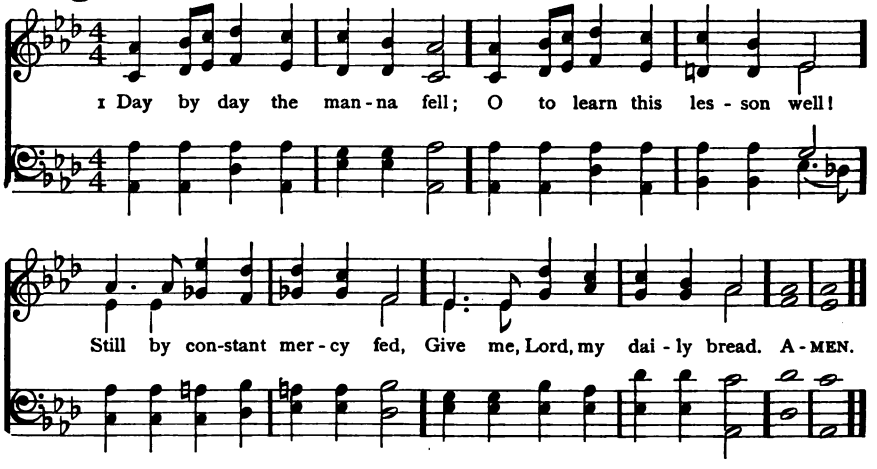
4 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of His will.

5 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

Anon. in Rowland Hill's Ps. and Hy., 1783

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1836

283 WOODWARD'S LITANY 7.7.7.7.

W. W. Woodward, 1863

2 "Day by day" the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1836

284 (WOODWARD'S LITANY) 7.7.7.7.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

William F. Lloyd (1791–1853)

285 (NAOMI) C. M.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

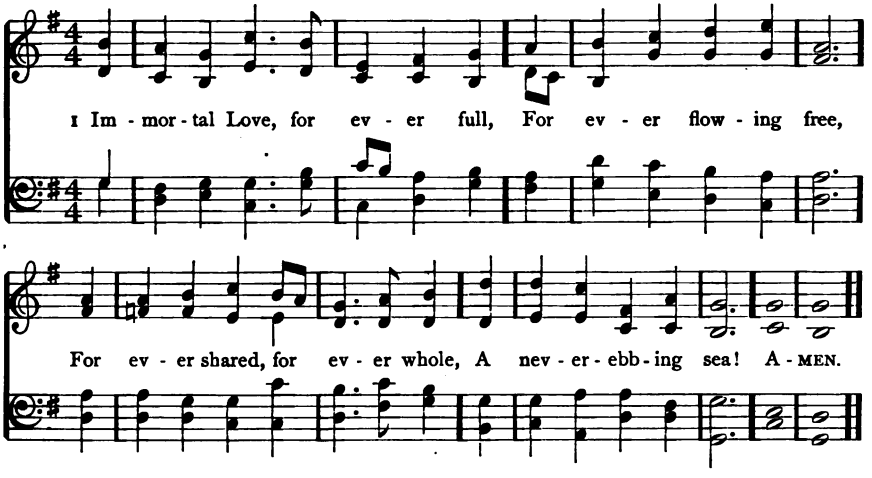
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760; alt. Rev. A. M. Toplady, 17[illegible]

286 FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1867



2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown:

3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present Help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

4 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

5 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

6 Our Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John G. Whittier, 1866

287 (ORTONVILLE or FAITH) C. M.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

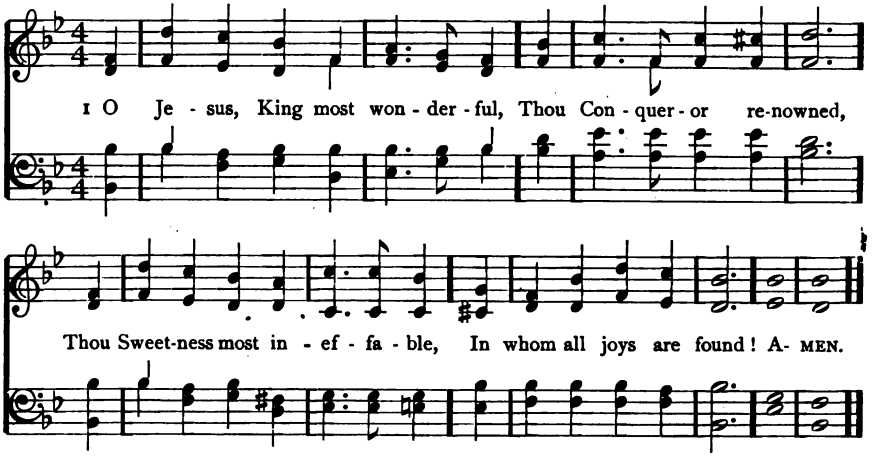
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787; verse 1, l. 2, alt.

288 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

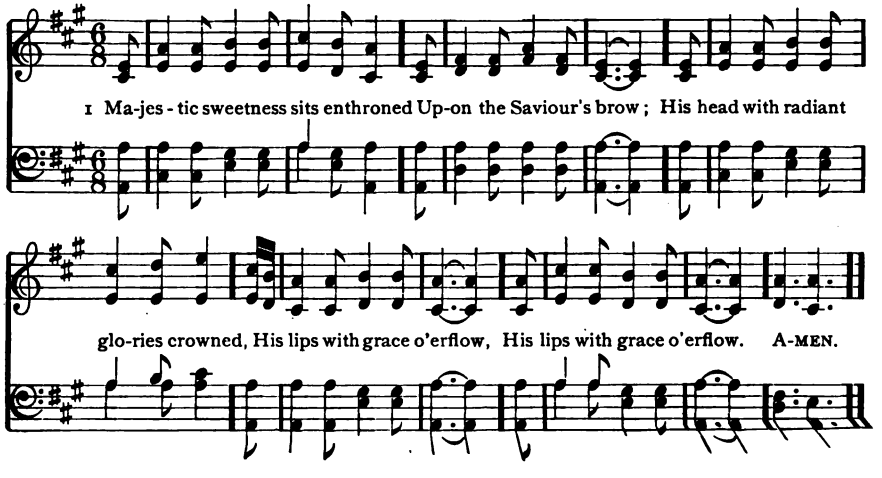
4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

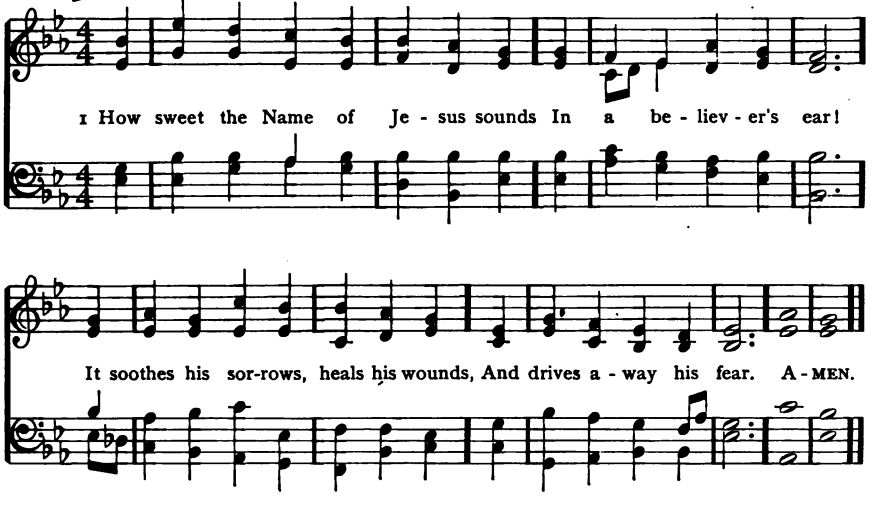
ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837


1 Ma-jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. A-MEN.

289 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826


1 How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - MEN.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary Rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace;

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

290 (HEBER) C. M.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming Name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

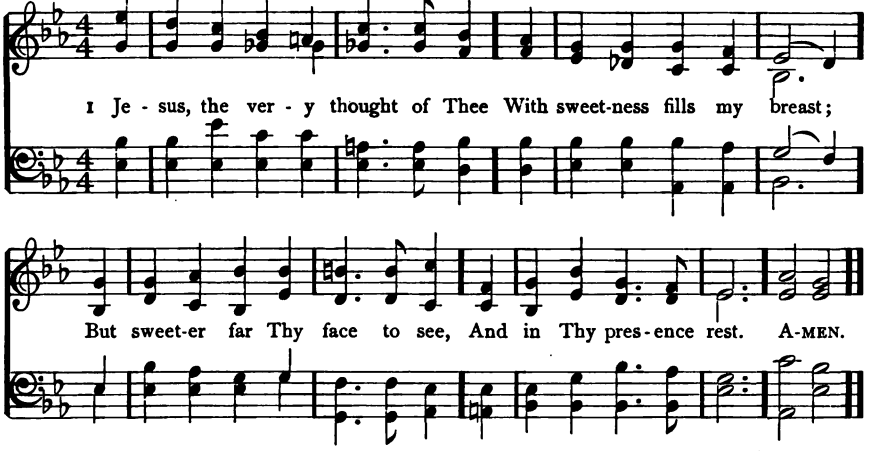
3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1717

291 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861


1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A-MEN.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

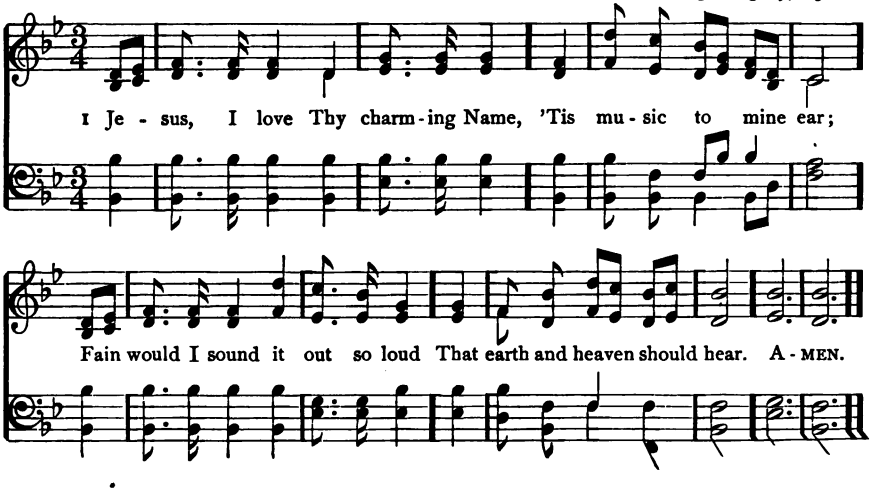
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

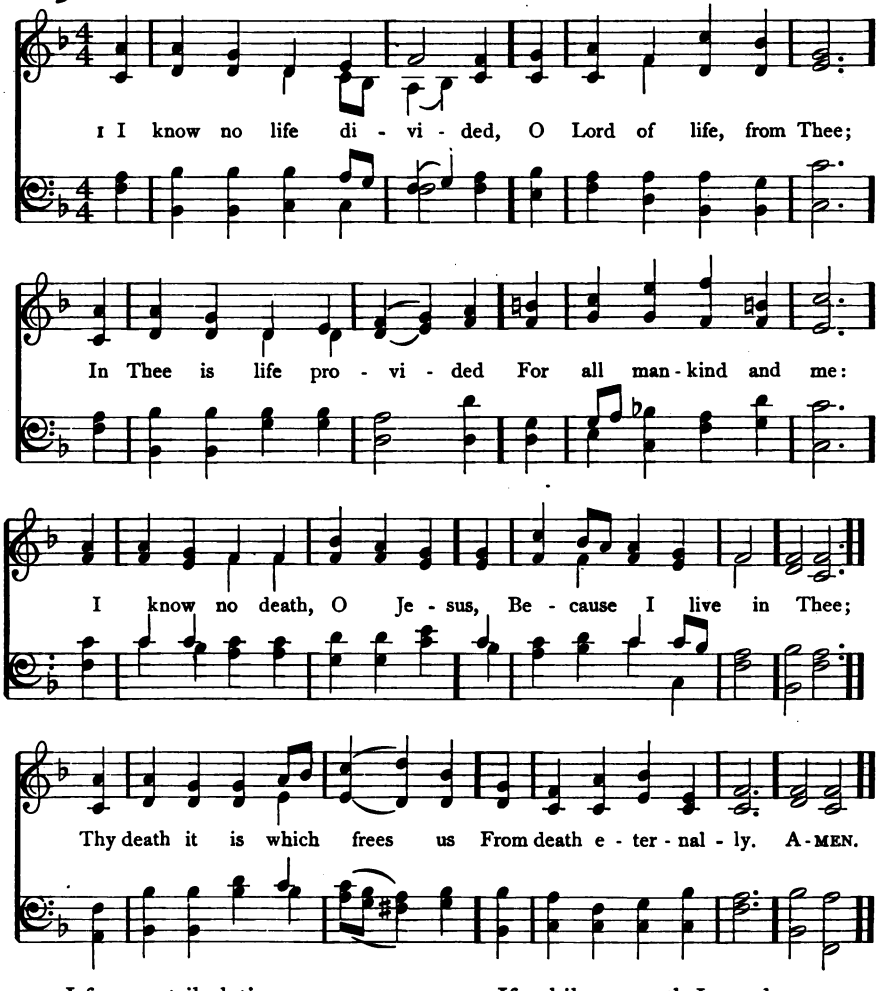
Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849: verse 4, l. 4, alt.

HEBER C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838


1 Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing Name, 'Tis mu-sic to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heaven should hear. A-MEN.

292 JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

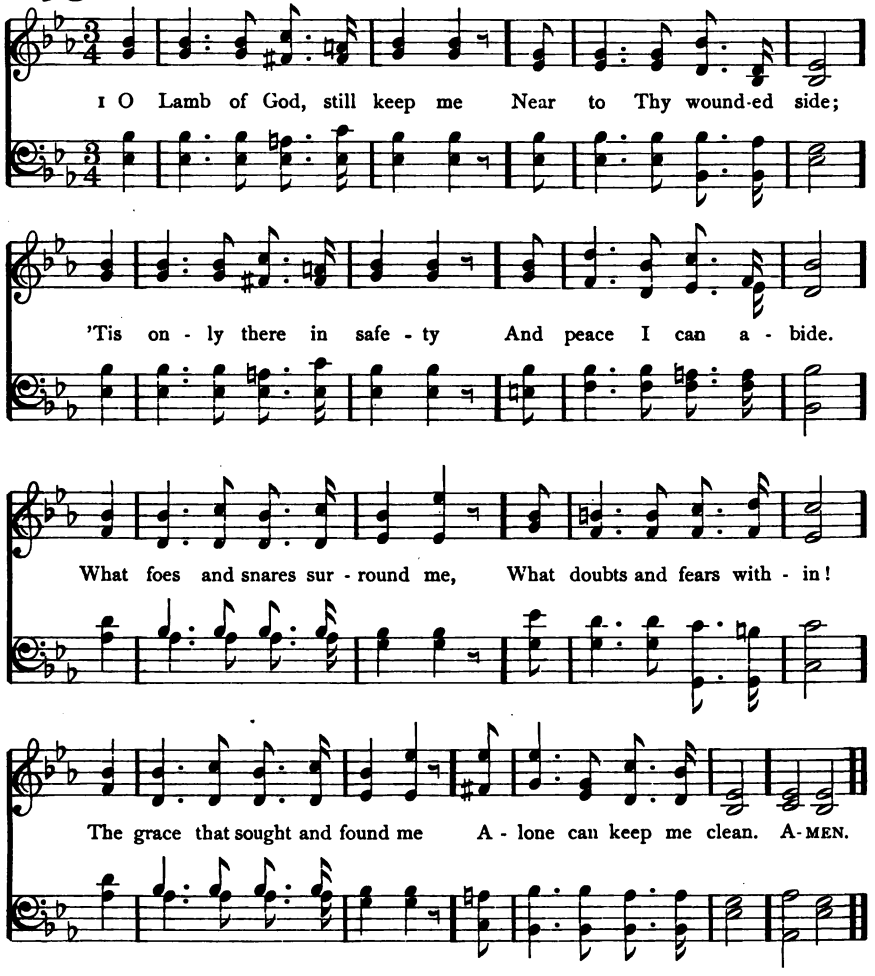
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 I know no life di - vi - ded, O Lord of life, from Thee;
In Thee is life pro - vi - ded For all man - kind and me:
I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in Thee;
Thy death it is which frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessèd thought in dying!
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

Rev. Carl J. P. Spitta, 1833. Tr. Richard Massie, 1860

293 HODNET 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

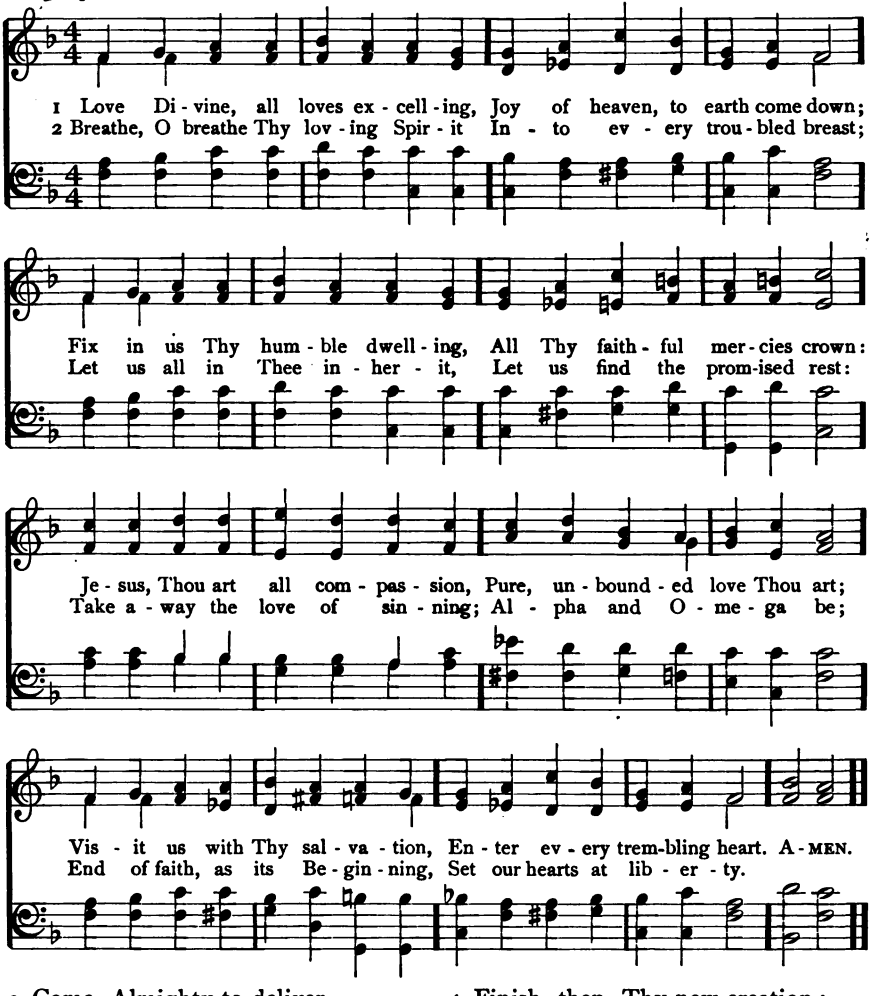
Arr. from Sigismund Thalberg (1812–1871)

1 O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
What foes and snares sur - round me, What doubts and fears with - in!
The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean. A-MEN.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842

294 LOVE DIVINE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

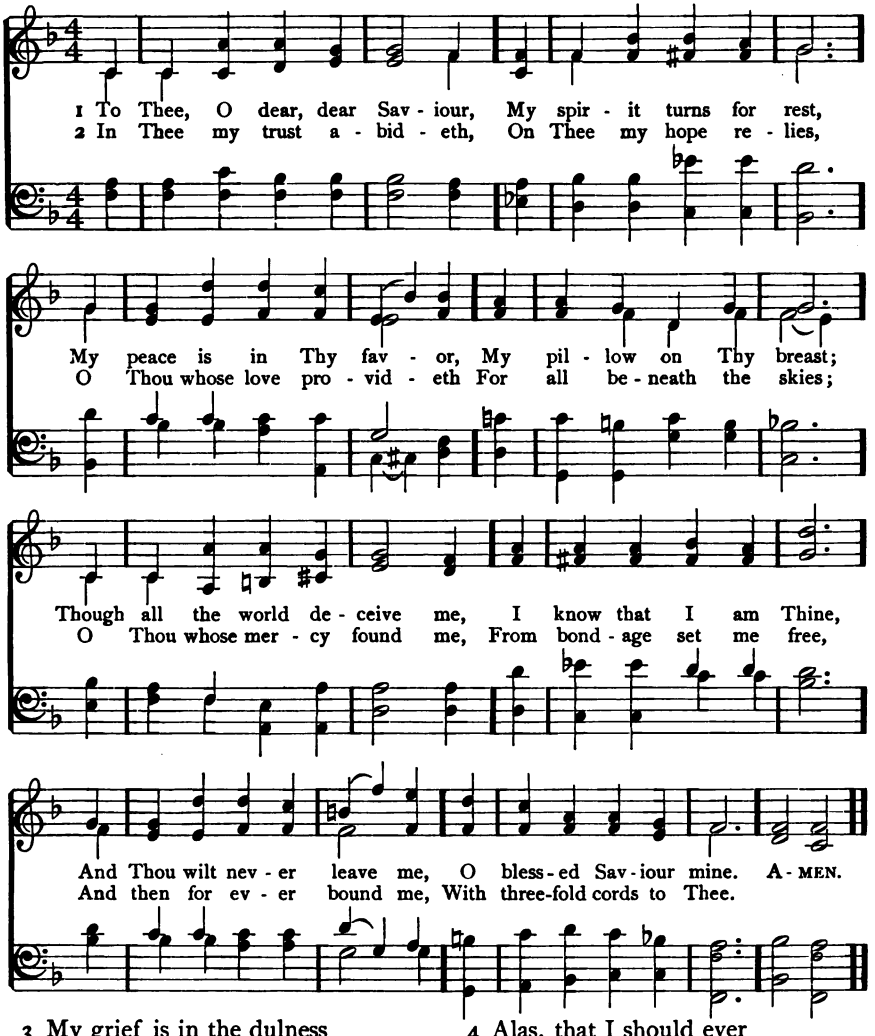
George F. Le Jeune, 1887

1 Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom-ised rest:
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem-bling heart. A - MEN.
End of faith, as its Be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747; verse 2, ll. 4, 5, alt.

295 SAVOY CHAPEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

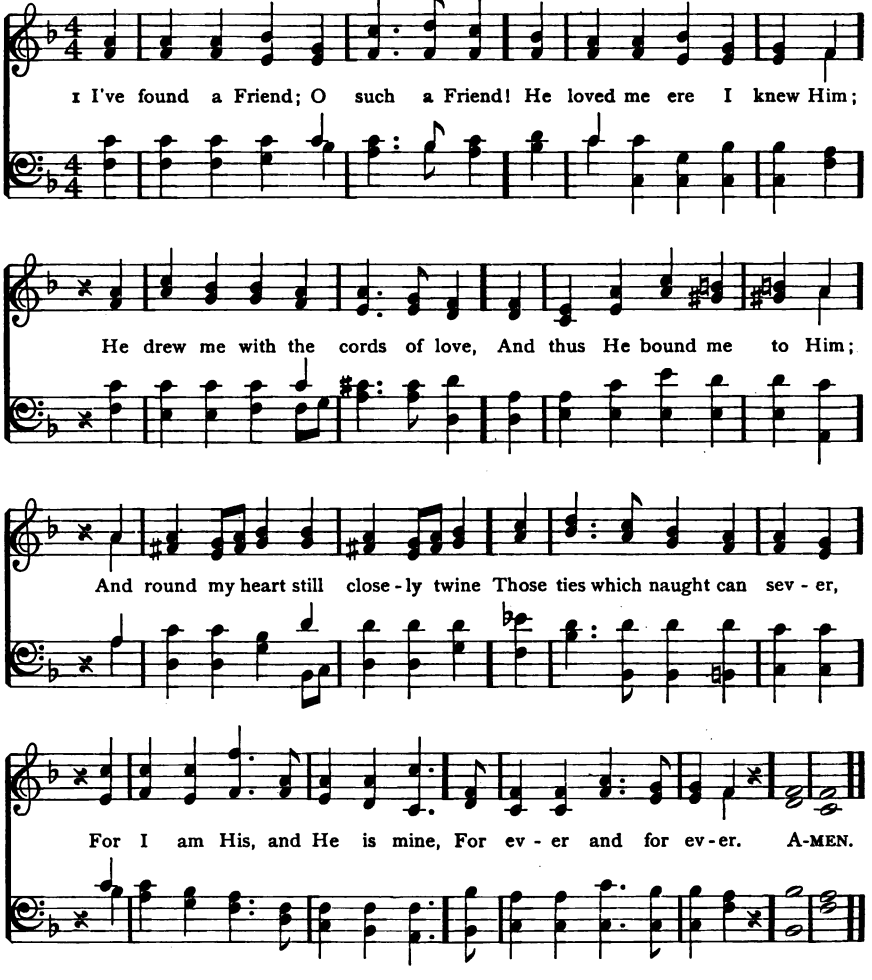
J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-)

1 To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My spir - it turns for rest,
2 In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,
My peace is in Thy fav - or, My pil - low on Thy breast;
O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies;
Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,
O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bond - age set me free,
And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - MEN.
And then for ev - er bound me, With three-fold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgat or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

296 CONSTANCE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
For I am His, and He is mine, For ev-er and for ev-er. A-MEN.

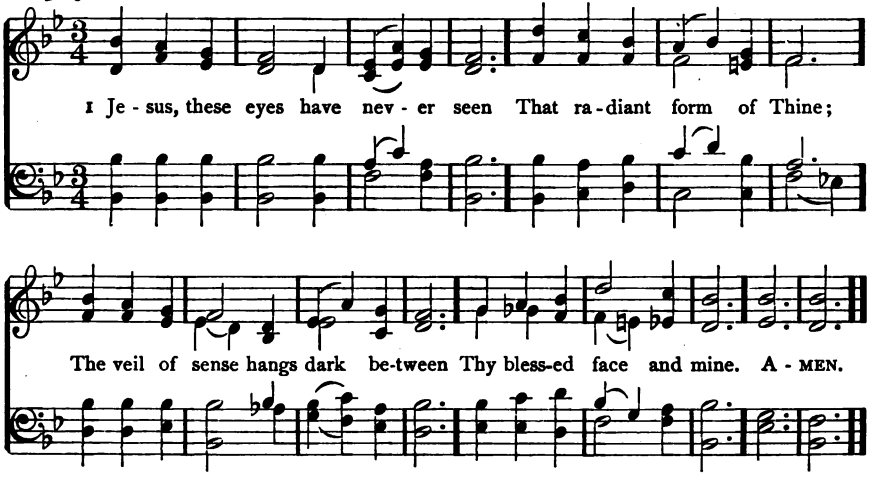
2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

Rev. James G. Small, 1866

297 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860


1 Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark be-tween Thy bless-ed face and mine. A - MEN.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

298 (SAWLEY) C. M.

1 JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary's tree,
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

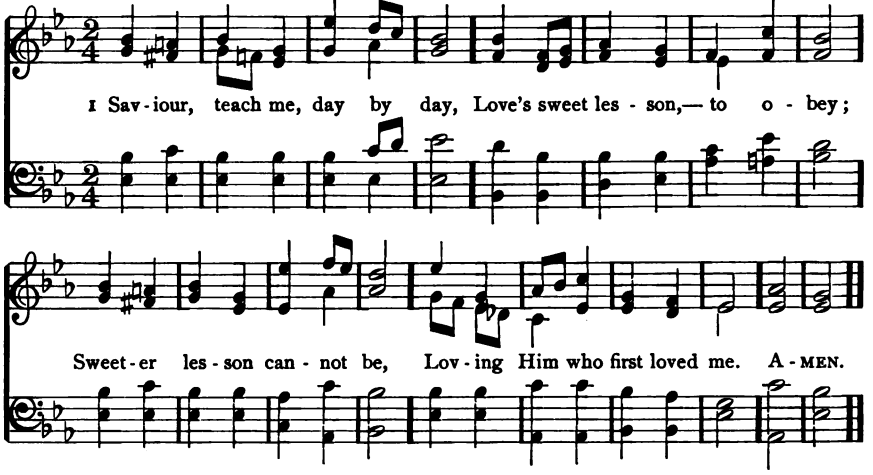
4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or despised,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er forgotten here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796; verses 1, 4, alt.

299 SOLITUDE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Lewis T. Downes, 1851

2 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

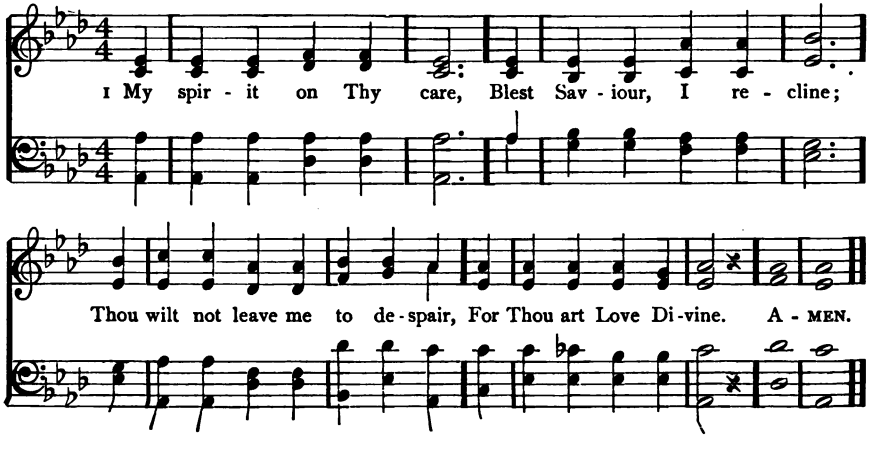
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

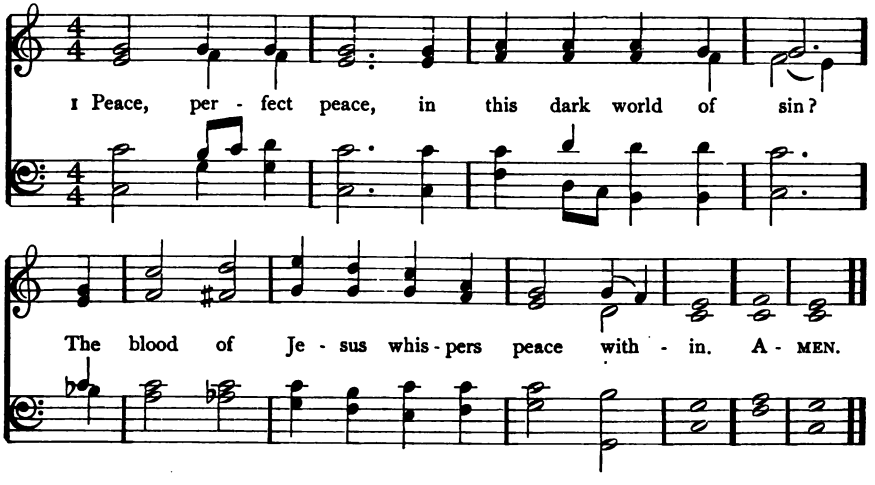
Jane E. Leeson, 1842

GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Beethoven (1770–1827)



300 PAX TECUM 10. 10.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

301 (GORTON) S. M.

1 MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love Divine.

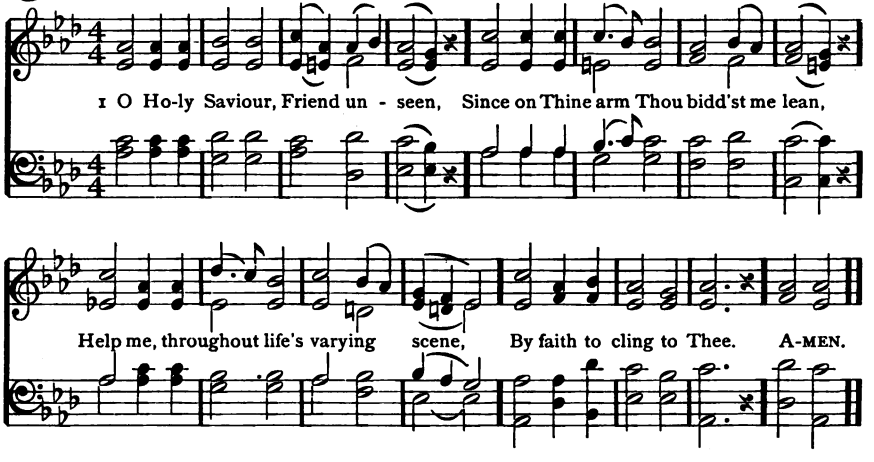
2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

302 FLEMMING 8. 8. 8. 6.

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming, 1810

1 O Ho-ly Saviour, Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A-MEN.

2 Blest with this fellowship Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

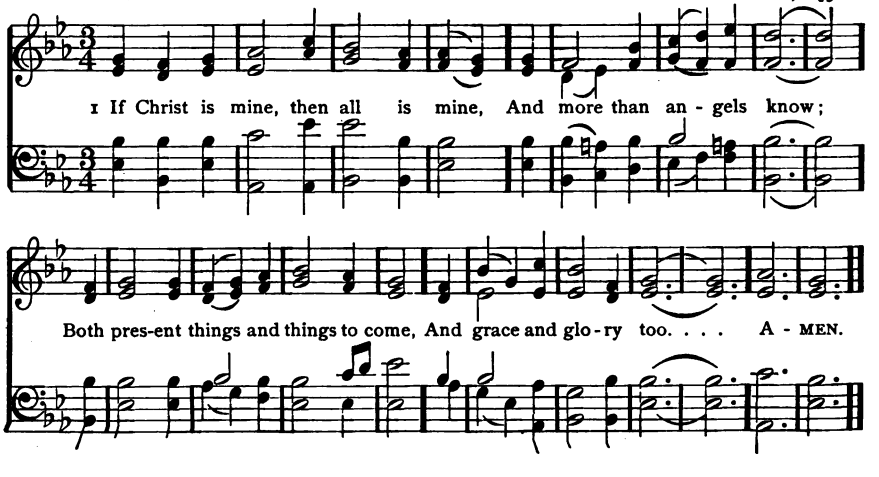
3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

5 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my Saviour, I cling to Thee? [All,

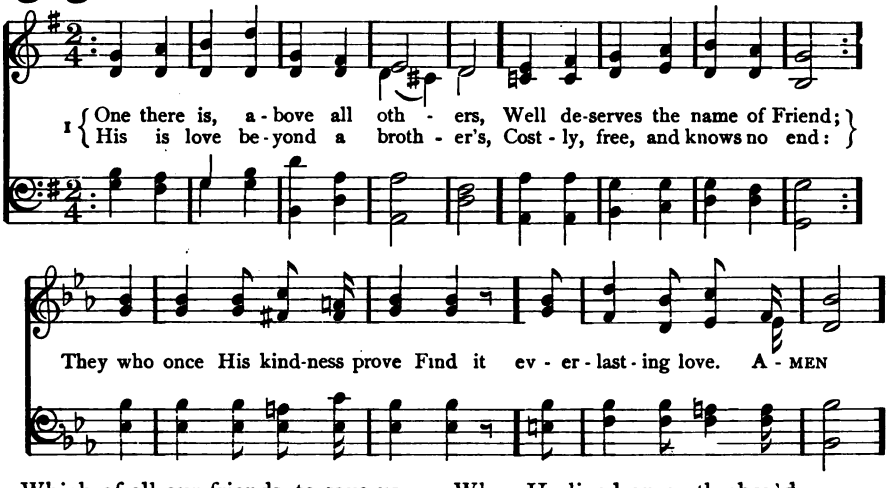
Charlotte Elliott, 1834

ECKHARDTSHEIM C. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1833

1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine, And more than an - gels know;
Both pres-ent things and things to come, And grace and glo - ry too. . . . A - MEN.

303 ALBERT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Heinrich Albert, 1643


1 One there is, a-bove all oth-ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;
His is love be-yond a broth-er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kind-ness prove Find it ev-er-last-ing love. A-MEN

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

304 (ECKHARDTSHEIM) C. M.

1 IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.

2 If He is mine, then, though He frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

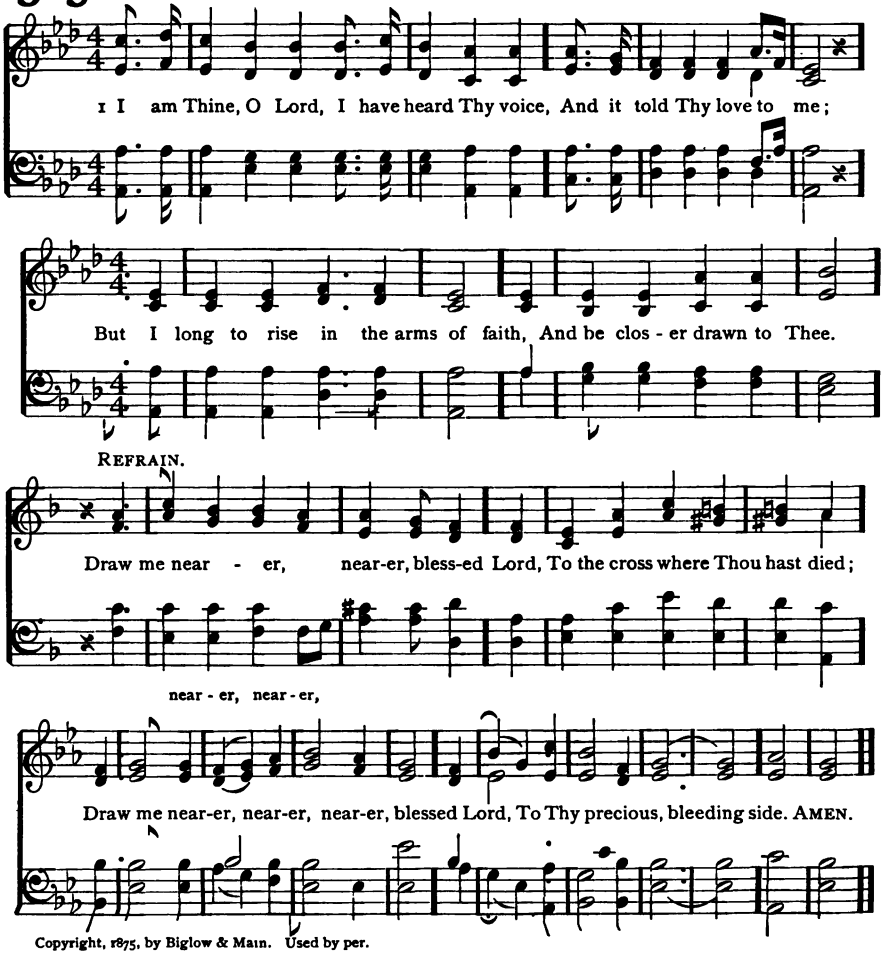
4 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the Dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

5 If He is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He'll be my Comfort and my Stay
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Jesus tell me He is mine,
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the Fountain live
When all the streams are dried.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, publ. 1817

305 I AM THINE 10. 7. 10. 7. with Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1875

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side. AMEN.

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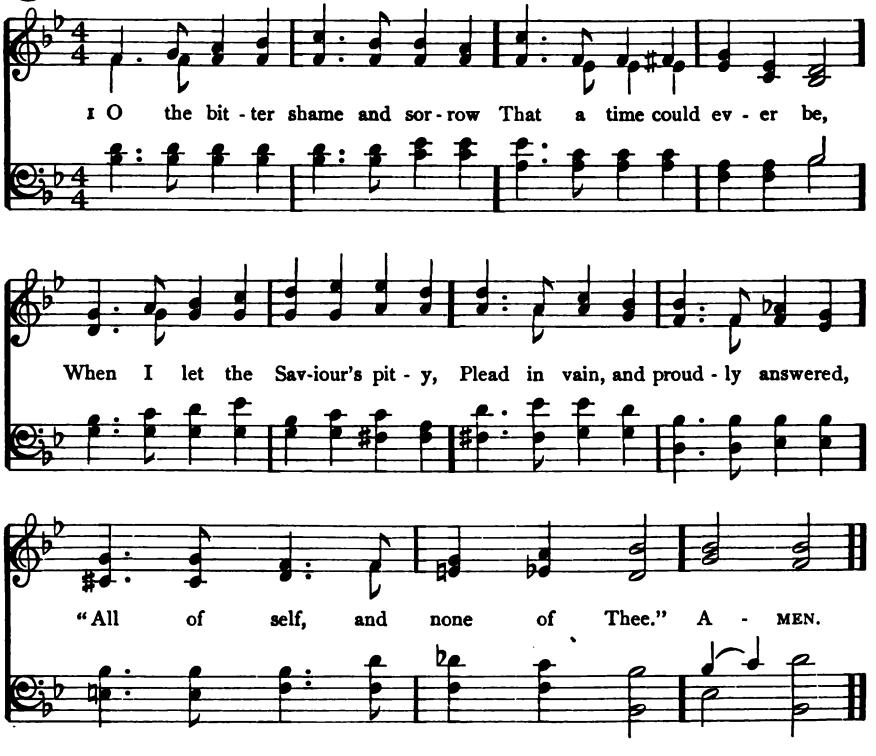
2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace Divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.—REF.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend! REF.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.—REF.

Frances J. (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1875

306 ST. JUDE 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Charles J. Vincent, 1877

1 O the bit - ter shame and sor - row That a time could ev - er be,
When I let the Sav-iour's pit - y, Plead in vain, and proud - ly answered,
"All of self, and none of Thee." A - MEN.

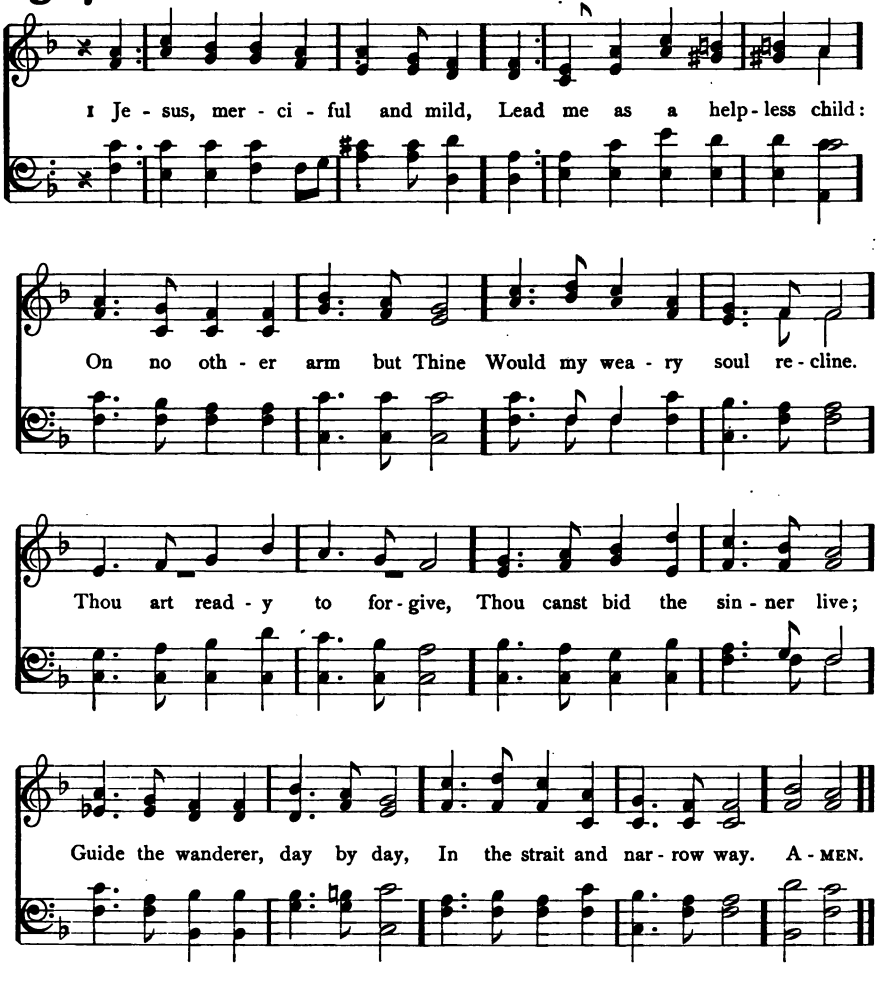
2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

Rev. Theodore Monod, 1874

307 MESSIAH 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

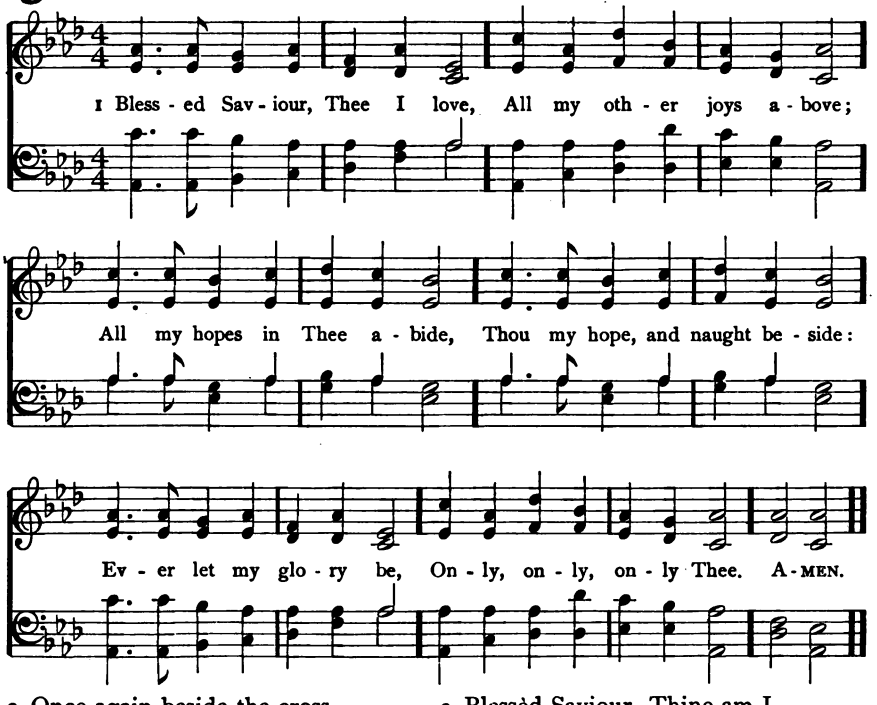
Arr. from L. J. F. Herold, by Geo. Kingsley, 1838

1 Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:
On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.
Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;
Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - MEN.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art All in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all Divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings, 1858

308 SPANISH HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1824

1 Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side:
Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - MEN.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or creature power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

Rev. George Duffield, 1851

309 (SPANISH HYMN) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

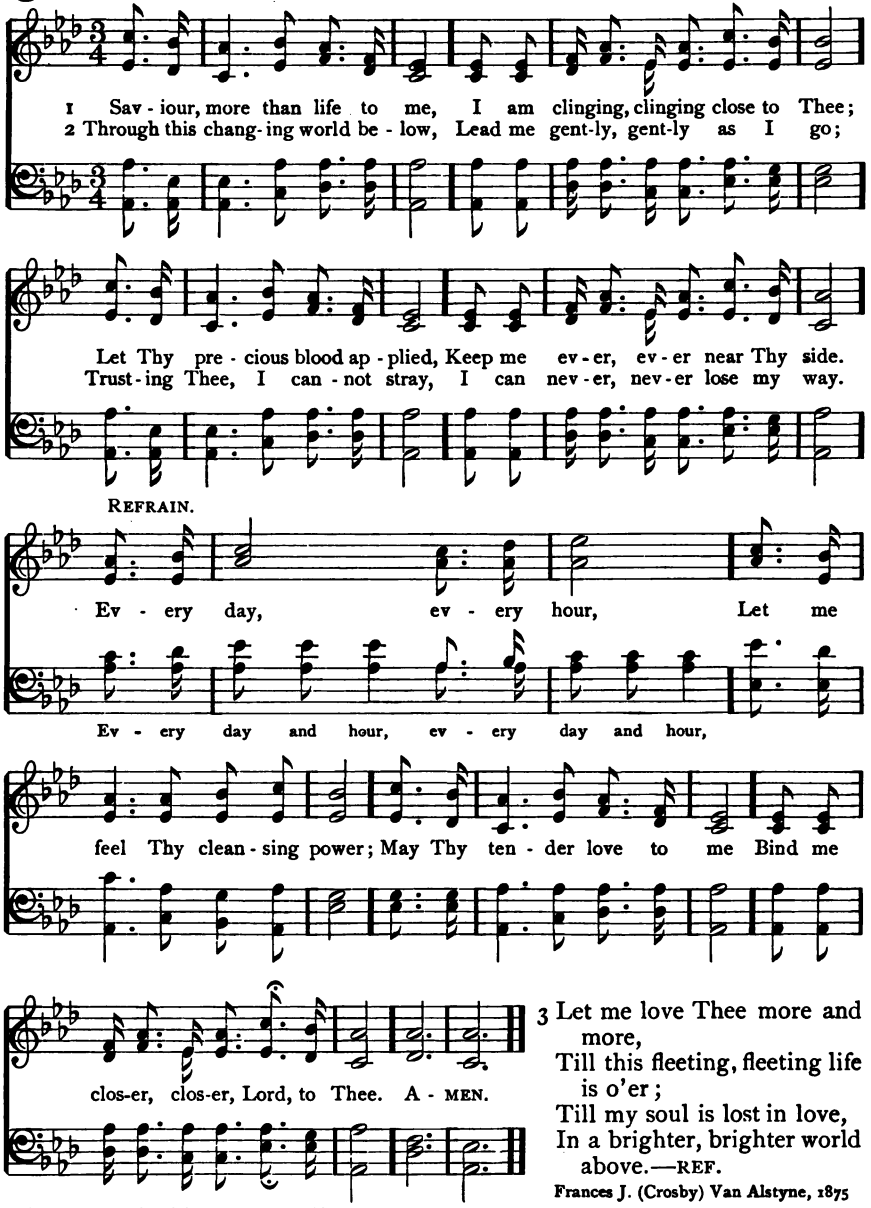
1 JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1865

310 EVERY DAY 7. 9. 7. 9. with Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1875

1 Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2 Through this chang-ing world be - low, Lead me gent-ly, gent-ly as I go;
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
REFRAIN.
Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me
Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,
feel Thy clean - sing power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me
clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.—REF.

Frances J. (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1875

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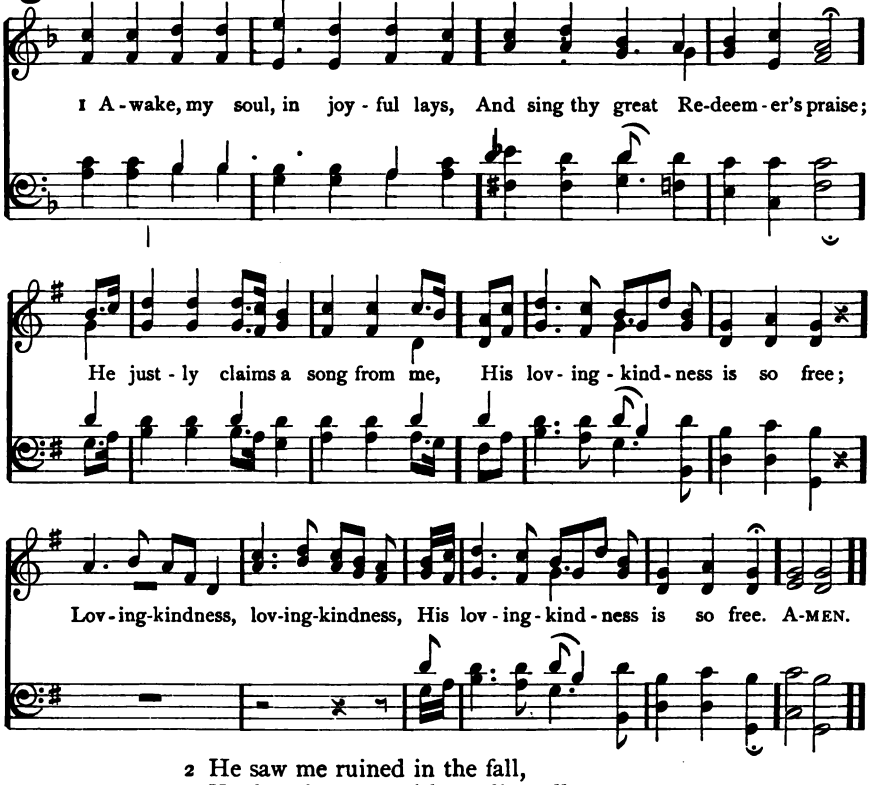
311 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

American Melody

1 A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so free;
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so free. A-MEN.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

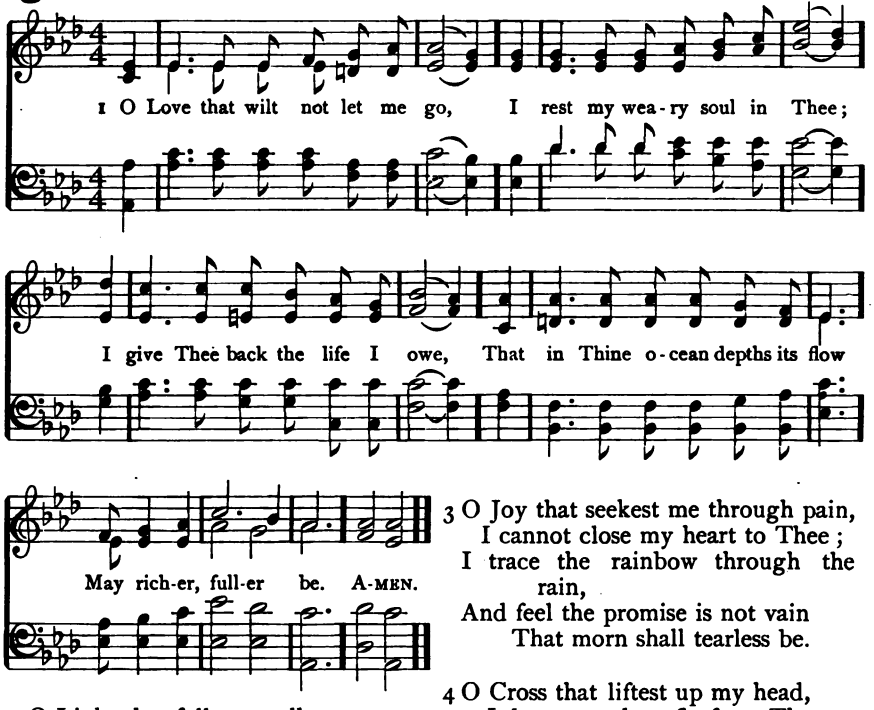
3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1780

312 ST. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow
May rich-er, full-er be. A-MEN.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson, 1882

313 (HENDON) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

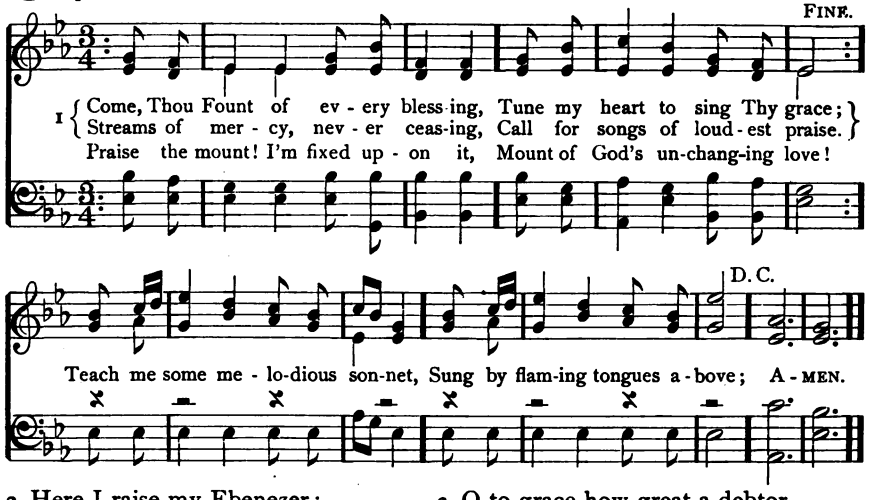
4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, 1817

314 NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. Asahel Nettleton, 1825


FINE.
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love!
D. C.
Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove; A - MEN.

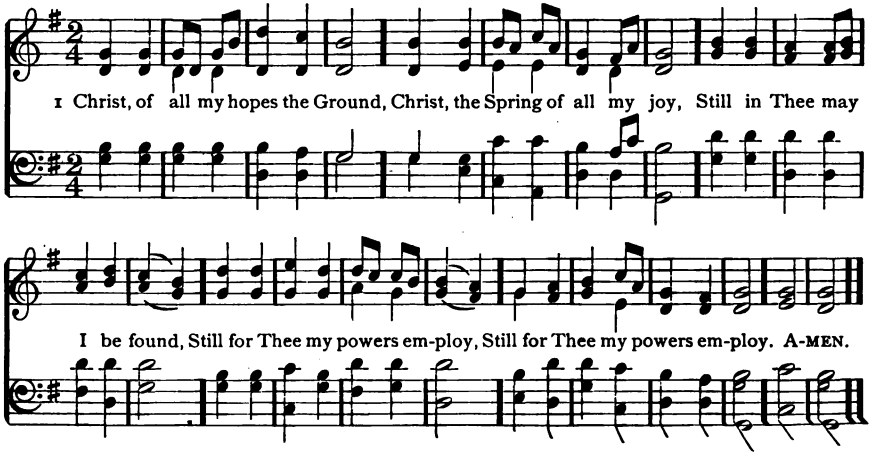
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

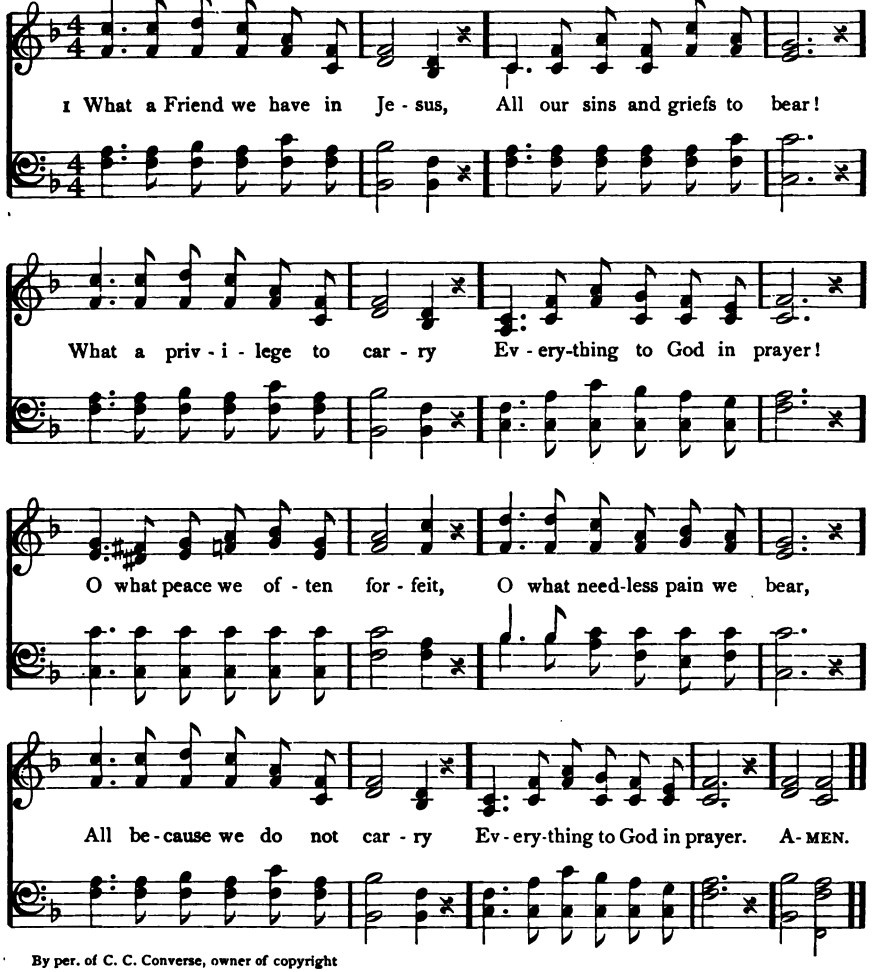
Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758

HENDON 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1827


1 Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may
I be found, Still for Thee my powers em-ploy, Still for Thee my powers em-ploy. A-MEN.

315 ERIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

C. Crozat Converse, 1868

1 What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer. A - MEN.

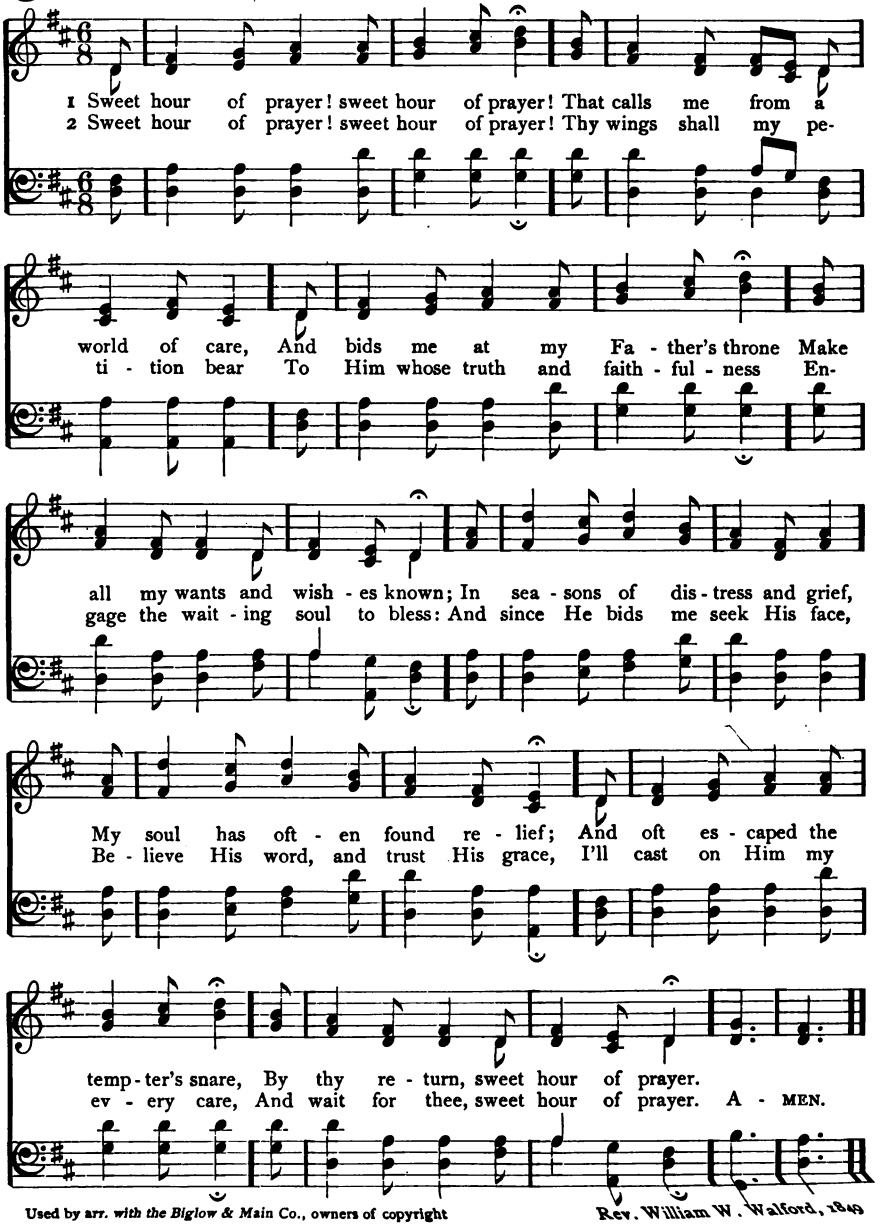
By per. of C. C. Converse, owner of copyright

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven (c. 1820–1886)

316 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1859

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-
world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make
ti - tion bear To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En-
all my wants and wish - es known; In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief,
gage the wait - ing soul to bless: And since He bids me seek His face,
My soul has oft - en found re - lief; And oft es - caped the
Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my
temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. A - MEN.

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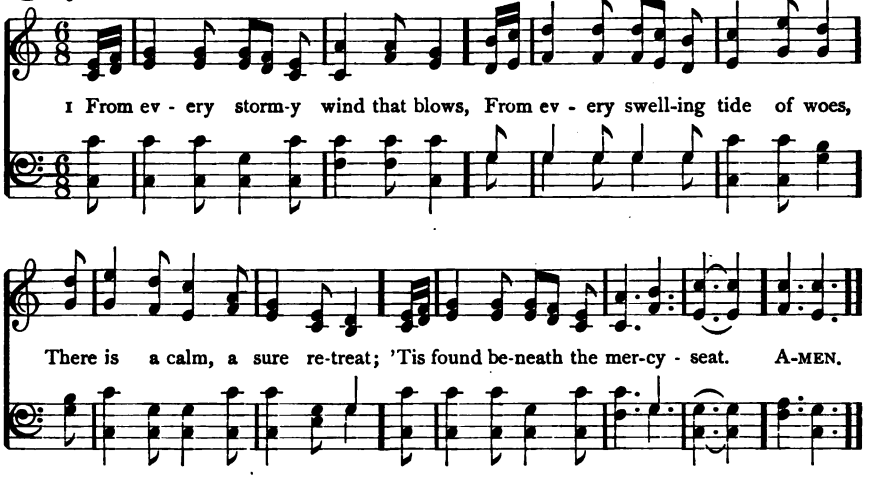
Rev. William W. Walford, 1849

317 RETREAT L. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1842


1 From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat. A-MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet,
Around the common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1827, 1831

318 (STATE STREET) S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

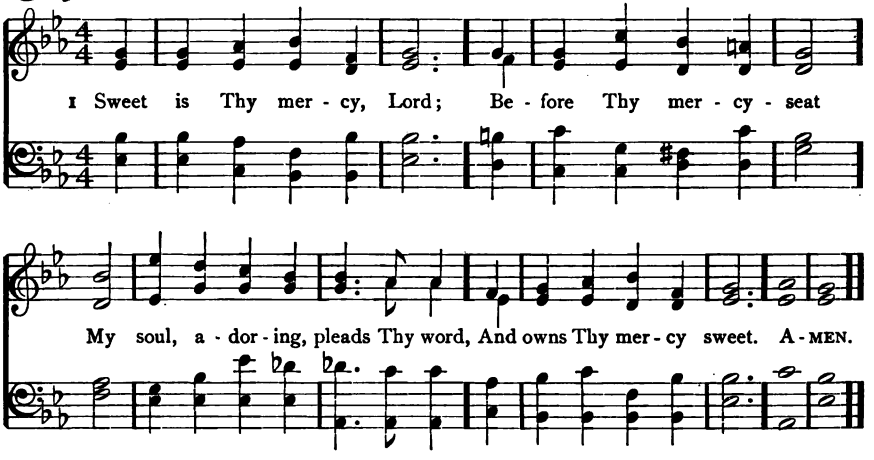
2 My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

319 ST. ANDREW S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866

2 My need and Thy desires
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy Name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

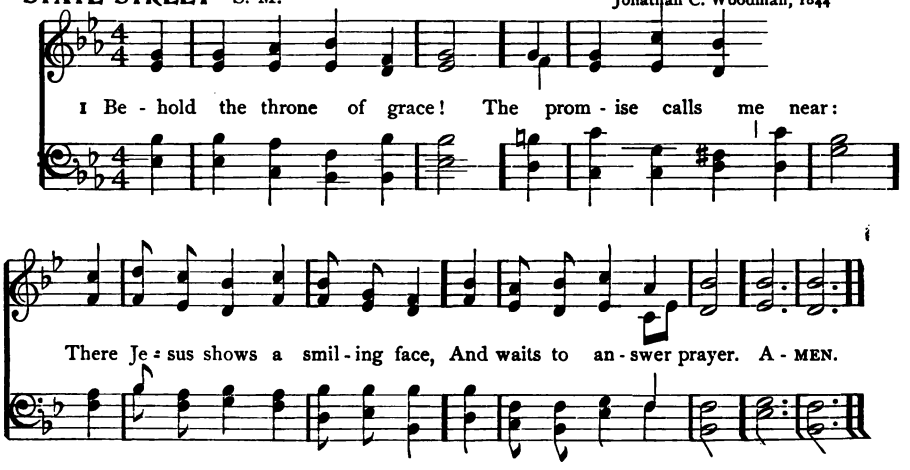
4 Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

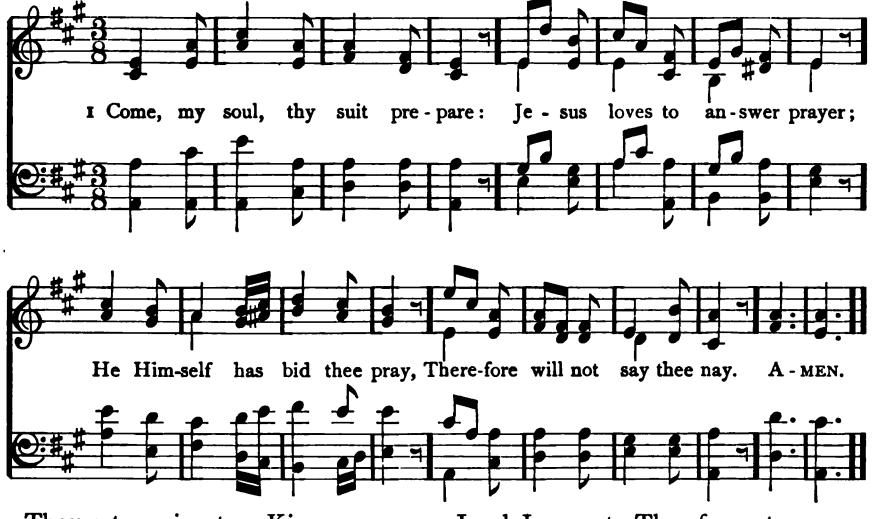
Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862

STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844



320 HORTON 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Xavier Schnyder (1786–1868)

1 Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare: Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay. A - MEN.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

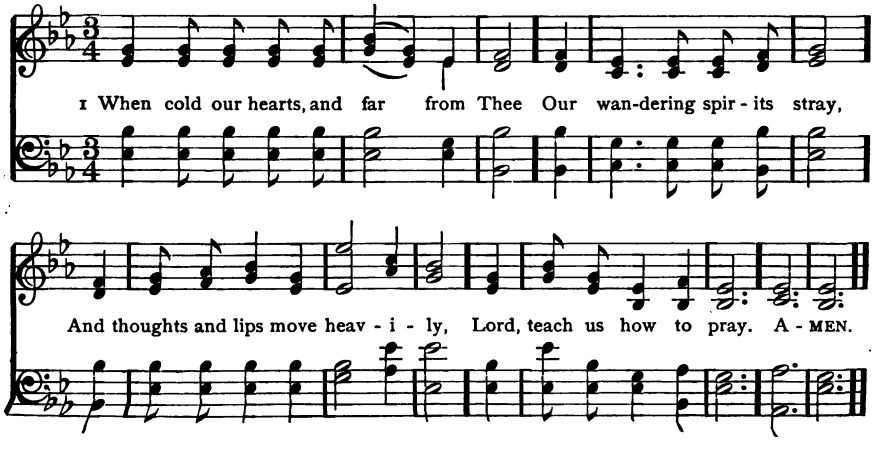
4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

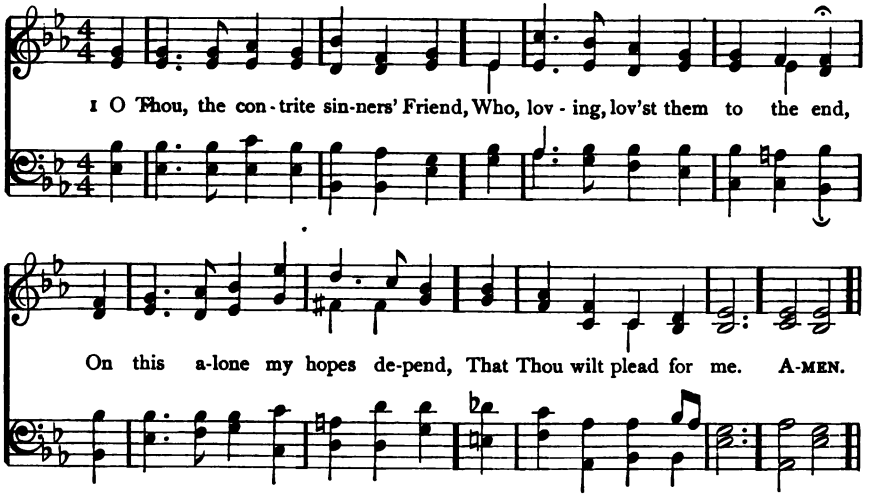
ELIZABETHTOWN C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838


1 When cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wan-dering spir - its stray,
And thoughts and lips move heav - i - ly, Lord, teach us how to pray. A - MEN.

321 ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887


1 O Thou, the con-trite sin-ners' Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,
On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A-MEN.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say Thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835: verse 5, l. 2, alt.

322 (ELIZABETHTOWN) C. M.

1 WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

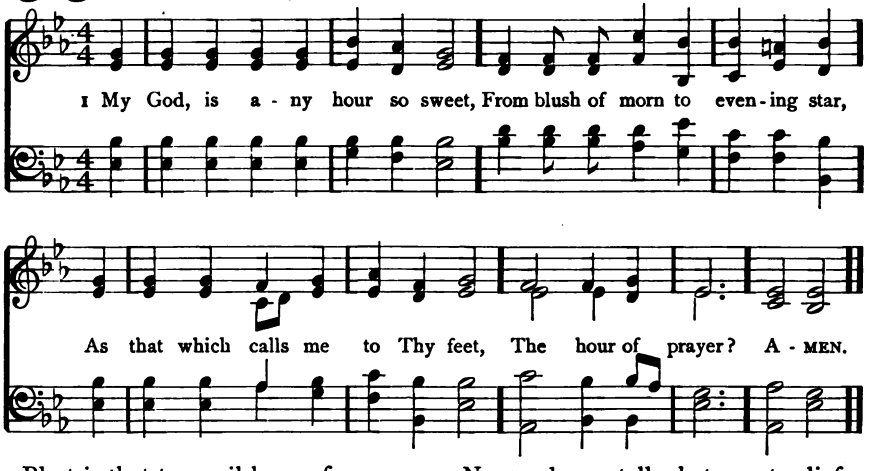
2 Too vile to venture near Thy Throne,
Too poor to turn away;
Our only voice,—Thy Spirit's groan,—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thine altar lay;
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1851

323 HERBERT 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1862

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

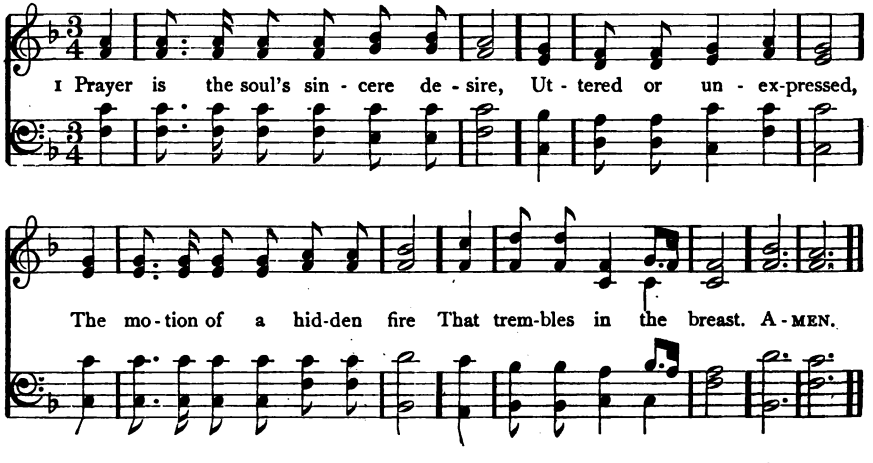
4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835 (text of 1836)

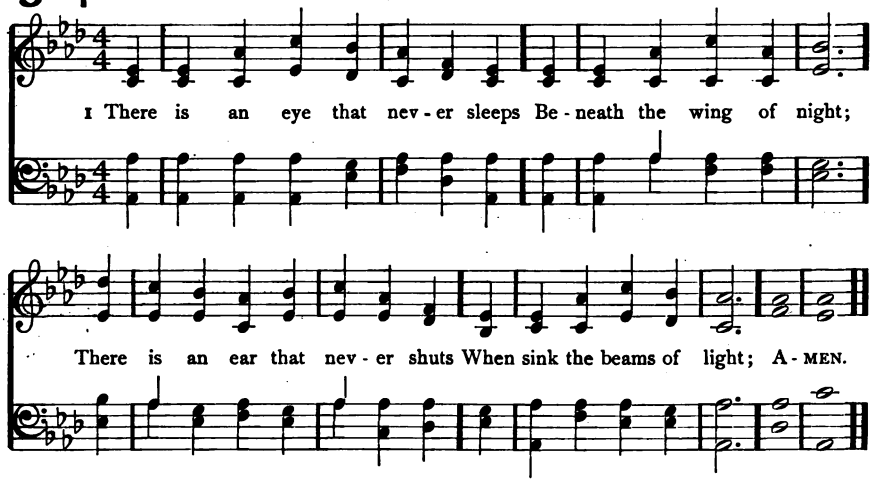
BYEFIELD C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1840



324 EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846


1 There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light; A - MEN.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

Rev. James C. Wallace (c. 1793–1841)

325 (BYEFIELD) C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

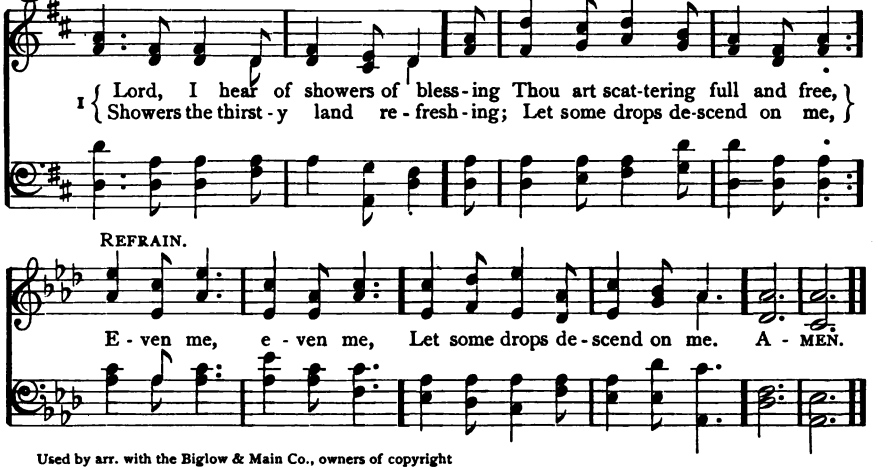
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1818

326 EVEN ME 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1862


1 Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scat-tering full and free,
Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops de-scend on me,
REFRAIN.
E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops de-scend on me. A-MEN.

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2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me.—REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—REF.

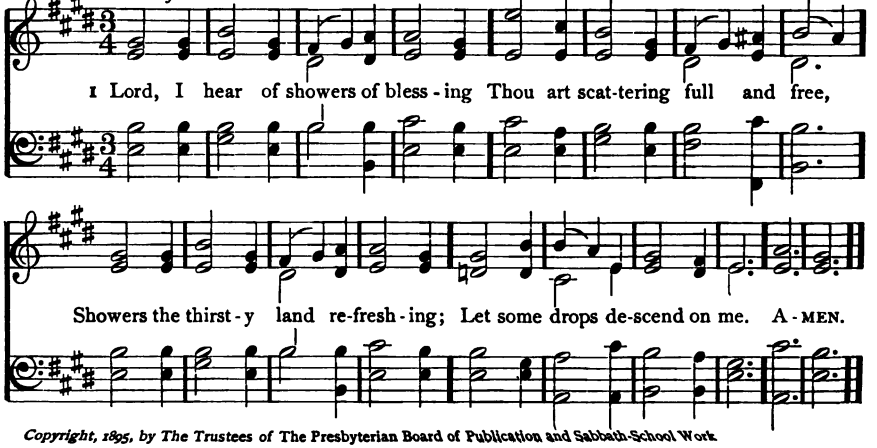
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me.—REF.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860: verse 1, l. 4, verse 2, l, 3, alt.

BEATRICE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. William W. Coe, 1895

The Refrain is to be omitted


1 Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scat-tering full and free,
Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops de-scend on me. A-MEN.

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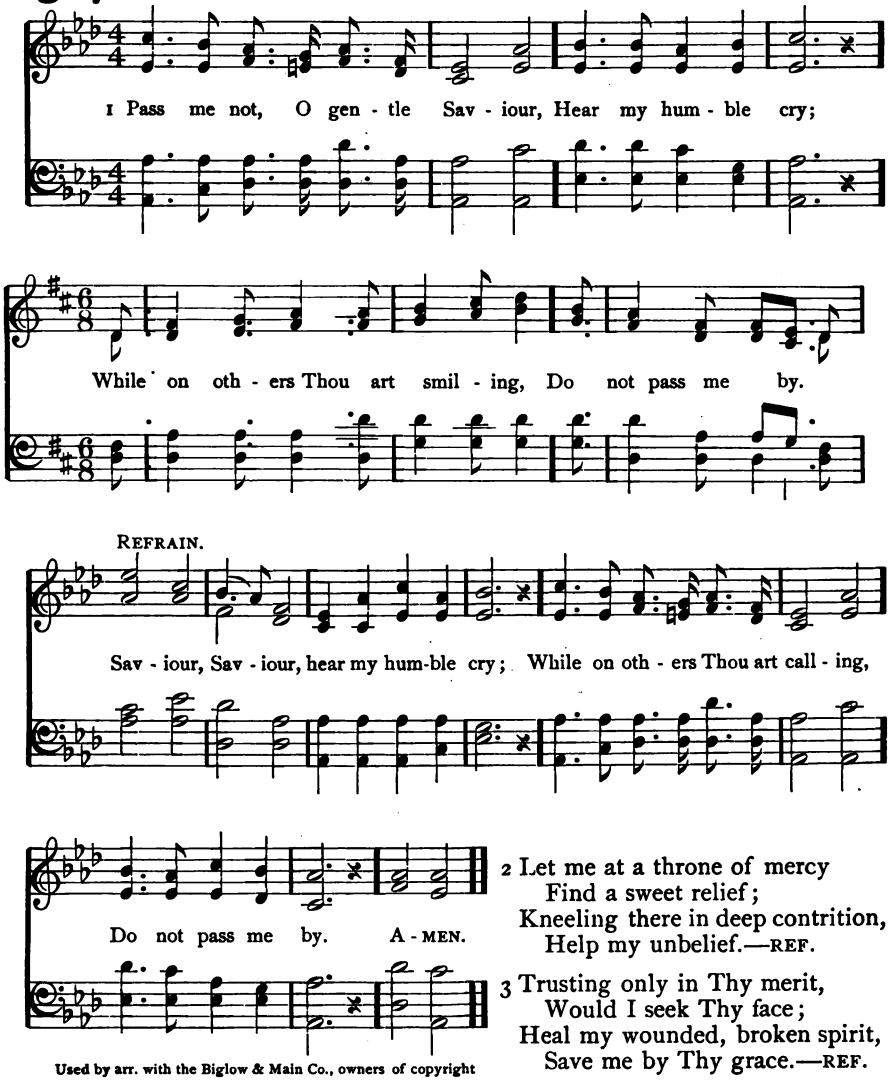
327 PASS ME NOT 8. 5. 8. 5. with Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1870


1 Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
REFRAIN.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing,
Do not pass me by. A - MEN.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—REF.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—REF.

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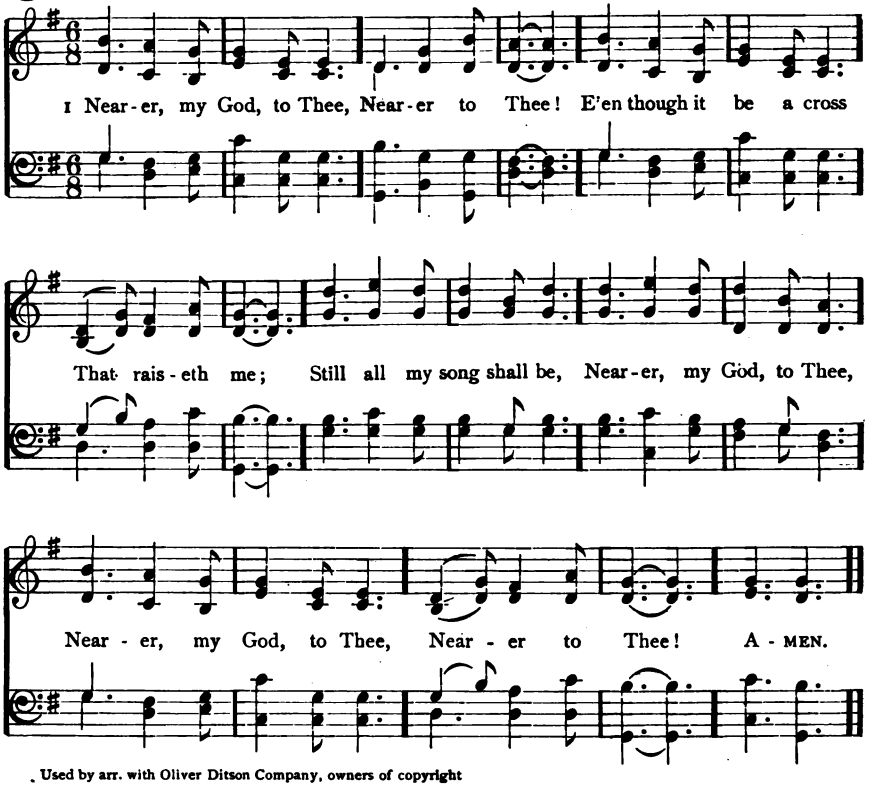
4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?—REF.

Frances J. (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1868

328 BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1856

1 Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A-MEN.

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2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

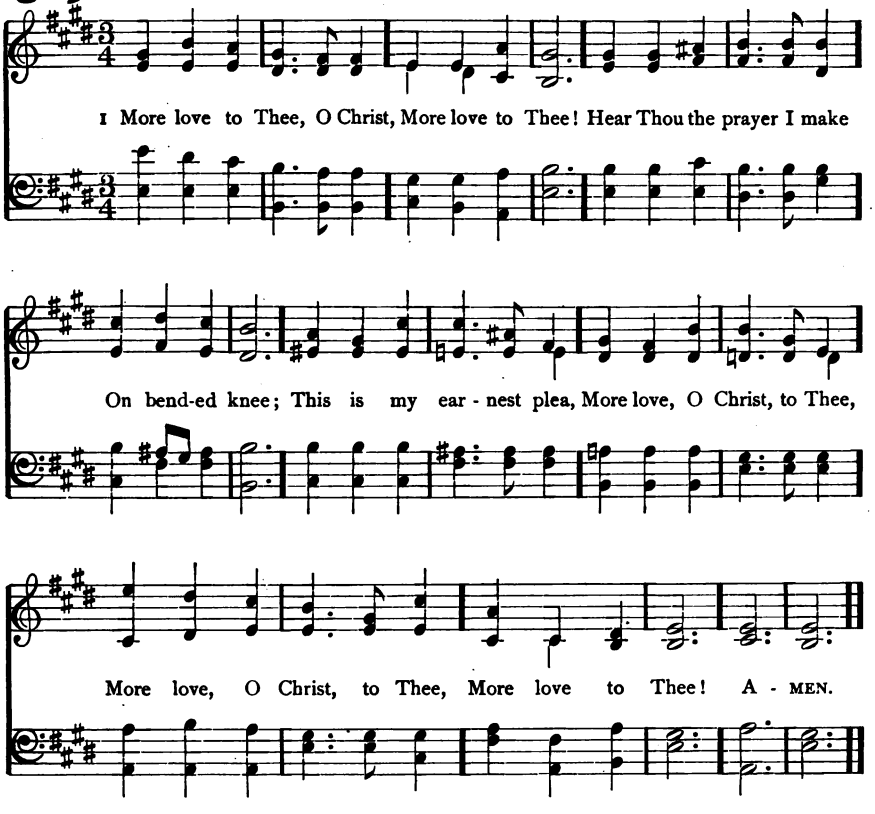
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841; verse 1, l. 5, alt.

Aspiration

329 NEARER TO THEE 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

William R. Braine, 1861

1 More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! A - MEN.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

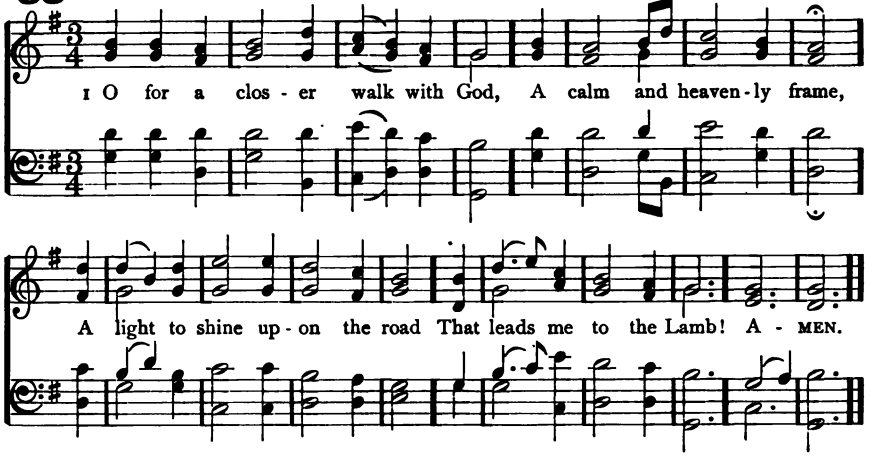
3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869

330 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

William Arnold, c. 1800



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove; return,
Sweet Messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

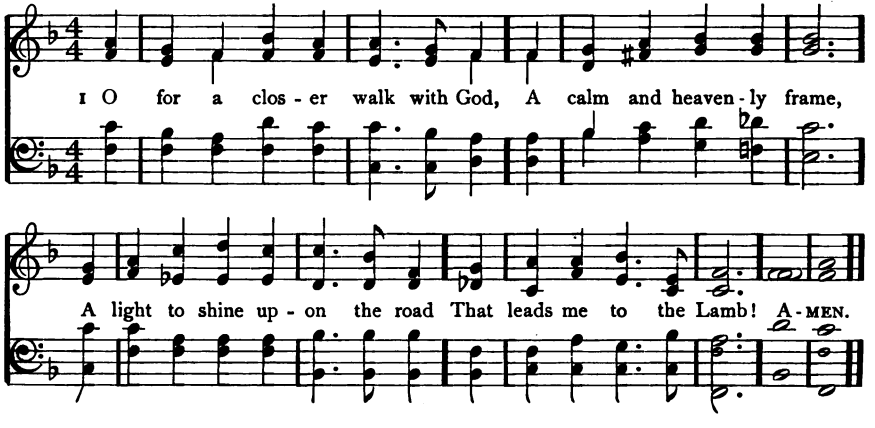
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

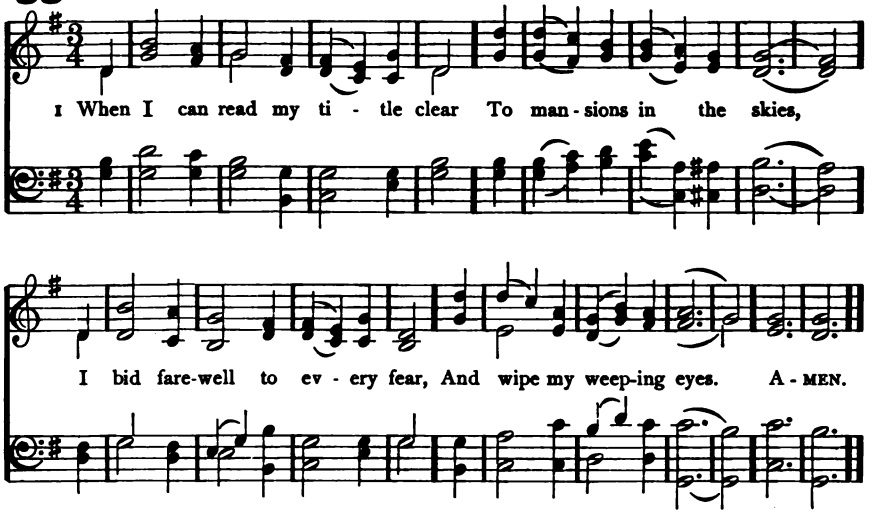
William Cowper, 1772

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



331 BELMONT C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

332 (BELMONT or DALEHURST) C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

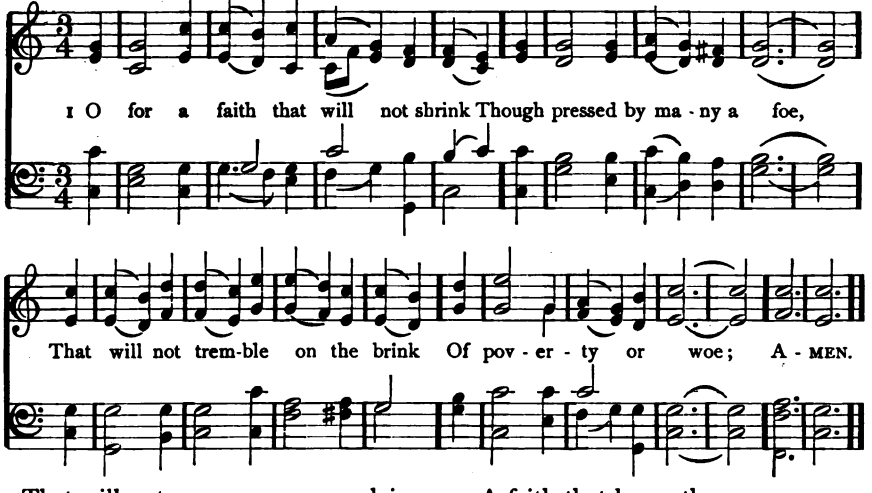
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742 (Text cf. 1780)

333 COVENTRY C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1841



2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

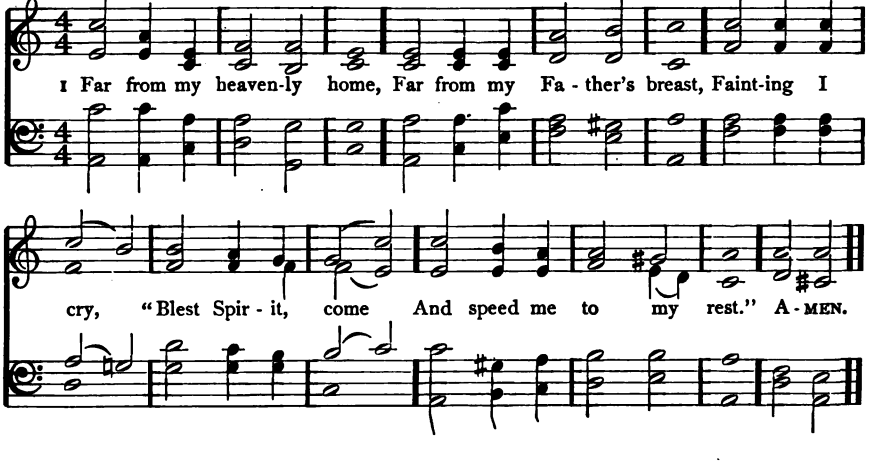
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

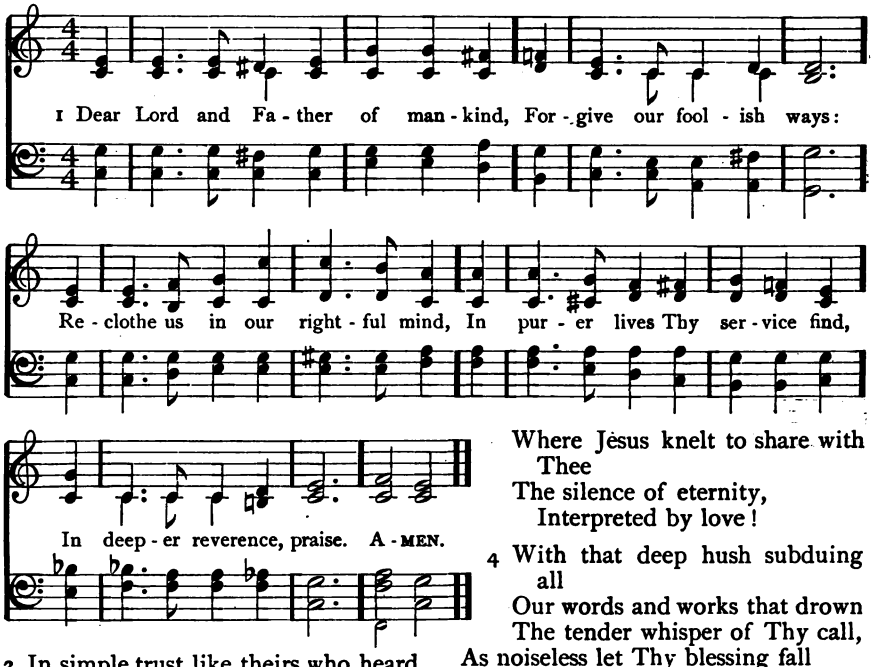
5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. William H. Bathurst, 1831

LYTE S. M.

John B. Wilkes, 1861

334 WHITTIER 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker (1844–)


1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fool - ish ways:
Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy ser - vice find,
In deep - er reverence, praise. A - MEN.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease; [stress,
Take from our souls the strain and
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

John G. Whittier, 1872

335 (LYTE) S. M.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come
And speed me to my rest."

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till thou inspire my tongue?

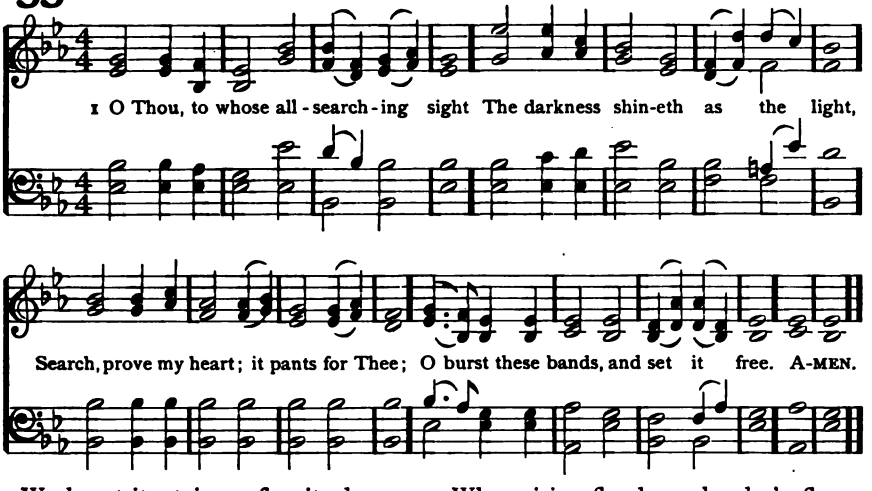
3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

336 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

1 O Thou, to whose all-search-ing sight The darkness shin-eth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; O burst these bands, and set it free. A-MEN.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Count N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721 (verse 4, Rev. J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704). Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1738: verse 3, l. 4, alt.

337 (BERA) L. M.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

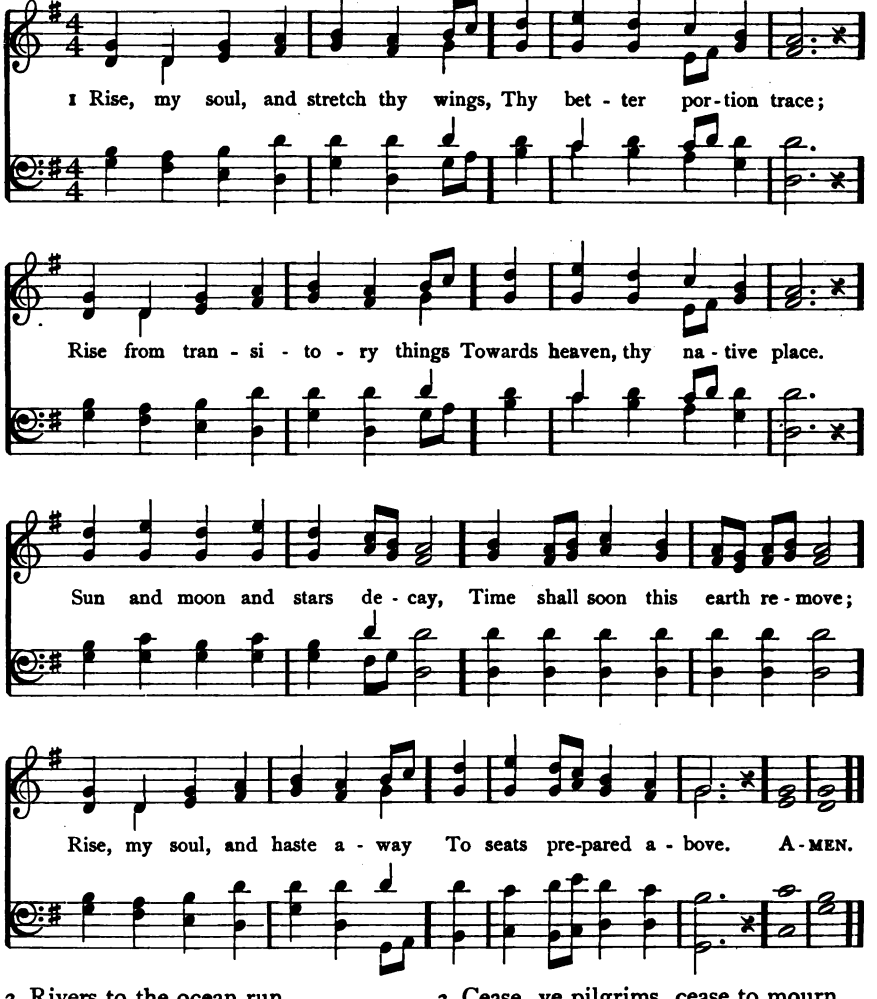
2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice Divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

338 AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

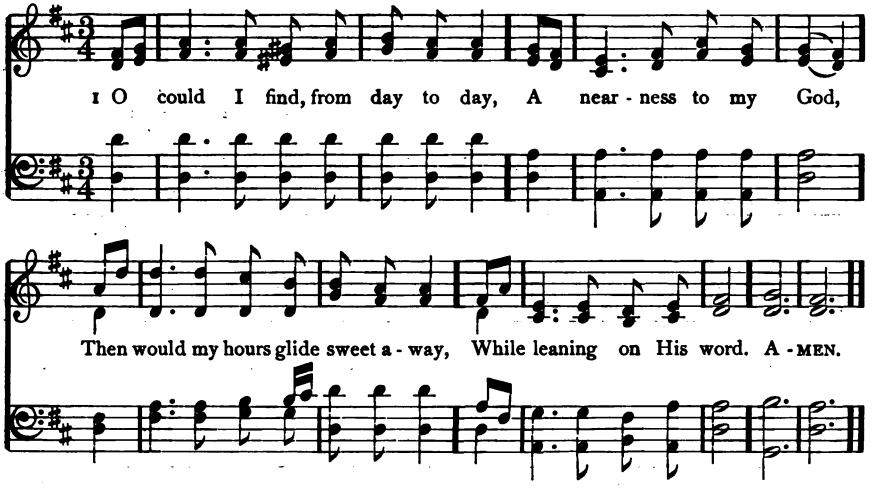
The Foundery Collection, 1742

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Rev. Robert Seagrave, 1742

339 COOLING C. M.

Alonzo J. Abbey, 1858

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live,
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love Divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland, c. 1790: alt.

340 (CANONBURY) L. M.

1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above;
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

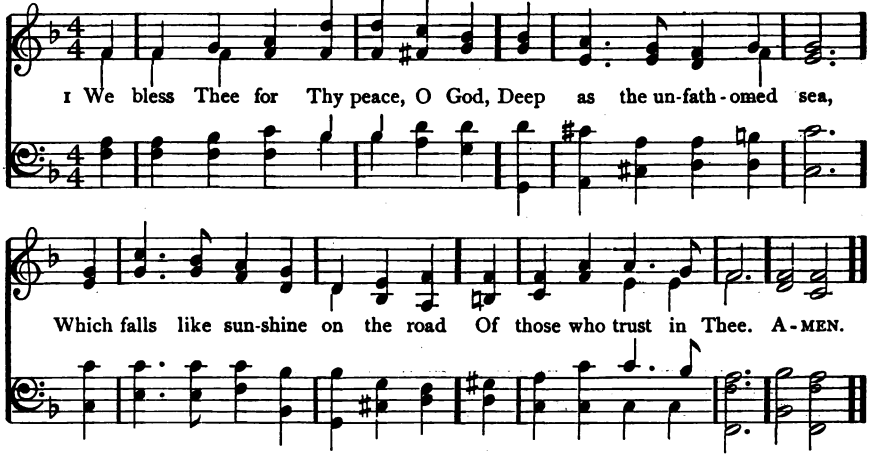
5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day:

6 For Thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749: verse 2, l. 4, alt.

341 NORTHREPPS C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887


1 We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as the un-fath-omed sea,
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A-MEN.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

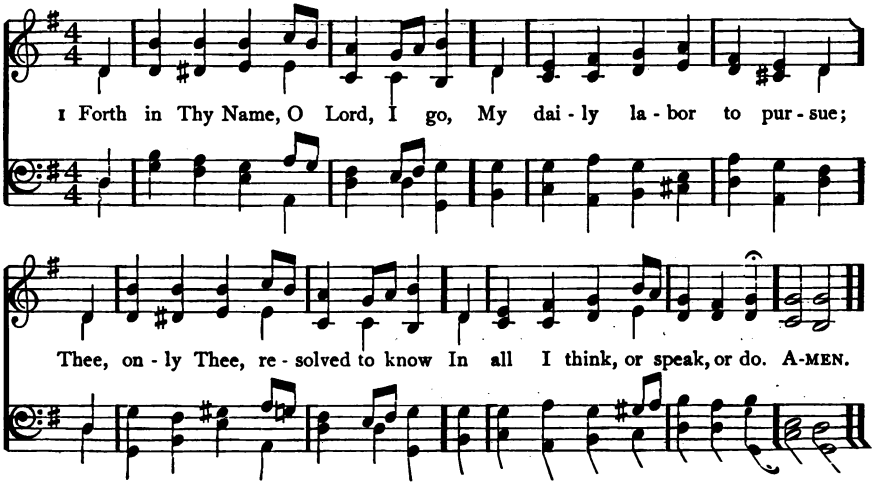
3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

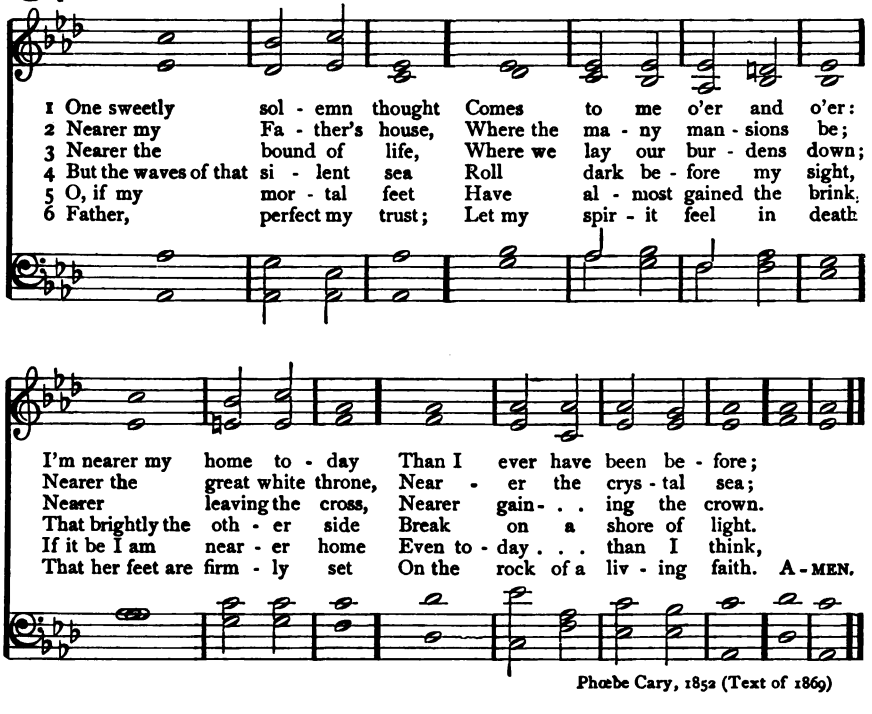
5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

CANONBURY L. M.

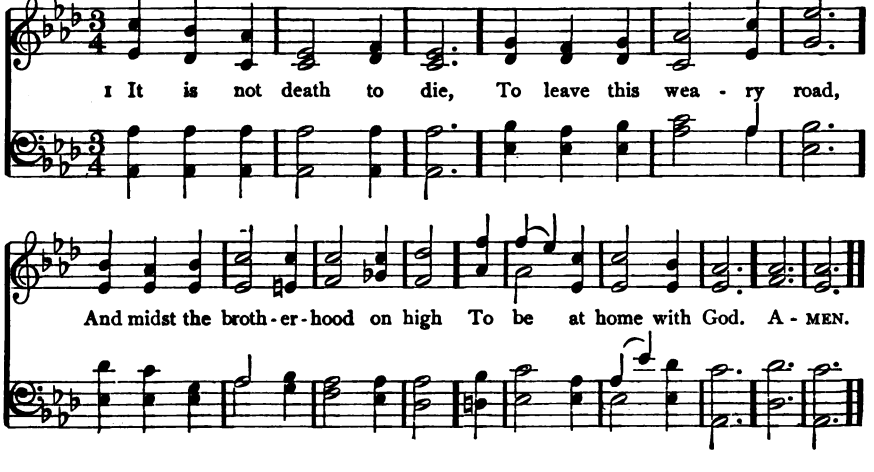
Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

342 JACOBS' CHANT Irregular

Rev. William Jacobs, 1829

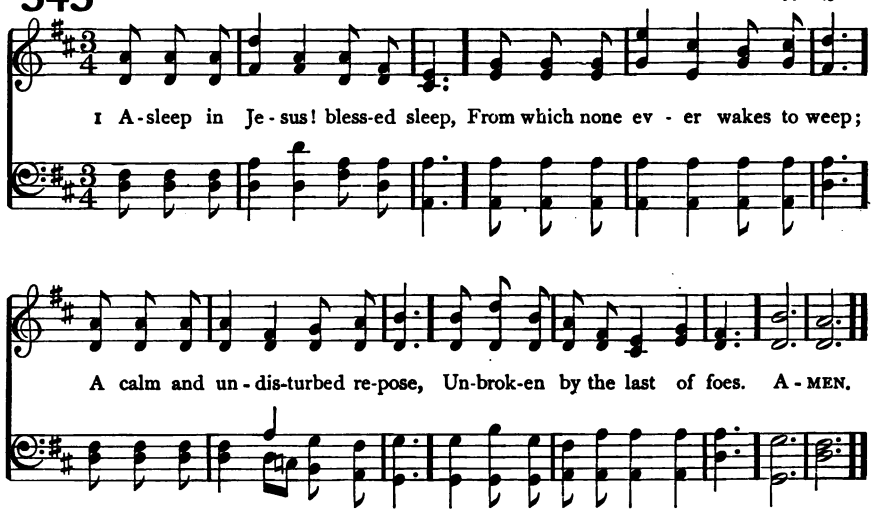

1 One sweetly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:
2 Nearer my Fa - ther's house, Where the ma - ny man - sions be;
3 Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down;
4 But the waves of that si - lent sea Roll dark be - fore my sight,
5 O, if my mor - tal feet Have al - most gained the brink;
6 Father, perfect my trust; Let my spir - it feel in death
I'm nearer my home to - day Than I ever have been be - fore;
Nearer the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea;
Nearer leaving the cross, Nearer gain- . . . ing the crown.
That brightly the oth - er side Break on a shore of light.
If it be I am near - er home Even to - day . . . than I think,
That her feet are firm - ly set On the rock of a liv - ing faith. A - MEN.

Phœbe Cary, 1852 (Text of 1869)

GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849

343 REST L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843


1 A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-MEN.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832

344 (GREENWOOD) S. M.

1 IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

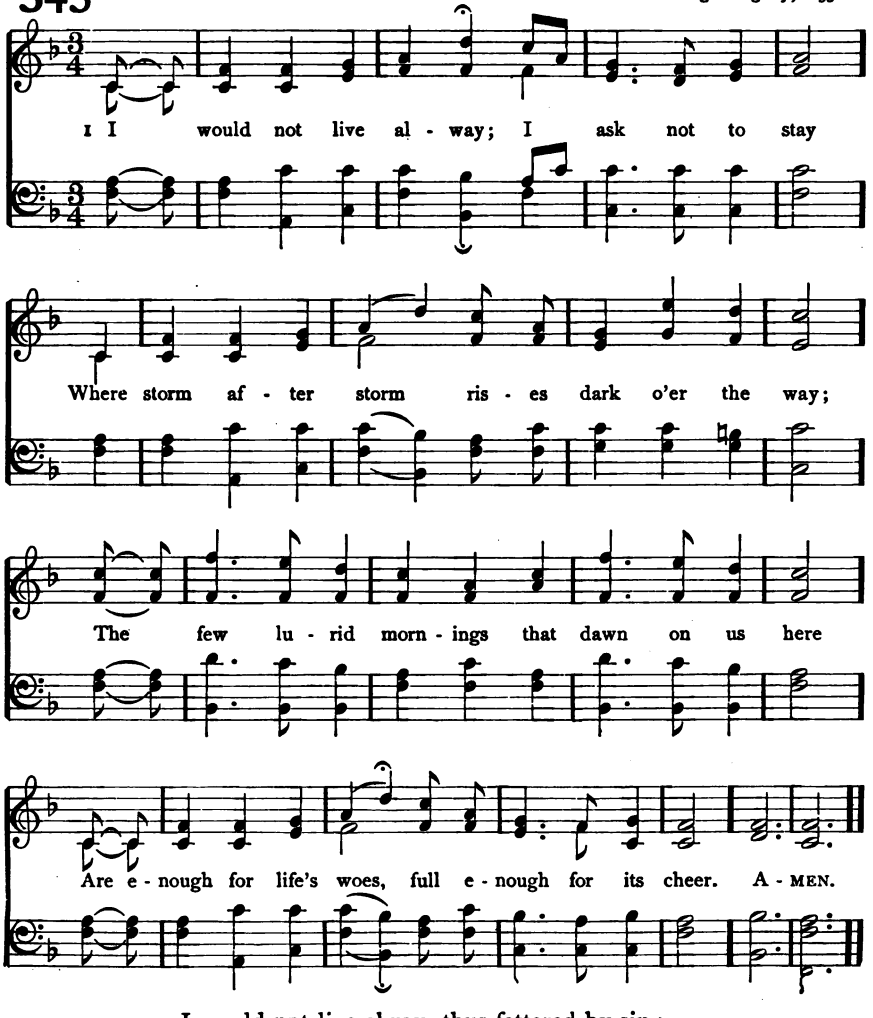
3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die:
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1832. Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1845

345 FREDERICK 11. 11. 11. 11.

George Kingsley, 1833

1 I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;
The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here
Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer. A - MEN.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

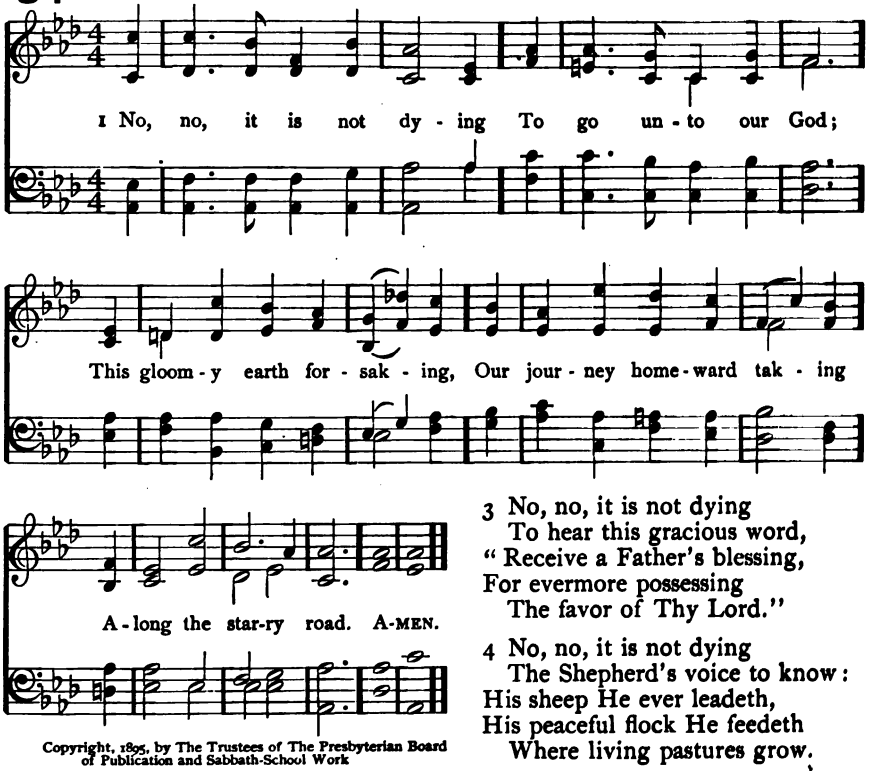
4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, c. 1824 (Text of 1826)

346 WAKEFIELD 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895


1 No, no, it is not dy - ing To go un - to our God;
This gloom - y earth for - sak - ing, Our jour - ney home - ward tak - ing
A - long the star-ry road. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1895, by The Trustees of The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."

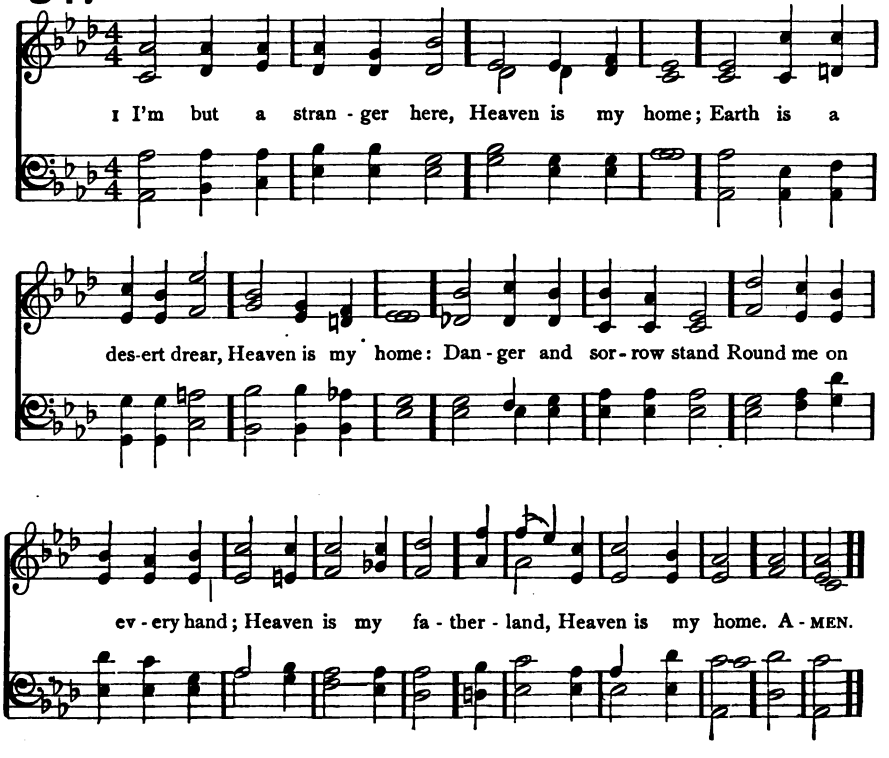
4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know:
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth
Where living pastures grow.

5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1832. Tr. Rev. Robinson P. Dunn, 1849

347 HEAVEN IS MY HOME 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872


1 I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a
des-ert drear, Heaven is my home: Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on
ev - ery hand; Heaven is my fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home. A - MEN.

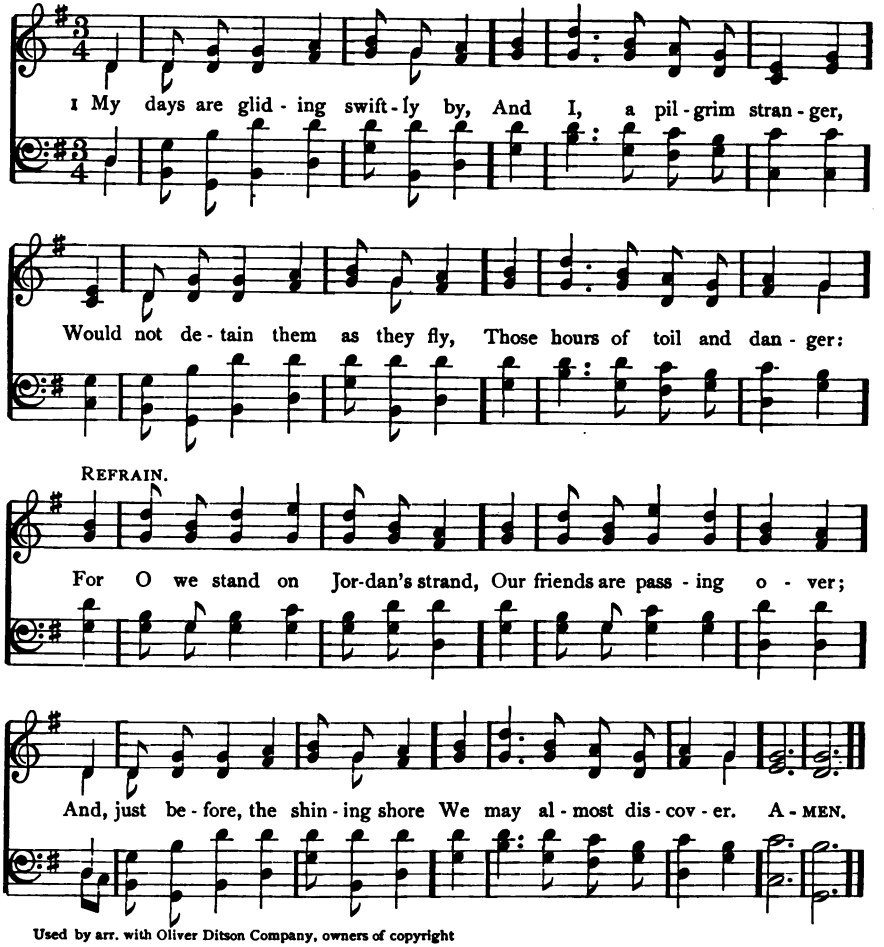
2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, publ. 1836

348 SHINING SHORE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

George F. Root, 1859

1 My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger:
REFRAIN.
For O we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;
And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er. A - MEN.

Used by arr. with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of copyright

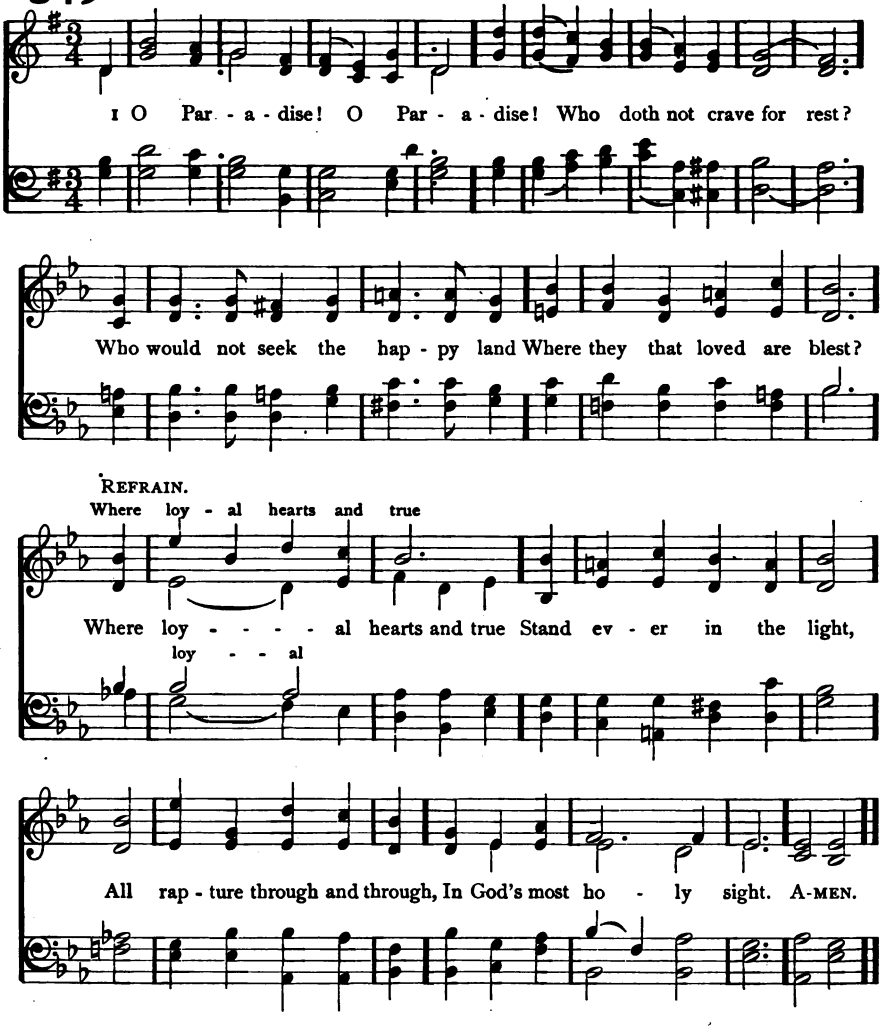
2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
"Let every lamp be burning."—REF.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. REF.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
For ever, O for ever.—REF.

Rev. David Nelson, 1835

349 PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866

1 O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
REFRAIN.
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
loy - - al
All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-MEN.

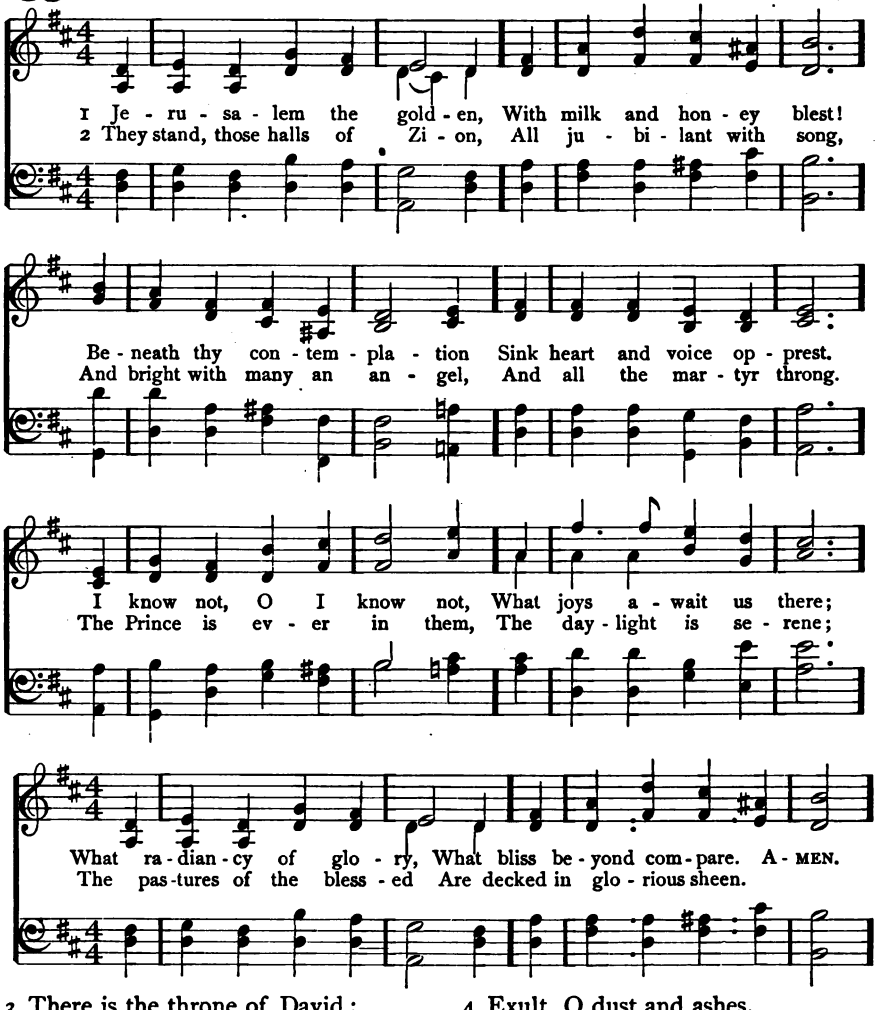
2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?—REF.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;—REF.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;—REF.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1862; verse 4, added, Hy. Anc. and Mod. 1868

350 EWING 7.6.7.6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare. A - MEN.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

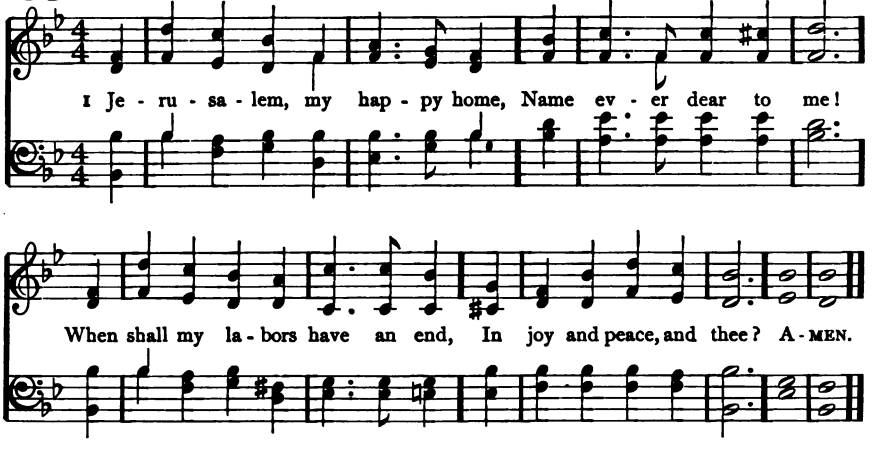
3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851; verse 1, ll. 6, 8, verse 2, l. 2, alt.

351 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865



2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery,) Eckington Coll., c. 1796 (based on "F. B. P.," in MS. of 16th or 17th cent.)

352 (ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE) S. M.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love:

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

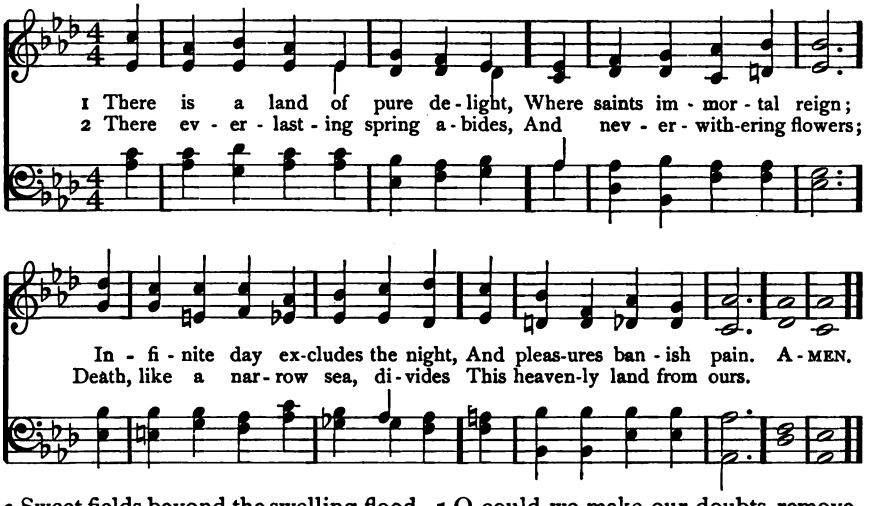
5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery, 1818 (text of 1825)

353 ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

Rev. Edward C. Walker, 1876


1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2 There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-ering flowers;
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. A-MEN.
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heaven-ly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

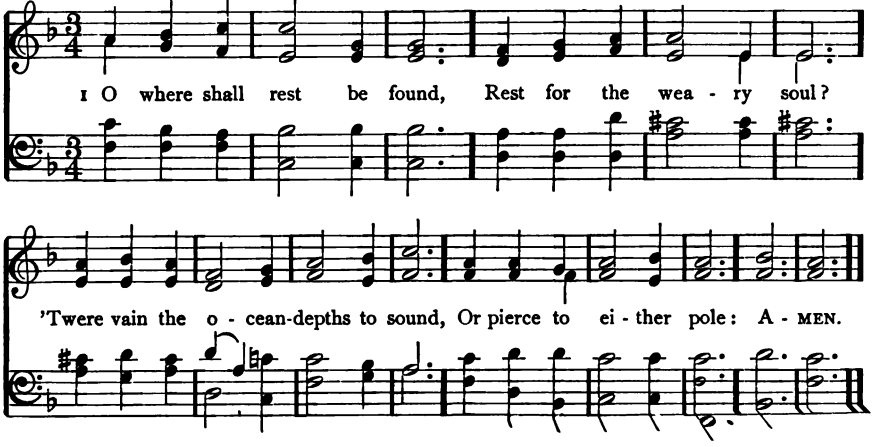
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

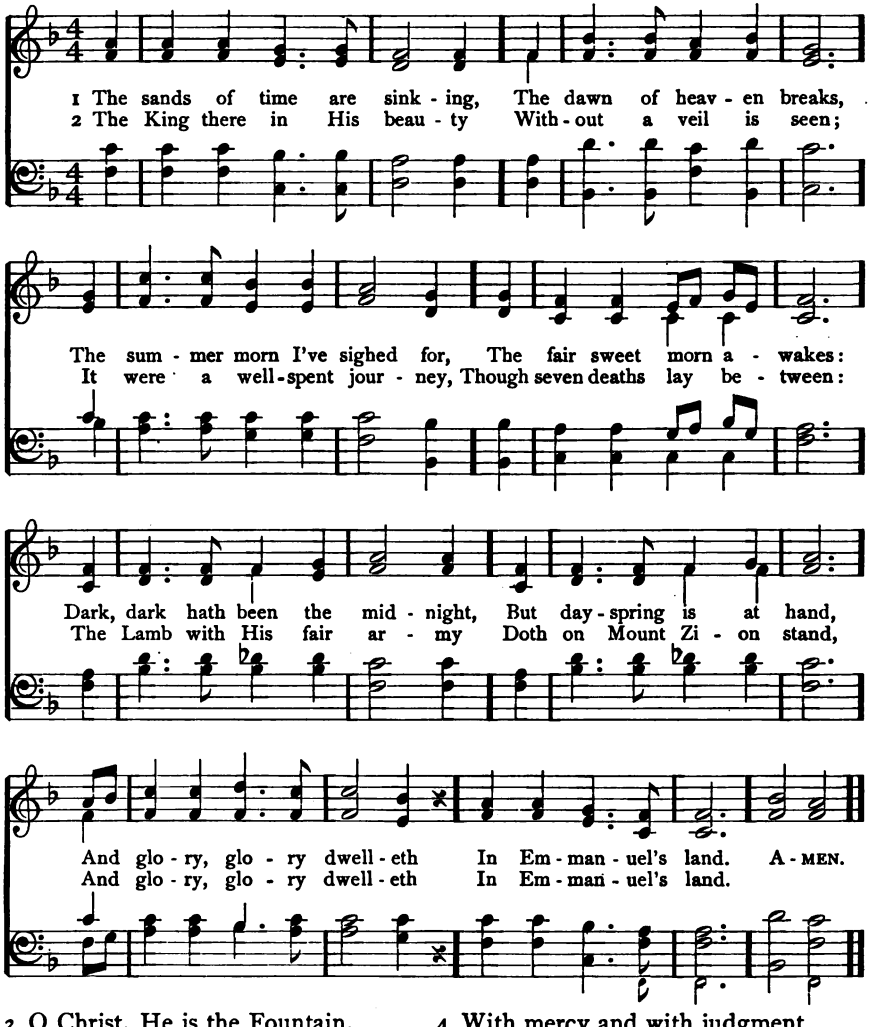
5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE S. M.

George Lomas, 1876

354 RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

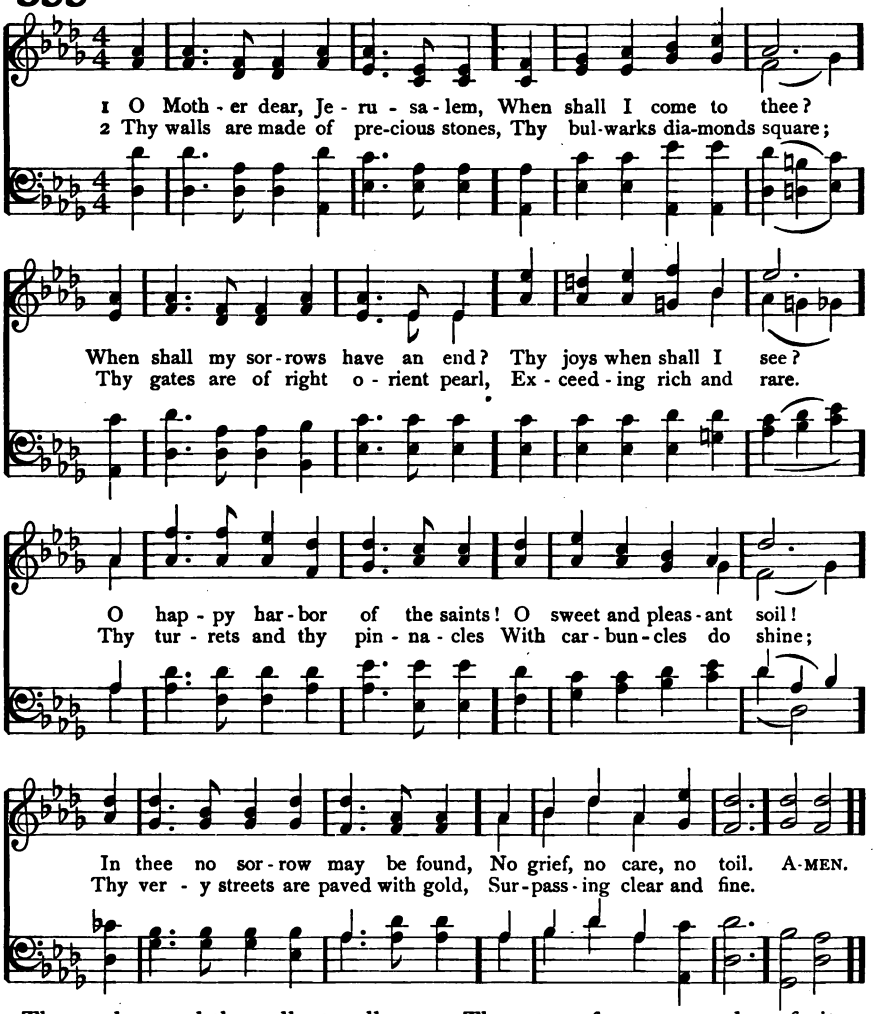
Arr. from Chrétien Urhan, 1834,
by Edw. F. Rimbault, 1867

1 The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2 The King there in His beau - ty With - out a veil is seen;
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes:
It were a well-spent jour - ney, Though seven deaths lay be - tween:
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
The Lamb with His fair ar - my Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - MEN.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.

3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet Well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin, 1857

355 MATERNA C. M. D.

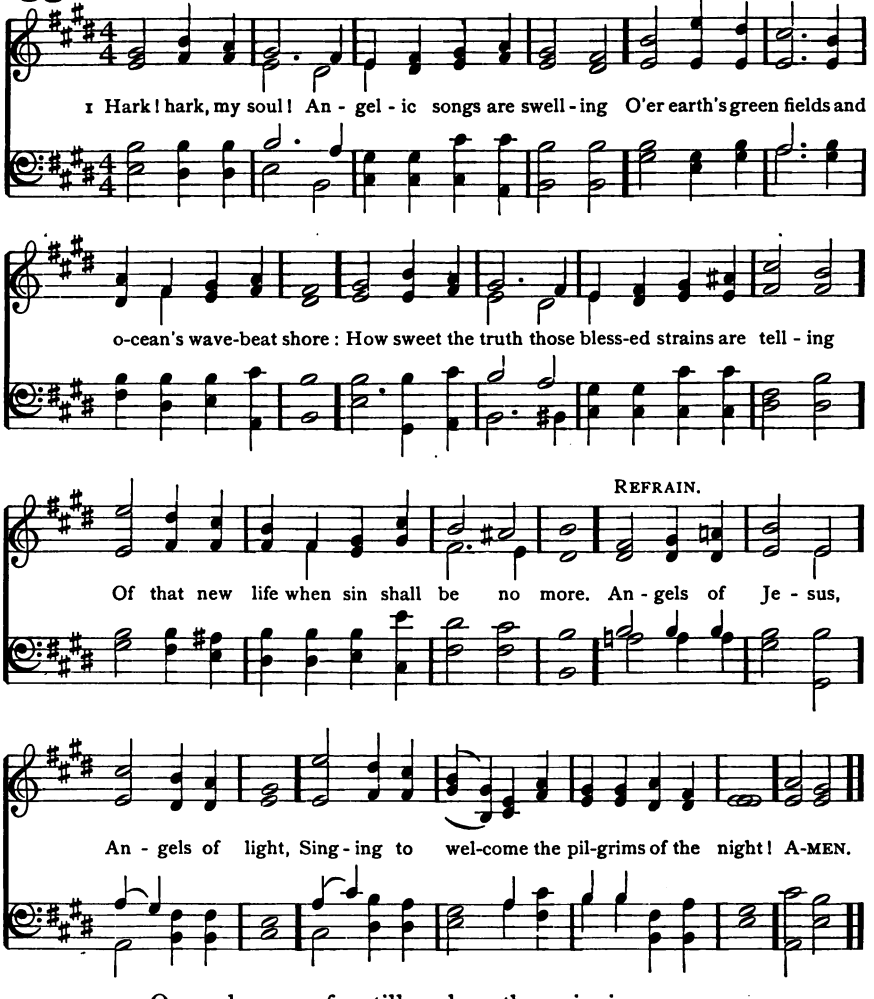
Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1 O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
2 Thy walls are made of pre-cious stones, Thy bul-warks dia-monds square;
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl, Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare.
O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
Thy tur - rets and thy pin - na - cles With car - bun - cles do shine;
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A-MEN.
Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold, Sur-pass - ing clear and fine.

3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green, [flowers
There grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver
The flood of life doth flow; [sound,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

4 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

"F. B. P.," in MS. of 16th or 17th cent.: verse 1, l. 1, from W. Prid, 1585

356 PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

Henry Smart, 1868

1 Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
REFRAIN.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night! A-MEN.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

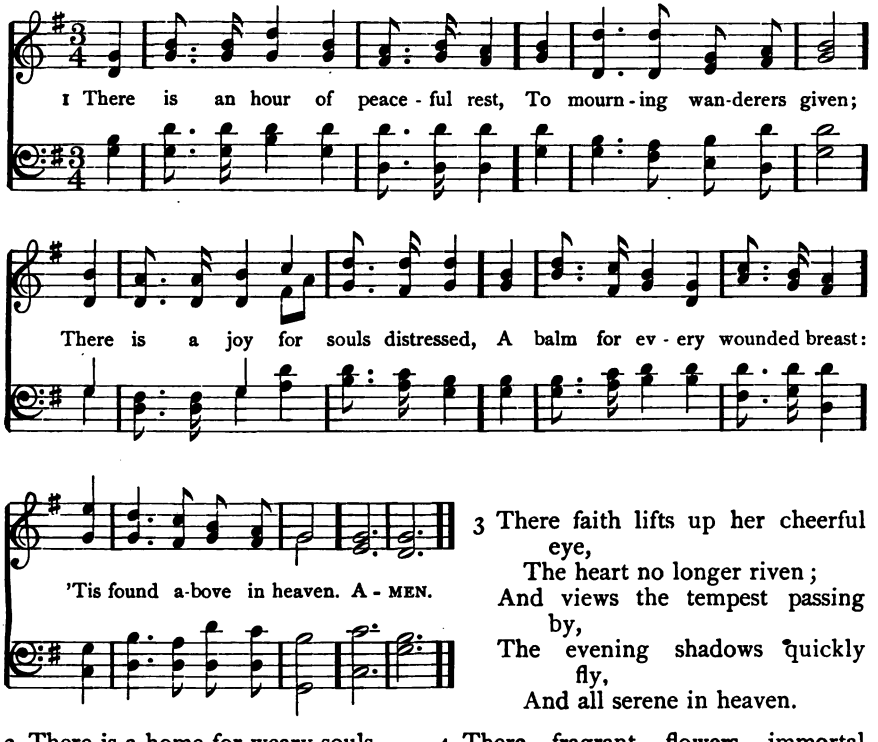
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854: verse 4, l. 3, verse 5, ll. 3, 4, alt.

357 WOODLAND 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Nathaniel D. Gould, 1832

1 There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wan-derers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast:
'Tis found a-bove in heaven. A - MEN.

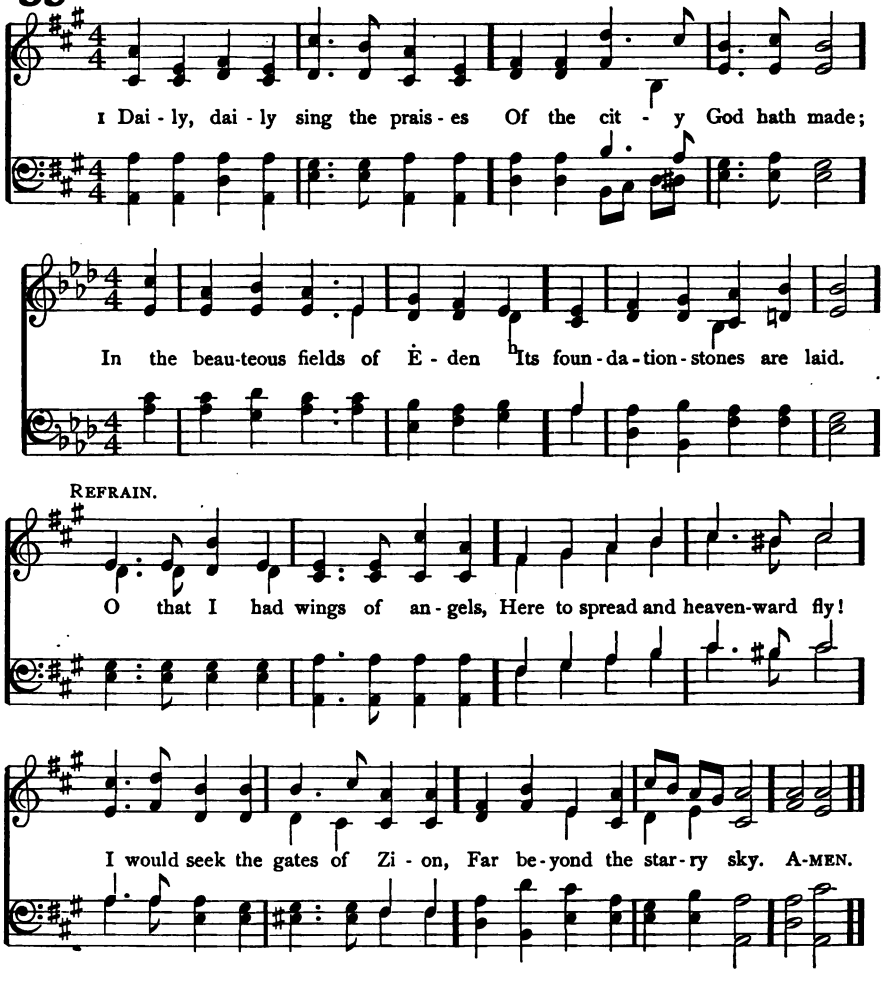
2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays Divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1818

358 DAILY, DAILY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henri F. Hemy, 1865

1 Dai - ly, dai - ly sing the prais - es Of the cit - y God hath made;
In the beau-teous fields of È - den Its foun - da - tion - stones are laid.
REFRAIN.
O that I had wings of an - gels, Here to spread and heaven-ward fly!
I would seek the gates of Zi - on, Far be - yond the star - ry sky. A-MEN.

2 All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.—REF.

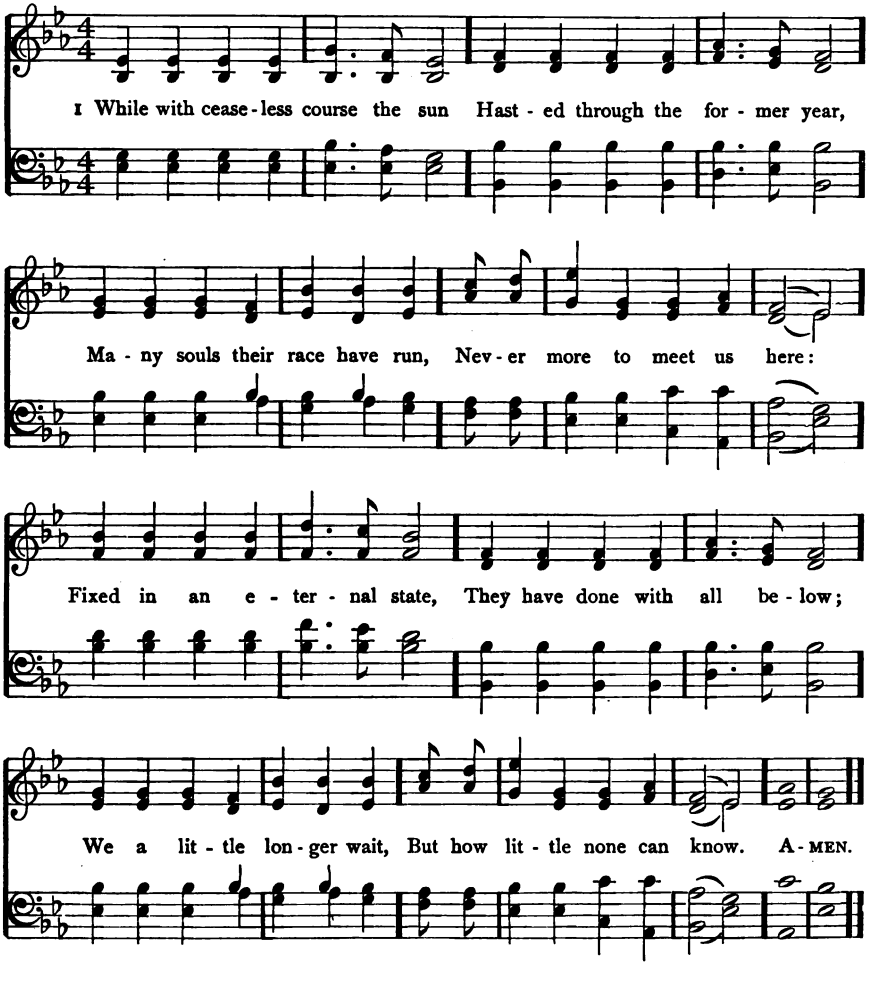
3 In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.—REF.

4 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand, thousand are the colors
Of the waving flowers there.—REF.

5 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.—REF.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

359 BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

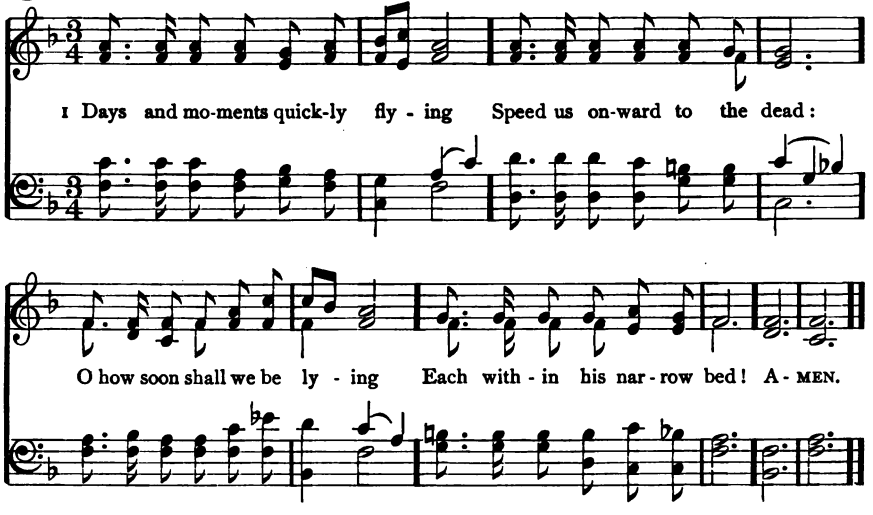
Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792

1 While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed through the for-mer year,
Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:
Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;
We a lit-tle lon-ger wait, But how lit-tle none can know. A-MEN.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774

360 ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

3 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

4 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

5 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand:
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858; recast in Church Hymns, 1871

361 (GERMANY) L. M.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

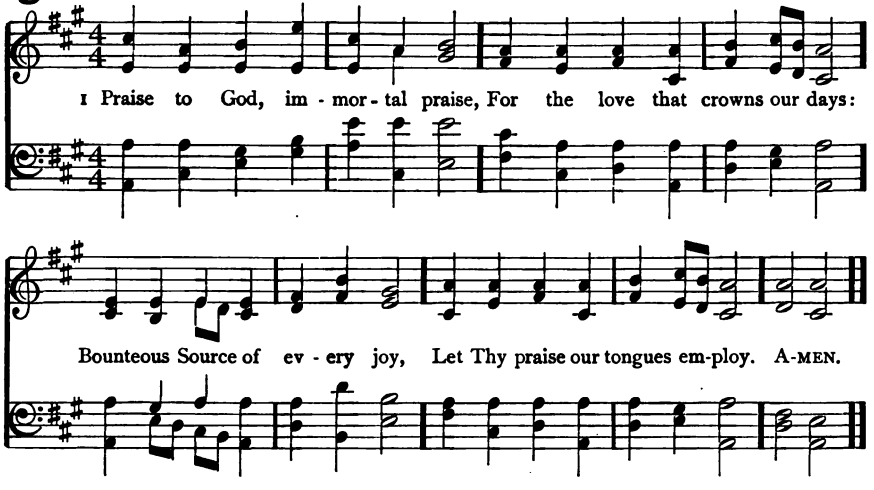
3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

362 NUREMBERG 7.7.7.7.

Alt. from Johann R. Ahle, 1664

1 Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy. A-MEN.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

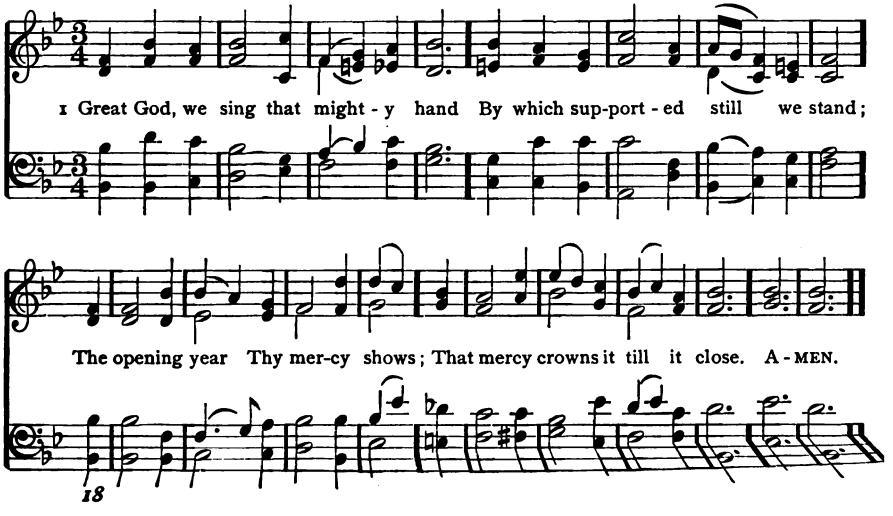
3 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—

4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

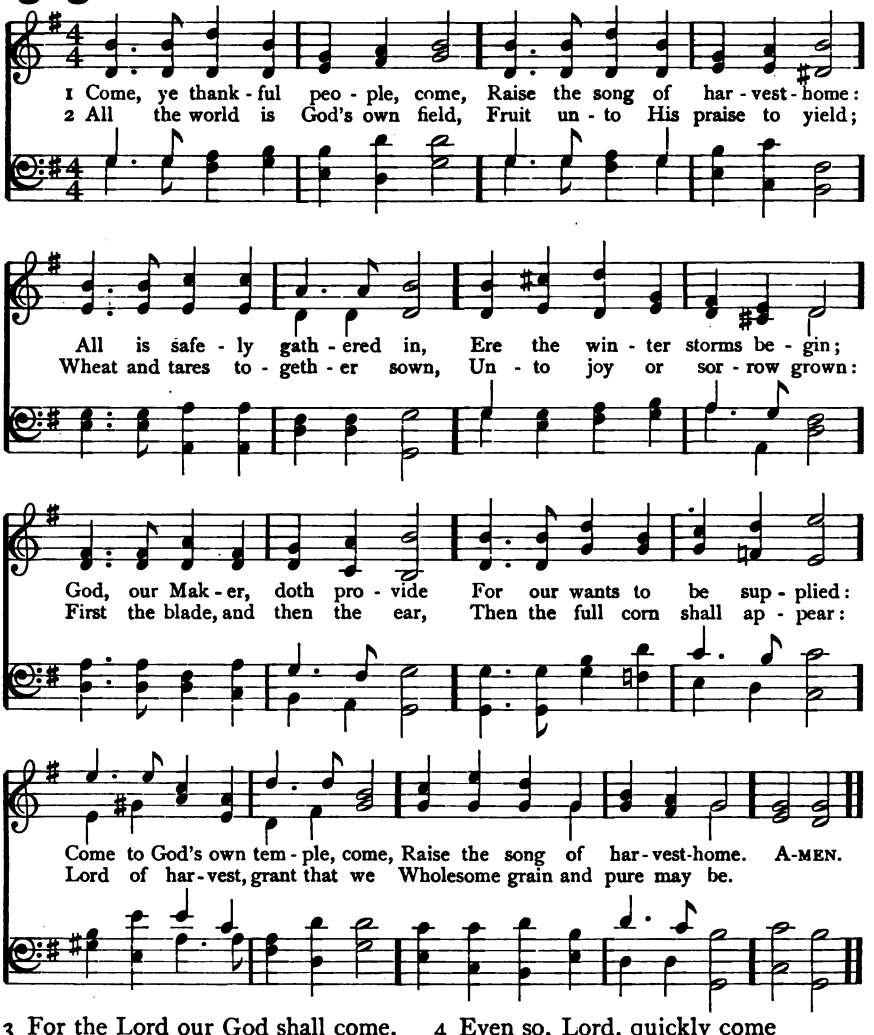
Anna L. Barbauld, 1772

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815


1 Great God, we sing that might - y hand By which sup-port - ed still we stand;
The opening year Thy mer-cy shows; That mercy crowns it till it close. A - MEN.

363 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey 1859

1 Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home:
2 All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home. A-MEN.
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

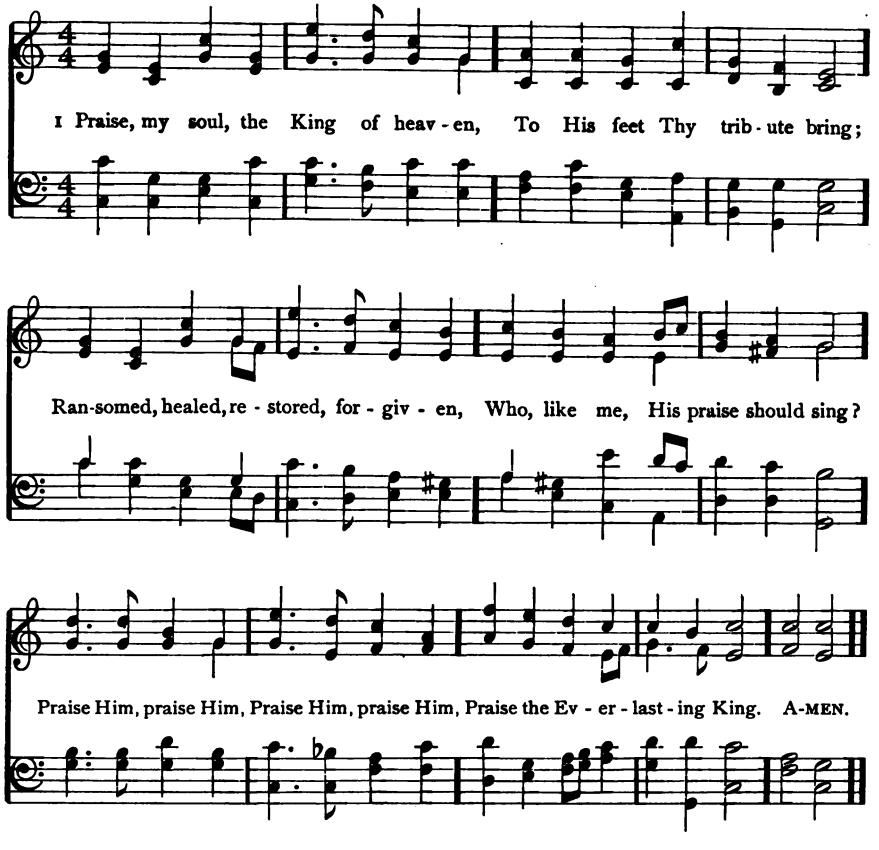
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1844

364 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1867


1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet Thy trib - ute bring;
Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King. A-MEN.

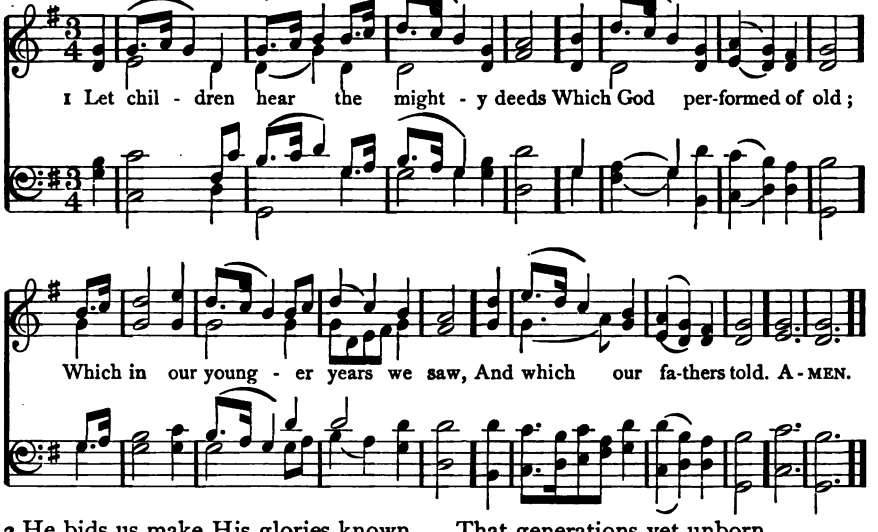
2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

365 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

William Tans'ur, 1735

1 Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds Which God per-formed of old;
Which in our young - er years we saw, And which our fa-thers told. A - MEN.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down,
Through every rising race.

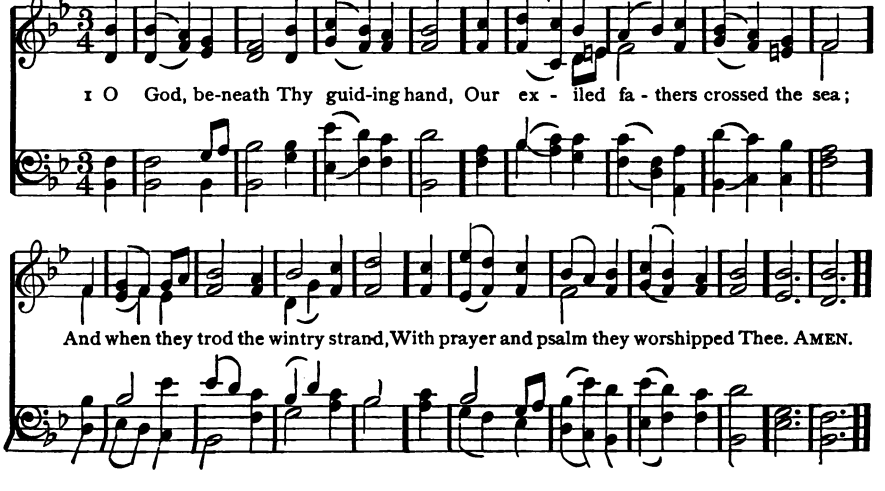
3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

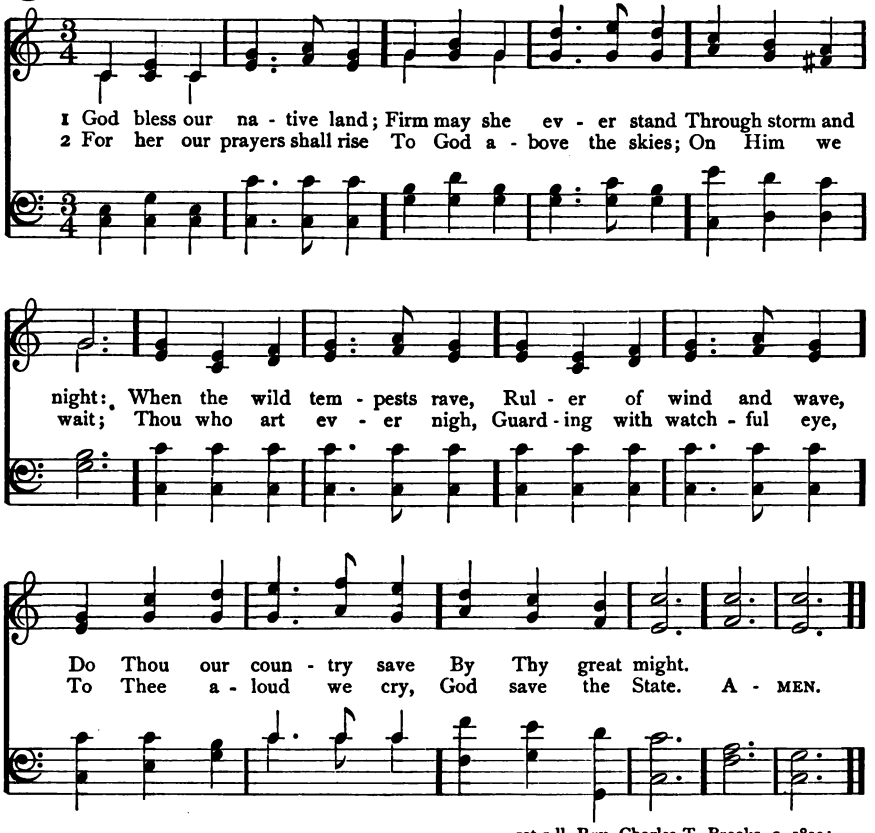
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738


1 O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand, With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee. AMEN.

366 DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand Through storm and
2 For her our prayers shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we
night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave,
wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard - ing with watch - ful eye,
Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State. A - MEN.

1st 5 ll. Rev. Charles T. Brooks, c. 1833:
the remainder, Rev. John S. Dwight, 1844

367 (WAREHAM) L. M.

1 O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

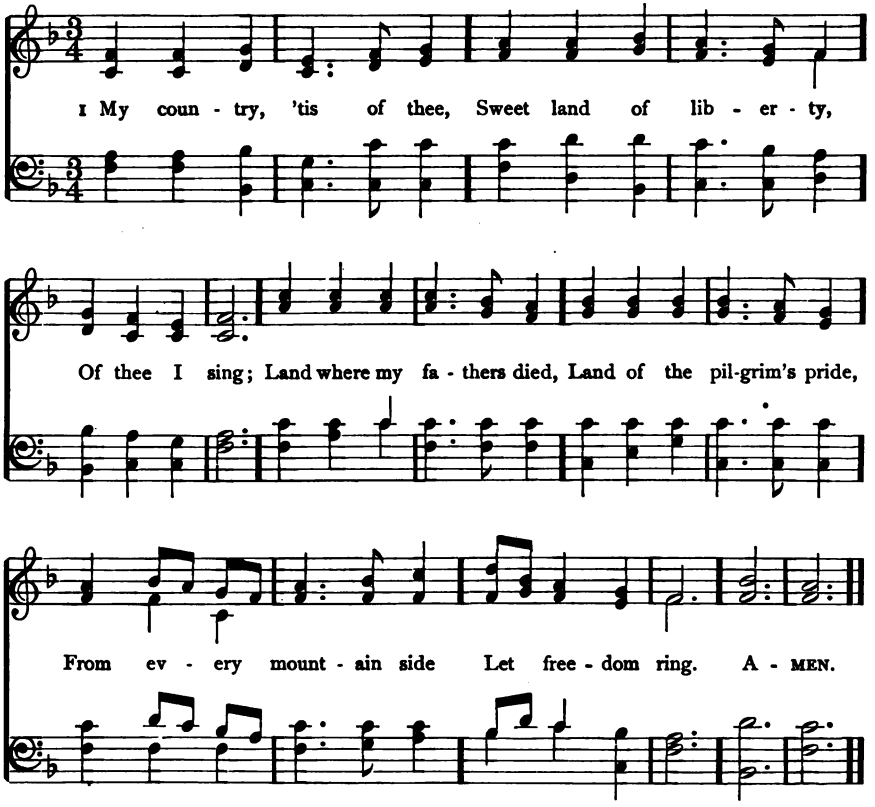
2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy Name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1833 (text of 1845)

368 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Harmonia Anglicana, 1744

1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride,
From ev - ery mount - ain side Let free - dom ring. A - MEN.

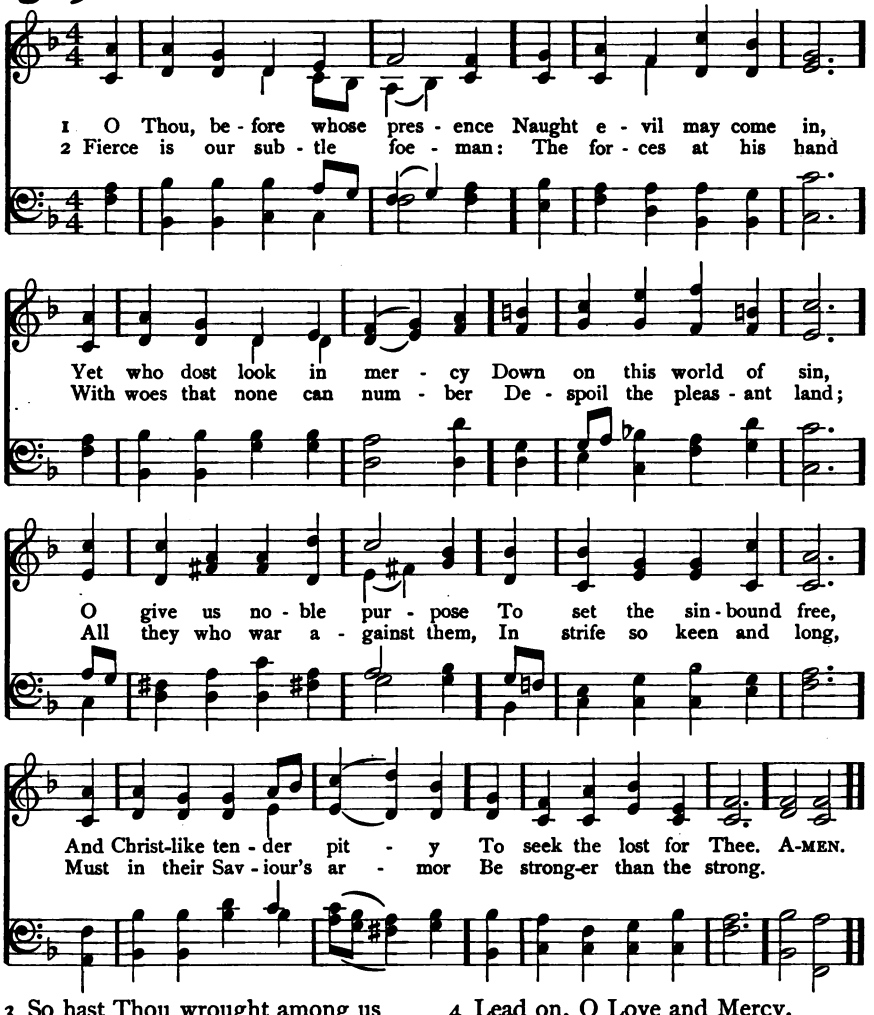
2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832

369 JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

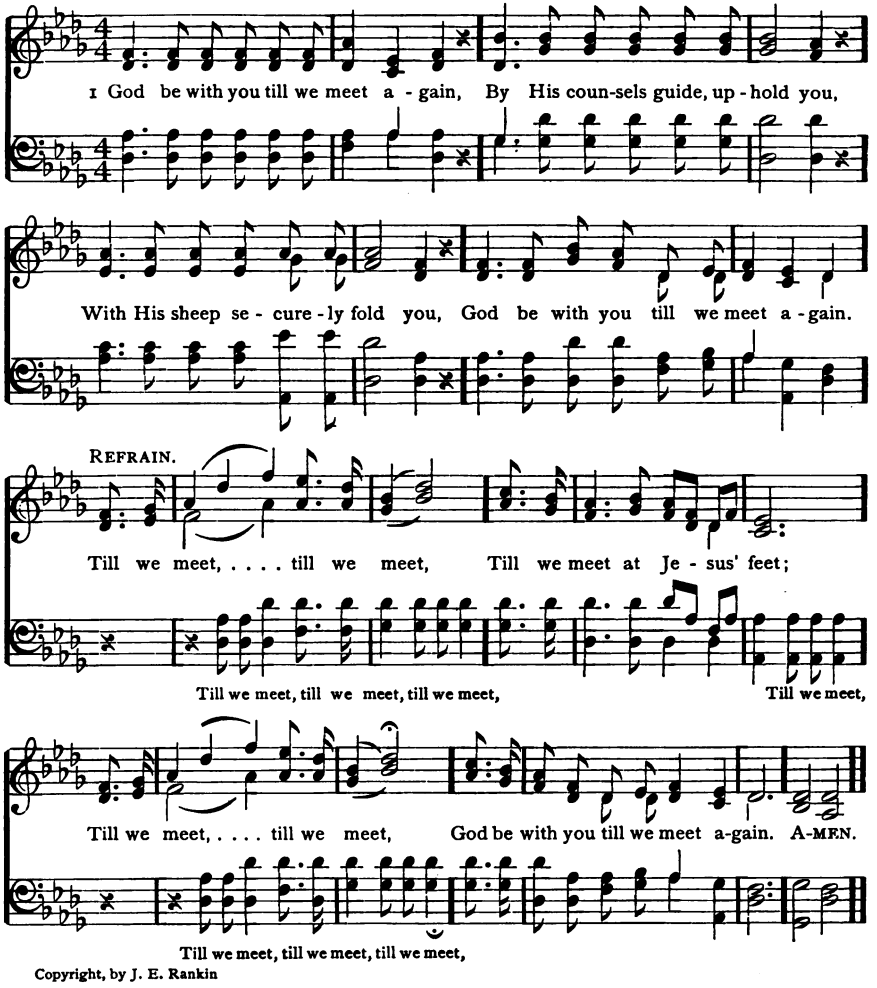
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 O Thou, be - fore whose pres - ence Naught e - vil may come in,
2 Fierce is our sub - tle foe - man: The for - ces at his hand
Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin,
With woes that none can num - ber De - spoil the pleas - ant land;
O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,
All they who war a - gainst them, In strife so keen and long,
And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee. A-MEN.
Must in their Sav - iour's ar - mor Be strong-er than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power;
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1869

370 GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. with Refrain

William G. Tomer, 1882

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
REFRAIN.
Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again. REF.

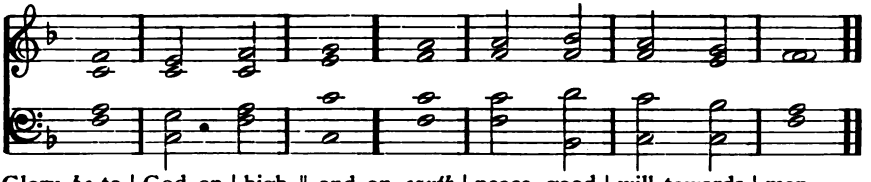
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again. REF.

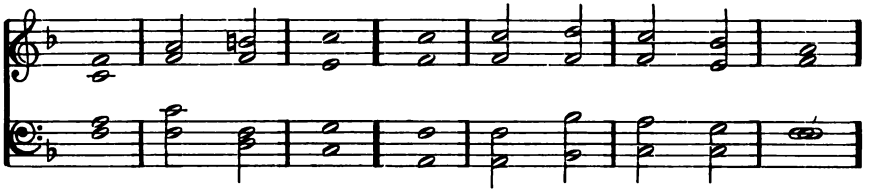
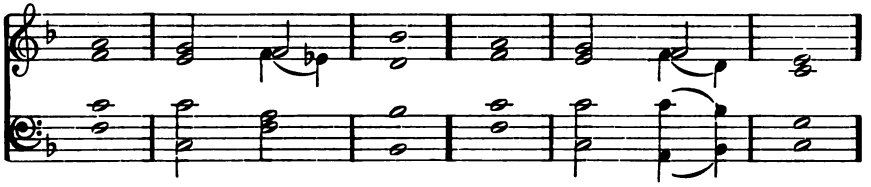
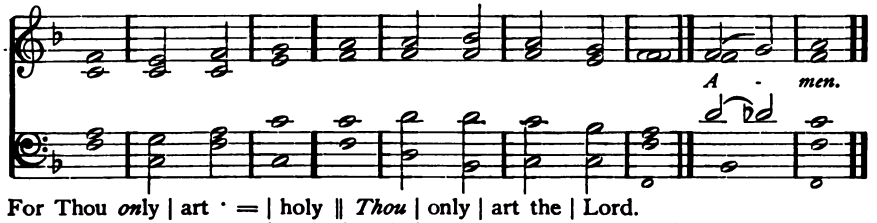
4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again. REF.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1882

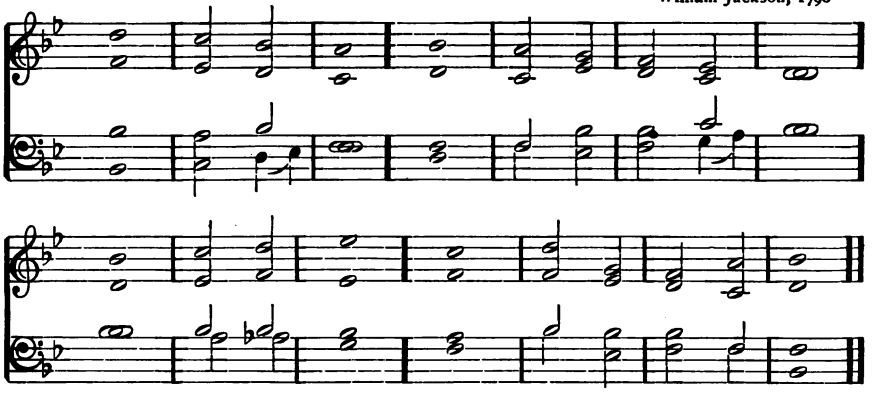
371 Gloria in Excelsis

Old Chant



Glory *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace, good | will towards | men.
We praise Thee * we bless *Thee* * we | worship | Thee || we glorify Thee * we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

O Lord *God* | heavenly | King || *God* the | Father | Al · = | mighty.
O Lord * the only-begotten *Son* | Jesus | Christ || O Lord God * Lamb of God * | Son · = | of the | Father,

That takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world || have *mer*cy up | on · = | us.
Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world || have *mer*cy up | on · = | us.
Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world || *re* | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mer*cy up | on · = | us.

For Thou *on*ly | art · = | holy || *Thou* | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O *Christ* * with the | Holy | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory · of | God the | Father || A | men.

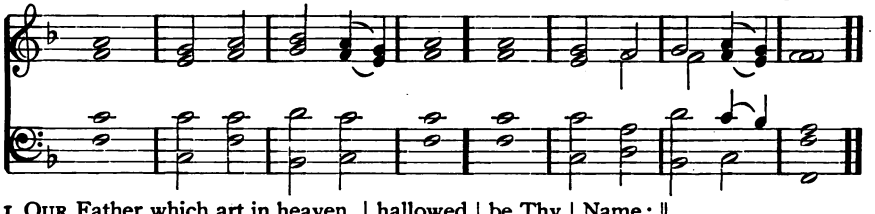
372 Deus misereatur

William Jackson, 1790

1 God be merciful *un*to | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance * *and* be | merci · ful | unto | us;
2 That Thy *way* may be | known up · on | earth || Thy *sav*ing | health a | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | people | praise Thee.
4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously * and *gov*ern the | nations · up | on · = | earth.
5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | people | praise Thee.
6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God*, shall | give · = | us His | blessing.
2nd part 7 *God* shall | bless · = | us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear · = | Him.

Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

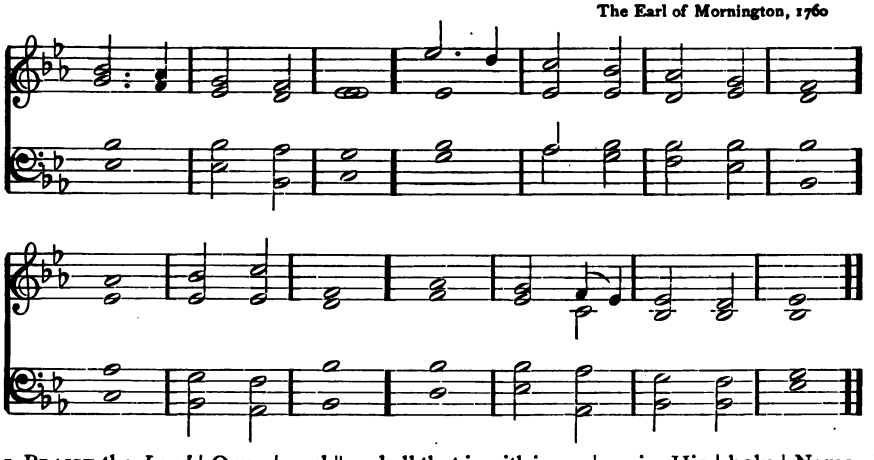
373 The Lord's Prayer

Gregorian

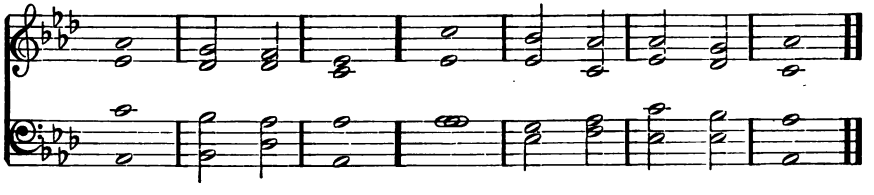


1 Our Father which art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | Name; ||
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in | earth · as it | is in | heaven;
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for | give our | debtors;
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de | liver | us from | evil; ||
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A · = | men.

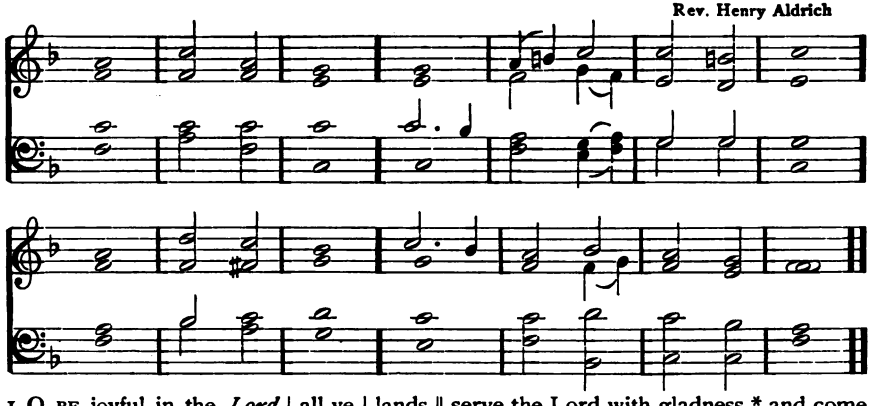
374 Benedic, Anima mea

The Earl of Mornington, 1760

1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is with*in* me | praise His | holy | Name.
2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || *and* for | get not | all His | benefits:
3 Who for*give*th | all thy | sin || and *heal*eth | all · = | thine in | firmities;
4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.
5 O praise the LORD ye angels of His * *ye* that ex | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His commandment * and *hark*en un | to the | voice · of His | word.
6 O praise the *Lord*, all | ye His | hosts || ye *serv*ants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
2nd part 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His * in all *pla*ces of | His do | minion || praise *thou* the | Lord · = | O my | soul.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

375 Gloria Patri

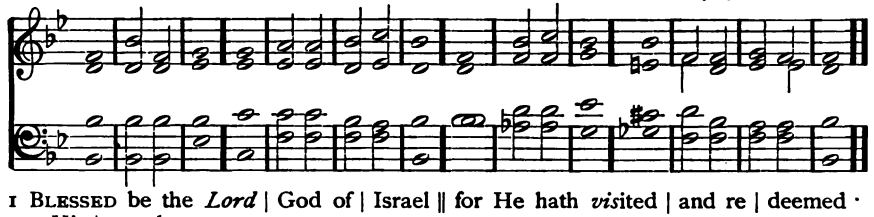
Hart

GLORY be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

376 Jubilate Deo

Rev. Henry Aldrich

1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness * and come be*fore* His | presence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us * and not we ourselves * we are His people, *and* the | sheep of | His · = | pasture.
3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving * and *in*to His | courts with | praise || be thankful unto *Him*, and | speak good | of His | Name.
4 For the Lord is gracious * His *mer*cy is | ever | lasting || and His truth endureth from *gen*er | ation · to | gener | ation.

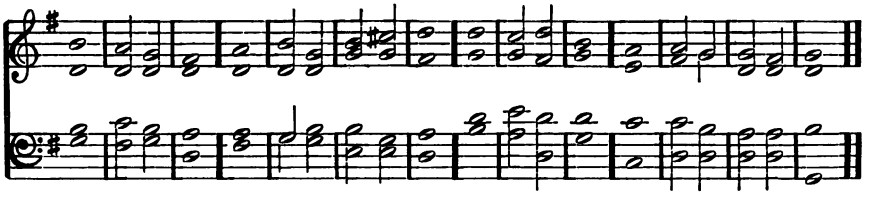
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

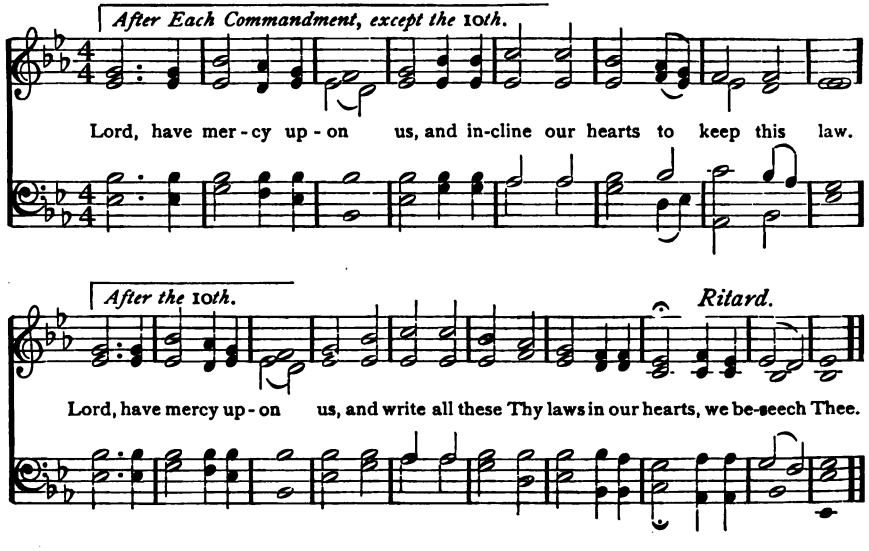
377 Benedictus

Arr. from Beethoven

1 BLESSED be the *Lord* | God of | Israel || for He hath *vis*ited | and re | deemed · His | people;
2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal | vation | for us || in the *house* | of His | servant | David;
3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | holy | prophets || which have *been* | since the | world be | gan;
4 That we should be *sav*ed | from our | enemies || and *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

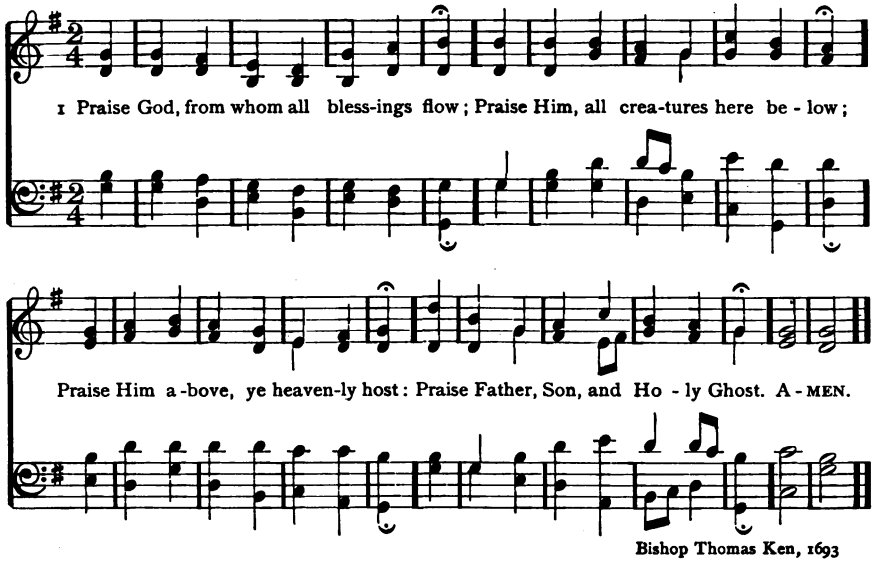
378 Bonum est Confiteri

Edward J. Hopkins

1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* un | to the | Lord || and to sing praises *un*to Thy | Name · = | O Most | Highest;
2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the | night · = | season;
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings * *and* up | on the | lute || upon a loud *in*strument | and up | on the | harp.
4 For Thou, Lord * hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving *praise* * for the oper | ations | of Thy | hands.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning * is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

379 Responses to the Commandments

After Each Commandment, except the 10th.
Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th.
Ritard.
Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech Thee.

Doxologies

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M. Genevan Psalter, 1551


1 Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host: Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - MEN.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693

S. M.

WE give Thee glory, Lord,
Thy majesty adore;
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We bless for evermore.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

GREAT God of earth and heaven,
To Thee our songs we raise;
To Thee be glory given
And everlasting praise:
We joyfully confess Thee,
Eternal Triune God;
We magnify, we bless Thee,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872

7. 7. 7. 7.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

8. 7. 8. 7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Anon., 1827

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

PRAISE the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1836

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Responsive Readings

from

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in the

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NOTE

THE following selections are arranged to be read by the Minister and the People responsively, according to their original structure and design.

The lines printed in Roman letters are to be read by the Minister.

The lines set inward from the margin, and printed in black letters, are to be read by the People.

The lines printed in small capitals are to be read by the Minister and the People together.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

PSALM I

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The wicked are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

PSALM II

Why do the nations rage,
And the peoples imagine a vain thing?
The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together,
Against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying,
Let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.
He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:
The Lord shall have them in derision.
Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,
And vex them in his sore displeasure:
Yet I have set my king
Upon my holy hill of Zion.
I will tell of the decree:
The Lord said unto me, Thou art my son;
This day have I begotten thee.
Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance,
And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
Now therefore be wise, O ye kings:
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
Serve the Lord with fear,
And rejoice with trembling.
Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish in the way,
For his wrath will soon be kindled.
BLESSED ARE ALL THEY THAT PUT THEIR TRUST IN HIM.

PSALM VIII

O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God,

And crownest him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen,

Yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,

Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD, OUR LORD,

HOW EXCELLENT IS THY NAME IN ALL THE EARTH!

PSALM XV

Lord, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?

Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,

And speaketh truth in his heart.

He that slandereth not with his tongue,

Nor doeth evil to his friend,

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised;

But he honoureth them that fear the Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury,

Nor taketh reward against the innocent.

HE THAT DOETH THESE THINGS SHALL NEVER BE MOVED.

PSALM XVI

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I *put my trust.*

I have said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord:

I have no good beyond thee.

As for the saints that are in the earth,

They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that exchange the Lord for another god:

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,

Nor take their names upon my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:

Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel:

Yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me:

Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol;

Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life:

In thy presence is fulness of joy;

In thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PSALM XVIII

I love thee, O Lord, my strength.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

My God, my strong rock, in him will I trust;

My shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower.

I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised:

So shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The cords of death compassed me,

And the floods of ungodliness made me afraid.

The cords of Sheol were round about me:

The snares of death came upon me.

In my distress I called upon the Lord,

And cried unto my God:

He heard my voice out of his temple,

And my cry before him came into his ears.

Then the earth shook and trembled,

The foundations also of the mountains moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.

There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured:

Coals were kindled by it.

He bowed the heavens also, and came down;

And thick darkness was under his feet.

And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly:

Yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.

He made darkness his hiding place, his pavilion round about him;

Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies.

At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire.

The Lord also thundered in the heavens,

And the Most High uttered his voice; hailstones and coals of fire.

And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them;

Yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them.

Then the channels of waters appeared, and the foundations of the world were laid bare, at thy rebuke, O Lord,

At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

He sent from on high, he took me; he drew me out of many waters.

He delivered me from my strong enemy,

And from them that hated me, for they were too mighty for me.

They came upon me in the day of my calamity:

But the Lord was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a large place;

He delivered me, because he delighted in me.

The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness;

According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the Lord,

And have not wickedly departed from my God.

For all his judgments were before me,

And I put not away his statutes from me.

I was also perfect with him,

And I kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness,

According to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful;

With the perfect man thou wilt shew thyself perfect;

With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure;

And with the perverse thou wilt shew thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people;

But the haughty eyes thou wilt bring down.

For thou wilt light my lamp:

The Lord my God will lighten my darkness.

For by thee I run upon a troop;

And by my God do I leap over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect:

The word of the Lord is tried; he is a shield unto all them that trust in him.

For who is God, save the Lord?

And who is a rock, beside our God?

The God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet: and setteth me upon my high places.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation:

And thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, and my feet have not slipped.

PSALM XIX

The heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,

And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language;

Their voice cannot be heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth,

And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven,

And his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, *making wise* the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

In keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors?

Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH AND THE MEDITATION OF MY HEART BE ACCEPTABLE IN THY SIGHT, O LORD, MY ROCK, AND MY REDEEMER.

PSALM XX

The Lord answer thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob set thee up on high;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

We will triumph in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners:

The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed;

He will answer him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:

But we will make mention of the name of the Lord our God.

They are bowed down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.
Save, Lord: let the King answer us when we call.

PSALM XXIII

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM XXIV

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

PSALM XXV

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
O my God, in thee have I trusted,
Let me not be ashamed;
Let not mine enemies triumph over me.
Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed:
They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.
Shew me thy ways, O Lord;
Teach me thy paths.
Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;
For thou art the God of my salvation;
On thee do I wait all the day.
Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses;
For they have been ever of old.
Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:
According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me,
For thy goodness' sake, O Lord.
Good and upright is the Lord:
Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.
The meek will he guide in judgment:

And the meek will he teach his way.
All the paths of the Lord are lovingkindness and truth
Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.
For thy name's sake, O Lord,
Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.
What man is he that feareth the Lord?
Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.
His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his seed shall inherit the land.
The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him;
And he will shew them his covenant.
Mine eyes are cver toward the Lord;
For he shall pluck my feet out of the net.
Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me;
For I am desolate and afflicted.
The troubles of my heart are enlarged:
O bring thou me out of my distresses.
Consider mine affliction and my travail;
And forgive all my sins.
Consider mine enemies, for they are many;
And they hate me with cruel hatred.
O keep my soul, and deliver me:
Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.
Let integrity and uprightness preserve me,
For I wait on thee.
Redeem Israel, O God,
Out of all his troubles.

PSALM XXVII

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,
Even mine adversaries and my foes, they *stumbled* and fell.
Though an host should encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear:
Though war should rise against me,
Even then will I be confident.
One thing have I asked of the Lord, that will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.
For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion:
In the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me;
He shall lift me up upon a rock.
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;
And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice:
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.
Hide not thy face from me;
Put not thy servant away in anger:
Thou hast been my help;
Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
For my father and my mother have forsaken me,
But the Lord will take me up.
Teach me thy way, O Lord;
And lead me in a plain path,
Because of mine enemies.
Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:
For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord
In the land of the living.
Wait on the Lord:
Be strong, and let thine heart take courage;
Yea, wait thou on the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII

Unto thee, O Lord, will I call;
My rock, be not thou deaf unto me:
Lest, if thou be silent unto me,
I become like them that go down into the pit.
Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee,
When I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.
Blessed be the Lord,
Because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.
The Lord is my strength and my shield;
My heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped:
Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth;
And with my song will I praise him.
The Lord is their strength,
And he is a strong hold of salvation to his anointed.
Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance:
Feed them also, and bear them up for ever.

PSALM XXIX

Give unto the Lord, O ye sons of the mighty,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth,
Even the Lord upon many waters.
The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars;
Yea, the Lord breaketh in pieces the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young wild-ox.
The voice of the Lord cleaveth the flames of fire.
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness;
The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.
The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve,
And strippeth the forests bare:
And in his temple everything saith, Glory.
The Lord sat as king at the Flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth as king for ever.
The Lord will give strength unto his people;
The Lord will bless his people with peace.

PSALM XXX

I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast raised me up,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.
O Lord my God,
I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.
O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from Sheol:
Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.
Sing praise unto the Lord, O ye saints of his,
And give thanks to his holy name.

For his anger is but for a moment;
In his favor is life:
Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning.
As for me, I said in my prosperity,
I shall never be moved.
Thou, Lord, of thy favour hadst made my mountain to stand strong:
Thou didst hide thy face; I was troubled.
I cried to thee, O Lord;
And unto the Lord I made supplication:
What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?
Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?
Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me:
Lord, be thou my helper.
Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing;
Thou hast loosed my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness:
To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.
O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

PSALM XXXI

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed:
Deliver me in thy righteousness.
Bow down thine ear unto me; deliver me speedily:
Be thou to me a strong rock, an house of defence to save me.
For thou art my rock and my fortress;
Therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.
Pluck me out of the net that they have laid privily for me;
For thou art my strong hold.
Into thine hand I commend my spirit:
Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth.
I hate them that regard lying vanities:
But I trust in the Lord.
I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy:
For thou hast seen my affliction;
Thou hast known my soul in adversities:
And thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy;
Thou hast set my feet in a large place.
Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in distress:
Mine eye wasteth away with grief, yea, my soul and my body.
For my life is spent with sorrow, and my years with sighing:
But I trusted in thee, O Lord:
I said, Thou art my God.
My times are in thy hand:
Make thy face to shine upon thy servant:
Save me in thy lovingkindness.
Let me be not ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee:
Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee,
Which thou hast wrought for them that put their trust in thee, before the sons of men!
In the covert of thy presence shalt thou hide them from the plottings of man:
Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.
Blessed be the Lord:
For he hath shewed me his marvellous lovingkindness in a strong city.
As for me, I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes:
Nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.
O love the Lord, all ye his saints:
The Lord preserveth the faithful,
And plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.
BE STRONG, AND LET YOUR HEART TAKE COURAGE,
ALL YE THAT HOPE IN THE LORD.

Responsive Readings

PSALM XXXII

Blessed is he whose trangression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,

And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old

Through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:

My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid:

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;

And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:

Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;

Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:

I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:

Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in,

Else they will not come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:

But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous:

And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

PSALM XXXIII

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous:

Praise is comely for the upright.

Give thanks unto the Lord with harp:

Sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song;

Play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right;

And all his work is done in faithfulness.

He loveth righteousness and judgment:

The earth is full of the lovingkindness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made;

And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap:

He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord:

Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done;

He commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought:

He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth fast for ever,

The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord;

The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven;

He beholdeth all the sons of men;

From the place of his habitation he looketh forth

Upon all the inhabitants of the earth;

He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,

That considereth all their works.
There is no king saved by the multitude of an host:
A mighty man is not delivered by great strength.
An horse is a vain thing for safety:
Neither shall he deliver any by his great power.
Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his mercy;
To deliver their soul from death,
And to keep them alive in famine.
Our soul hath waited for the Lord:
He is our help and our shield.
For our heart shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name.
Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us,
According as we have hoped in thee.

PSALM XXXIV

I will bless the Lord at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord:
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.
O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
I sought the Lord, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces shall never be confounded.
This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.
The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.
O taste and see that the Lord is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
O fear the Lord, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.
The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.
The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
The righteous cried, and the Lord heard,
And delivered them out of all their troubles.
The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.
Evil shall slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.
The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants:
And none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

Responsive Readings

PSALM XXXVII

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.
For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
Trust in the Lord, and do good;
Dwell in the land, and follow after faithfulness.
Delight thyself also in the Lord;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.
And he shall make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.
Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
Cease from anger, and forsake wrath
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing.
For evil-doers shall be cut off:
But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the land.
For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.
But the meek shall inherit the land;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.
The wicked plotteth against the just,
And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.
The Lord shall laugh at him:
For he seeth that his day is coming.
The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow;
To cast down the poor and needy,
To slay such as be upright in the way:
Their sword shall enter into their own heart,
And their bows shall be broken.
Better is a little that the righteous hath
Than the abundance of many wicked.
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken:
But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.
The Lord knoweth the days of the perfect:
And their inheritance shall be for ever.
They shall not be ashamed in the time of evil:
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.
But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the excellency of the pastures:
They shall consume; in smoke shall they consume away.
The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again:
But the righteous dealeth graciously, and giveth.
For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the land;
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.
A man's goings are established of the Lord;
And he delighteth in his way.
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,
Nor his seed begging their bread.
All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.
Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints;
They are preserved for ever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein for ever.
The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom,
And his tongue speaketh judgment.
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.
The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
The Lord will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.
Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.
But one passed by, and, lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
For the latter end of that man is peace.
As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together:
The latter end of the wicked shall be cut off.
But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord:
He is their strong hold in the time of trouble.
And the Lord helpeth them, and rescueth them:
He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them,
Because they have taken refuge in *him.*

PSALM XL

I waited patiently for the Lord;
And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay;
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.
And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:
Many shall see it, and fear,
And shall trust in the Lord.
Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust,
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.
Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done,
And thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
They cannot be set in order unto thee;
If I would declare and speak of them,
They are more than can be numbered.
Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in;
Mine ears hast thou opened:
Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.
Then said I, Lo, I am come;
In the roll of the book it is written of me:
I delight to do thy will, O my God;
Yea, thy law is within my heart.
I have published righteousness in the great congregation;
Lo, I will not refrain my lips,
O Lord, thou knowest.
I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart;
I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:
I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.
Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:

Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.
For innumerable evils have compassed me about,
Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;
They are more than the hairs of mine head, and my heart hath failed me.
Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me:
Make haste to help me, O Lord.
Let them be ashamed and confounded together
That seek after my soul to destroy it:
Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonour
That delight in my hurt.
Let them be desolate by reason of their shame
That say unto me, Aha, Aha.
Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:
Let such as love thy salvation say continually,
The Lord be magnified.
But I am poor and needy;
Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:
Thou art my help and my deliverer;
Make no tarrying, O my God.

PSALM XLII

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,
How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
For the health of his countenance.
O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day-time,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.
I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLVI

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
Come, behold the works of the Lord,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM XLVIII

Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.
Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth,
Is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
The city of the great King.
God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.
For, lo, the kings assembled themselves,
They passed by together.
They saw it, then were they amazed;
They were dismayed, they hasted away.
Trembling took hold of them there;
Pain, as of a woman in travail.
With the east wind
Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish.
As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God:
God will establish it for ever.
We have thought on thy lovingkindness, O God,
In the midst of thy temple.
As is thy name, O God,
So is thy praise unto the ends of the earth:
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
Let mount Zion be glad,
Let the daughters of Judah rejoice,
Because of thy judgments.
Walk about Zion, and go round about her:
Tell the towers thereof.
Mark ye well her bulwarks,
Consider her palaces;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
For this God is our God for ever and ever:
He will be our guide even unto death.

PSALM LI

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
Wash me throughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.
Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight:

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.
Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.
Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:
And uphold me with a free spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
Then shalt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness, in burnt offering and whole burnt offering:
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

A SELECTION FROM PSALMS LXI, LXII, LXIII

Hear my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
For thou hast been a refuge for me,
A strong tower from the enemy.
I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever:
I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.
For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.
My soul waiteth only upon God:
From him cometh my salvation.
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.
My soul, wait thou only upon God;
For my expectation is from him.
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be moved.
With God is my salvation and my glory:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
Trust in him at all times, ye people;
Pour out your heart before him:
God is a refuge for us.
Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:
In the balances they will go up;
They are together lighter than vanity.
Trust not in oppression,
And become not vain in robbery:
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.

God hath spoken once,
Twice have I heard this;
That power belongeth unto God:
Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy:
For thou renderest to every man according to his work.
O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,
In a dry and weary land, where no water is.
So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary,
To see thy power and thy glory.
For thy lovingkindness is better than life;
My lips shall praise thee.
So will I bless thee while I live:
I will lift up my hands in thy name.
My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;
When I remember thee upon my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night watches.
For thou hast been my help,
And in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
My soul followeth hard after thee:
Thy right hand upholdeth me.

A SELECTION FROM PSALMS LXV, LXVI

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.
Iniquities prevail against me:
As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.
***Blessed is the man* whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee,**
That he may dwell in thy courts:
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house,
The holy place of thy temple.
By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness,
O God of our salvation;
Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are afar off upon the sea:
Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains;
Being girded about with might:
Which stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves,
And the tumult of the peoples.
They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,
Thou greatly enrichest it;
The river of God is full of water:
Thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.
Thou waterest her furrows abundantly;
Thou settlest the ridges thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers;
Thou blessest the springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the hills are girded with joy.
The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:
Sing forth the glory of his name:
Make his praise glorious.
O bless our God, ye peoples,
And make the voice of his praise to be heard:
Which holdeth our soul in life,
And suffereth not our feet to be moved.
For thou, O God, hast proved us:
Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.
Come, and hear, all ye that fear God,
And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.
I cried unto him with my mouth,
And he was extolled with my tongue.
If I regard iniquity in my heart,
The Lord will not hear:
But verily God hath heard;
He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
Blessed be God,
Which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

A SELECTION FROM PSALMS LXVII, LXVIII, LXIX

God be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the peoples with equity,
And govern the nations upon earth.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.
The earth hath yielded her increase:
God, even our own God, shall bless us.
God shall bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.
Sing unto God, sing praises to his name:
Cast up a high way for him that rideth through the deserts;
His name is JAH; and exult ye before him.
A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows,
Is God in his holy habitation.
God setteth the solitary in families:
He bringeth out the prisoners into prosperity:
But the rebellious dwell in a parched land.
Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden,
Even the God who is our salvation.
God is unto us a God of deliverances;
And unto Jehovah the Lord belong the issues from death.
Bless ye God in the congregations,
Even the Lord, ye that are of the fountain of Israel.
Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;
O sing praises unto the Lord;
To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which are of old;
Lo, he uttereth his voice, and that a mighty voice.
Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel,
And his strength is in the skies.
O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:
The God of Israel, he giveth strength and power unto his people.
Ye that seek after God, let your heart live.
For the Lord heareth the needy,
And despiseth not his prisoners.
Let heaven and earth praise him,
The seas, and every thing that moveth therein.
For God will save Zion, and build the cities of Judah;

And they shall abide there, and have it in possession.
The seed also of his servants shall inherit it;
And they that love his name shall dwell therein.

PSALM LXXII

Give the king thy judgments, O God,
And thy righteousness unto the king's son.
He shall judge thy people with righteousness,
And thy poor with judgment.
The mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the hills, in righteousness.
He shall judge the poor of the people,
He shall save the children of the needy,
And shall break in pieces the oppressor.
They shall fear thee while the sun endureth,
And so long as the moon, throughout all generations.
He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:
As showers that water the earth.
In his days shall the righteous flourish;
And abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.
He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,
And from the River unto the ends of the earth.
They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;
And his enemies shall lick the dust.
The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:
All nations shall serve him.
For he shall deliver the needy when he *crieth;*
And the poor, that hath no helper.
He shall have pity on the poor and needy,
And the souls of the needy he shall save.
He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence;
And precious shall their blood be in his sight:
And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
And men shall pray for him continually;
They shall bless him all the day long.
There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.
His name shall endure for ever;
His name shall be continued as long as the sun:
And men shall be blessed in him;
All nations shall call him happy.
Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things:
And blessed be his glorious name for ever;
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.
AMEN, AND AMEN.

PSALM LXXIII

Surely God is good to Israel,
Even to such as are pure in heart.
But as for me, my feet were almost gone;
My steps had well nigh slipped.
For I was envious at the arrogant,
When I saw the prosperity of the wicked.
For there are no bands in their death:
But their strength is firm.
They are not in trouble as other men;
Neither are they plagued like other men.

Therefore pride is as a chain about their neck;
Violence covereth them as a garment.
Their eyes stand out with fatness:
They have more than heart could wish.
They scoff, and in wickedness utter oppression:
They speak loftily.
They have set their mouth in the heavens,
And their tongue walketh through the earth.
Therefore his people return hither:
And waters of a full cup are wrung out by them.
And they say, How doth God know?
And is there knowledge in the Most High?
Behold, these are the wicked;
And, being alway at ease, they increase in riches.
Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart,
And washed my hands in innocency;
For all the day long have I been plagued,
And chastened every morning.
If I had said, I will speak thus;
Behold, I had dealt treacherously with the generation of thy children.
When I thought how I might know this,
It was too painful for me;
Until I went into the sanctuary of God,
And considered their latter end.
Surely thou settest them in slippery places:
Thou castest them down to destruction.
How are they become a desolation in a moment!
They are utterly consumed with terrors.
As a dream when one awaketh;
So, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.
For my heart was grieved,
And I was pricked in my reins:
So brutish was I, and ignorant;
I was as a beast before thee.
Nevertheless I am continually with thee:
Thou hast holden my right hand.
Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel,
And afterward receive me to glory.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.
My flesh and my heart faileth:
But God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.
For, lo, they that are far from thee shall perish:
Thou hast destroyed all them that go a whoring from thee.
But it is good for me to draw near unto God:
I have made the Lord God my refuge,
That I may tell of all thy works.

PSALM LXXXIV

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;
My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My King, and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the highways to Zion.
Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;
Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and a shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
O LORD OF HOSTS,
BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN THEE.

PSALM LXXXVI

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and answer me;
For I am poor and needy.
Preserve my soul; for I am godly:
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.
Be merciful unto me, O Lord;
For unto thee do I cry all the day long.
Rejoice the soul of thy servant;
For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive,
And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.
Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer;
And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.
In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee;
For thou wilt answer me.
There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord;
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.
All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;
And they shall glorify thy name.
For thou art great, and doest wondrous things:
Thou art God alone.
Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth:
Unite my heart to fear thy name.
I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart;
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.
For great is thy mercy toward me;
And thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit.
O God, the proud are risen up against me,
And the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul,
And have not set thee before them.
But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth.
O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;
Give thy strength unto thy servant,
And save the son of thine handmaid.
Shew me a token for good;
That they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed,
Because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

PSALM LXXXIX

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever:
With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever;
Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.
I have made a covenant with my chosen,
I have sworn unto David my servant;
Thy seed will I establish for ever,
And build up thy throne to all generations.
And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord;
Thy faithfulness also in the assembly of the holy ones.
For who in the skies can be compared unto the Lord?
Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto the Lord,
A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones,
And to be feared above all them that are round about him?
O Lord God of hosts,
Who is a mighty one, like unto thee, O JAH?
And thy faithfulness is round about thee.
Thou rulest the pride of the sea:
When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.
Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;
Thou hast scattered thine enemies with the arm of thy strength.
The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:
The world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.
The north and the south, thou hast created them:
Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name.
Thou hast a mighty arm:
Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.
Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of thy throne:
Mercy and truth go before thy face.
Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:
They walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.
In thy name do they rejoice all the day:
And in thy righteousness are they exalted.

PSALM XC

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place
In all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
For we are consumed in thine anger,
And in thy wrath are we troubled.
Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.
The days of our years are threescore years and ten,
Or even by reason of strength fourscore years;

Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow;
For it is soon gone, and we fly away.
Who knoweth the power of thine anger,
And thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?
So teach us to number our days,
That we may get us an heart of wisdom.
Return, O Lord; how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory upon their children.
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM XCI

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;
My God, in whom I trust.
For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his pinions,
And under his wings shalt thou take refuge:
His truth is a shield and a buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror *by night,*
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,
And see the reward of the wicked.
For thou, O Lord, art my refuge!
Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;
There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under feet.
Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble:
I will deliver him, and honour him.
With long life will I satisfy him,
And shew him my salvation.

PSALM XCII

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:
To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night,
With an instrument of ten strings, and with the psaltery;

With a solemn sound upon the harp.
For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work:
I will triumph in the works of thy hands.
How great are thy works, O Lord!
Thy thoughts are very deep.
A brutish man knoweth not;
Neither doth a fool understand this:
When the wicked spring as the grass,
And when all the workers of iniquity do flourish;
It is that they shall be destroyed for ever
But thou, O Lord, art on high for evermore.
For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
For, lo, thine enemies shall perish;
All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.
But my horn hast thou exalted like the horn of the wild-ox:
I am anointed with fresh oil.
Mine eye also hath seen my desire on mine enemies,
Mine ears have heard my desire of the evil-doers that rise up against me.
The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree:
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
They that are planted in the house of the Lord
Shall flourish in the courts of our God.
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be full of sap and green:
To shew that the Lord is upright;
He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

PSALM XCV

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The heights of the mountains are his also.
The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down;
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:
For he is our God,
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
To-day, Oh that ye would hear his voice!
Harden not your heart, as at Meribah,
As in the day of Massah in the wilderness:
When your fathers tempted me,
Proved me, and saw my work.
Forty years long was I grieved with that generation,
And said, It is a people that do err in their heart,
And they have not known my ways:
Wherefore I sware in my wrath,
That they should not enter into my rest.

PSALM XCVI

O sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name;
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the nations,
His marvellous works among all the peoples.
For great is the Lord, and highly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the peoples are idols:
But the Lord made the heavens.
Honour and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:
Tremble before him, all the earth.
Say among the nations, The Lord reigneth:
The world also is stablished that it cannot be moved:
He shall judge the peoples with equity.
Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
Let the field exult, and all that is therein;
Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy;
Before the Lord, for he cometh;
For he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with his truth.

PSALM XCVII

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;
Let the multitude of isles be glad.
Clouds and darkness are round about him:
Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne.
A fire goeth before him,
And burneth up his adversaries round about.
His lightnings lightened the world:
***The earth saw,* and trembled.**
The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord,
At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.
The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the peoples have seen his glory.
Ashamed be all they that serve graven images,
That boast themselves of idols:
Worship him, all ye gods.
Zion heard and was glad,
And the daughters of Judah rejoiced;
Because of thy judgments, O Lord.
For thou, Lord, art most high above all the earth:
Thou art exalted far above all gods.
O ye that love the Lord, hate evil:
He preserveth the souls of his saints;
He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.
Light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart.
Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous;
And give thanks to his holy name.

PSALM XCVIII

O sing unto the Lord a new song;
For he hath done marvellous things:
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.
The Lord hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the nations.
He hath remembered his mercy and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.
Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp;

With the harp and the voice of melody.
With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;
Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together;
Before the Lord, for he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with equity.

PSALM C

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.
For the Lord is good; his mercy endureth for ever;
AND HIS FAITHFULNESS UNTO ALL GENERATIONS.

PSALM CIII

Bless the Lord, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies:
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.
The Lord executeth righteous acts,
And judgments for all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His doings unto the children of Israel.
The Lord is full of compassion and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.
As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;
To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his precepts to do them.
The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye angels of his :
Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil his word,
Hearkening unto the voice of his word.
Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts ;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless the Lord, all ye his works,
In all places of his dominion :
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

PSALM CIV

Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment ;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain :
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters ;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot ;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind :
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire :
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture ;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled ;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away ;
They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over ;
***That* they turn not again to cover *the earth*.**
He sendeth forth springs into the valleys ;
They run among the mountains :
They give drink to every beast of the field ;
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the fowl of the heaven have their habitation,
They sing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from his chambers :
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man ;
That he may bring forth food out of the earth :
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the Lord are satisfied ;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted ;
Where the birds make their nests :
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high mountains are for the wild goats ;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.
He appointed the moon for seasons :
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night ;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labour until the evening.
O Lord, how manifold are thy works !
In wisdom hast thou made them all :
The earth is full of thy riches.
Yonder is the sea, great and wide,

Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships;
There is leviathan, whom thou hast formed to take his pastime therein.
These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
That thou givest unto them they gather;
Thou openest thine hand, they are satisfied with good.
Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;
Thou takest away their breath, they die,
And return to their dust.
Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created;
And thou renewest the face of the ground.
Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever;
Let the Lord rejoice in his works:
Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;
He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.
I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.
Let my meditation be sweet unto him:
I will rejoice in the Lord.
Let sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.
Bless the Lord, O my soul.
Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;
And gathered them out of the lands,
From the east and from the west,
From the north and from the south.
They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way;
They found no city of habitation.
Hungry and thirsty,
Their soul fainted in them.
Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their distresses.
He led them also by a straight way,
That they might go to a city of habitation.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
For he satisfieth the longing soul,
And the hungry soul he filleth with good.
Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death,
Being bound in affliction and iron;
Because they rebelled against the words of God,
And contemned the counsel of the Most High:
Therefore he brought down their heart with labour;
They fell down, and there was none to help.
Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he saved them out of their distresses.
He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death,
And brake their bands in sunder.
Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
For he hath broken the gates of brass,
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.
Fools because of their transgression,
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.
Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;

And they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,

And he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sendeth his word, and healeth them,

And delivereth them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,

And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,

And declare his works with singing.

PSALM CXI

Praise ye the Lord.

I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart,

In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great,

Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honour and majesty:

And his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him:

He will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works,

In giving them the heritage of the nations.

The works of his hands are truth and judgment;

All his precepts are sure.

They are established for ever and ever,

They are done in truth and uprightness.

He hath sent redemption unto his people;

He hath commanded his covenant for ever:

Holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;

A good understanding have all they that do thereafter:

His praise endureth for ever.

PSALM CXII

Praise ye the Lord.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord,

That delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth:

The generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches are in his house:

And his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:

He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

Well is it with the man that dealeth graciously and lendeth;

He shall maintain his cause in judgment.

For he shall never be moved;

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:

His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,

Until he see his desire upon his adversaries.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the needy;

His righteousness endureth for ever:

His horn shall be exalted with honour.

The wicked shall see it, and be grieved;
He shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away:
The desire of the wicked shall perish.

PSALM CXVI

I love the Lord, because he hath heard
My voice and my supplications.
Because he hath inclined his ear unto me,
Therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.
The cords of death compassed me,
And the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me:
I found trouble and sorrow.
Then called I upon the name of the Lord;
O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.
Gracious is the Lord, and righteous;
Yea, our God is merciful.
The Lord preserveth the simple:
I was brought low, and he saved me.
Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
For thou hast delivered my soul from death,
Mine eyes from tears,
And my feet from falling.
I will walk before the Lord
In the land of the living.
I believe, for I will speak:
I was greatly afflicted:
I said in my haste,
All men are a lie.
What shall I render unto the Lord
For all his benefits toward me?
I will take the cup of salvation,
And call upon the name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows unto the Lord,
Yea, in the presence of all his people.
Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of his saints.
O Lord, truly I am thy servant:
I am thy servant, the son of thine handmaid;
Thou hast loosed my bonds.
I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,
And will call upon the name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows unto the Lord,
Yea, in the presence of all his people;
In the courts of the Lord's house,
In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXVIII

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
Let Israel now say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
Let the house of Aaron now say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
Let them now that fear the Lord say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
Out of my distress I called upon the Lord:
The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.
The Lord is on my side; I will not fear:
What can man do unto me?
It is better to trust in the Lord
Than to put confidence in man.
It is better to trust in the Lord
Than to put confidence in princes.
The Lord is my strength and song;
And he is become my salvation.
The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.
The right hand of the Lord is exalted:
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.
I shall not die, but live,
And declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord hath chastened me sore:
But he hath not given me over unto death.
Open to me the gates of righteousness:
I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.
This is the gate of the Lord;
The righteous shall enter into it.
I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me,
And art become my salvation.
The stone which the builders rejected
Is become the head of the corner.
This is the Lord's doing;
It is marvellous in our eyes.
This is the day which the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord:
O Lord we beseech thee, send now prosperity.
Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:
We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

PSALM CXIX

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
By taking heed thereto according to thy word.
With my whole heart have I sought thee:
O let me not wander from thy commandments.
Thy word have I laid up in mine heart,
That I might not sin against thee.
Blessed art thou, O Lord:
Teach me thy statutes.
With my lips have I declared
All the judgments of thy mouth.
I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies,
As much as in all riches.
I will meditate in thy precepts,
And have respect unto thy ways.
I will delight myself in thy statutes:
I will not forget thy word.
Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live;
So will I observe thy word.
Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold
Wondrous things out of thy law.
I am a sojourner in the earth:
Hide not thy commandments from me.
My soul breaketh for the longing
That it hath unto thy judgments at all times.
Thou hast rebuked the proud that are cursed,
Which do wander from thy commandments.
Take away from me reproach and contempt;
For I have kept thy testimonies.
Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes;
And I shall keep it unto the end.
Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

PSALM CXXI

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

PSALM CXXII

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go unto the house of the Lord.
Our feet are standing
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem;
Jerusalem, that art builded
As a city that is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord,
For a testimony unto Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
For there are set thrones for judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
For the sake of the house of the Lord our God
I will seek thy good.

PSALM CXXV

They that trust in the Lord
Are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.
As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
So the Lord is round about his people,
From this time forth and for evermore.
For the sceptre of wickedness shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;
That the righteous put not forth their hands unto iniquity.
Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good,
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
But as for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,
The Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.
Peace be upon Israel.

PSALM CXXVI

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion,
We were like unto them that dream.
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing:
Then said they among the nations,
The Lord hath done great things for them.
The Lord hath done great things for us;
Whereof we are glad.
Turn again our captivity, O Lord,
As the streams in the South.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed;
He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

PSALM CXXX

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice:
Let thine ears be attentive
To the voice of my supplications.
If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
And in his word do I hope.
My soul looketh for the Lord,
More than watchmen look for the morning;
Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.

O Israel, hope in the Lord;
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous redemption.
And he shall redeem Israel
From all his iniquities.

PSALM CXXXV

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the name of the Lord;
Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord:
Ye that stand in the house of the Lord,
In the courts of the house of our God.
Praise ye the Lord; for the Lord is good:
Sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.
For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself,
And Israel for his peculiar treasure.
For I know that the Lord is great,
And that our Lord is above all gods.
Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that hath he done,
In heaven and in earth, in the seas and in all deeps.
He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth;
He maketh lightnings for the rain;
He bringeth forth the wind out of his treasuries.
Ye that fear the Lord, bless ye the Lord.
Blessed be the Lord out of Zion,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXXXVIII

I will give thee thanks with my whole heart:
Before the gods will I sing praises unto thee.
I will worship toward thy holy temple,
***And give thanks* unto thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth:**
For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.
In the day that I called thou answeredst me,
Thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.
All the kings of the earth shall give thee thanks, O Lord,
For they have heard the words of thy mouth.
Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the Lord;
For great is the glory of the Lord.
For though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:
But the haughty he knoweth from afar.
Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me;
Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies,
And thy right hand shall save me.
The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me:
Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever;
Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

PSALM CXXXIX

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising,
Thou understandest my thought afar off.
Thou searchest out my path and my lying down,
And art acquainted with all my ways.
For there is not a word in my tongue,
But, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
Thou hast beset me behind and before,
And laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,
And the light about me shall be night;
Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
For thou hast possessed my reins:
Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
I will give thanks unto thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:
Wonderful are thy works;
And that my soul knoweth right well.
My frame was not hidden from thee,
When I was made in secret,
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
Thine eyes did see mine unperfect substance,
And in thy book were all my members written,
Which day by day were fashioned,
When as yet there was none of them.
How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
When I awake, I am still with thee.
Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God:
Depart from me therefore, ye bloodthirsty men.
For they speak against thee wickedly,
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.
Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?
And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?
I hate them with perfect hatred:
I count them mine enemies.
Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts:
And see if there be any way of wickedness in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

PSALM CXLIII

Hear my prayer, O Lord; give ear to my supplications:
In thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.
And enter not into judgment with thy servant;
For in thy sight shall no man living be justified.
I remember the days of old;
I meditate on all thy doings:
I muse on the work of thy hands.
I spread forth my hands unto thee:
My soul thirsteth after thee, as a weary land.
Make haste to answer me, O Lord; my spirit faileth:
Hide not thy face from me;
Lest I become like them that go down into the pit.
Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning;
For in thee do I trust:

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk;
For I lift up my soul unto thee.
Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies:
I flee unto thee to hide me.
Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God:
Thy spirit is good; lead me in the land of uprightness.
Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake:
In thy righteousness bring my soul out of trouble.

PSALM CXLV

I will extol thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall laud thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
Of the glorious majesty of thine honour,
And of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.
And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts;
And I will declare thy greatness.
They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
The Lord is good to all;
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
All thy works shall give thanks unto *thee, O Lord;*
***And thy saints shall* bless thee.**
They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And talk of thy power;
To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
The eyes of all wait upon thee;
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
And gracious in all his works.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
The Lord preserveth all them that love him;
But all the wicked will he destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord;
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

PSALM CXLVI

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise the Lord, O my soul.
While I live will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.
Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;
In that very day his thoughts perish.
Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God:
Which made heaven and earth,
The sea, and all that in them is;
Which keepeth truth for ever:
Which executeth judgment for the oppressed;
Which giveth food to the hungry:
The Lord looseth the prisoners;
The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;
The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down;
The Lord loveth the righteous;
The Lord preserveth the strangers;
He upholdeth the fatherless and widow;
But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
The Lord shall reign for ever,
Thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVII

Praise ye the Lord;
For it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
The Lord doth build up Jerusalem;
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.
He telleth the number of the stars;
He giveth them all their names.
Great is our Lord, and mighty in power;
His understanding is infinite.
The Lord upholdeth the meek:
He bringeth the wicked down to the ground.
Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God:
Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.
The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
In those that hope in his mercy.
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.
For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;
He hath blessed thy children within thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders;
He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
He sendeth out his commandment upon earth;
His word runneth very swiftly.
He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
He sheweth his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.
He hath not dealt so with any nation:
And as for his judgments, they have not known them.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his host.
Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord:
For he commanded, and they were created.
He hath also stablished them for ever and ever:
He hath made a decree which shall not pass away.
Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire and hail, snow and vapour;
Stormy wind, fulfilling his word:
Mountains and all hills;
Fruitful trees and all cedars:
Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth and all peoples;
Princes and all judges of the earth:
Both young men and maidens;
Old men and children:
Let them praise the name of the Lord;
For his name alone is exalted:
His glory is above the earth and heaven.
And he hath lifted up the horn of his people,
The praise of all his saints;
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

SELECTIONS

THE BIRTH OF JESUS THE CHRIST

Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness,

And princes shall rule in judgment.

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;

As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness,

And righteousness shall abide in the fruitful field.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace;

And the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence for ever.

The wilderness and the sōlitary place shall be glad;

And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing;

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon:

They shall see the glory of the Lord,

The excellency of our God.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing:

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water.

And an high way shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness;

The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, they shall not be found there;

But the redeemed shall walk there: and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion;

And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:

They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned;

That she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord,

Make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low:

And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain;

O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength;

Lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him:

Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompence before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that give suck.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains:

For the Lord hath comforted his people,

And will have compassion upon his afflicted.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel;

For he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people,

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David,

Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

To shew mercy towards our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

The oath which he sware unto Abraham our father,

To grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies should serve him without fear,

In holiness and righteousness before him all our days.

Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever.

AMEN.

[From the Prophecies of Isaiah and the Gospel according to Luke]

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS THE CHRIST

But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them that are asleep.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive.

We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the

twinkling of an eye, at the last trump:

For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law:

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

But having the same spirit of faith, according to that which is written, I believed, and therefore did I speak; we also believe, and therefore also we speak;

Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also with Jesus, and shall present us with you.

Wherefore we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen:

For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God,

A house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven:

If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.

For indeed we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened;

Not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life.

Now he that wrought us for this very thing is God,

Who gave unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

Being therefore always of good courage, and knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; we are of good courage, I say,

And are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be at home with the Lord.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?

It is God that justifieth;

Who is he that shall condemn?

It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,

shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever.

Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God our Father which loved us and gave us eternal comfort and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and stablish them in every good work and word.

Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, be the blessing, and the honour, and the glory, and the dominion, for ever and ever.

Amen.

[From I Corinthians, II Corinthians, Romans, I Peter, Ephesians, II Thessalonians, Revelation]

The Work of Christian Missions

O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee,

For thou hast done wonderful things, even counsels of old, in faithfulness *and truth.*

For thou hast been a strong hold to the poor, a strong hold to the needy in his distress,

A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.

He hath swallowed up death for ever; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces;

And the reproach of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it.

And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us:

This is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.

We have a strong city; salvation will he appoint for walls and bulwarks.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth truth may enter in.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is an everlasting rock.

Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us: for thou hast also wrought all our works for us.

O Lord our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,

That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation;

That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

The voice of thy watchman! they lift up the voice, together do they sing;

For they shall see, eye to eye, when the Lord returneth to Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem:

For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing, and cry aloud,

For more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord.

Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations;

Spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes.

For thou shalt spread abroad on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall possess the nations.

Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame:

For thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and the reproach of thy widowhood shalt thou remember no more.

For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name:

And the Holy One of Israel is thy redeemer; the God of the whole earth shall he be called.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.

In overflowing wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy redeemer.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord;

And great shall be the peace of thy children.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord;

Awake, as in the days of old, the generations of ancient times.

Art thou not it which dried up the sea, the waters of the great deep;

That made the depths of the sea a way for the redeemed to pass over?

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion;

And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

[From the Prophecies of Isaiah]

The Work of Christian Missions

And it shall come to pass in the latter days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills;

And all nations shall flow unto it.

And many peoples shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob;

And he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths:

For out of Zion shall go forth the law,

And the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And he shall judge between the nations, and shall reprove many peoples:

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks:

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,

Neither shall they learn war any more.

Responsive Readings

In that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious,

And the fruit of the land shall be excellent and comely for them that are escaped of Israel.

For over all the glory shall be spread a canopy.

And there shall be a pavilion for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy:

They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it,

And to uphold it with judgment and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever.

And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse,

And a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit:

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might, the *spirit* of knowledge and of the fear *of the Lord;*

And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord:

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together:

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the root of Jesse, which standeth for an ensign of the peoples, unto him shall the nations seek;

And his resting place shall be glorious.

And in that day thou shalt say, I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and will not be afraid:

For the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and song;

And he is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the peoples, make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things:

Let this be known in all the earth.

Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion:

For great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

[From the Prophecies of Isaiah]

The Lord's Supper

Who hath believed our report?

And to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth;

As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away;

And as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living?

For the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And they made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

Although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days,

And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied:

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: and he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors:

Yet he bare the sin of many,

And made intercession for the transgressors.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat;

Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?

And your labour for that which satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye

that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,

Call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;

And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,

Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways,

And my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:

It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please,

And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy,

And be led forth with peace:

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,

And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:

And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that *shall not be cut off.*

Service for the Dedication of a Church

O Lord, the God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath;

Who keepest covenant and mercy with thy servants, that walk before thee with all their heart.

But will God in very deed dwell on the earth? Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee;

How much less this house that we have builded!

Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord my God.

That thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place whereof thou hast said, My name shall be there.

And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place:

Yea, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place; and when thou hearest, forgive.

The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us, nor forsake us:

That he may incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgments, which he commanded our fathers.

Arise, O Lord God, into thy resting place,

Thou, and the ark of thy strength:

Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation,

And let thy saints rejoice in goodness.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation.

This is my resting place for ever:

here will I dwell; for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.

Her priests also will I clothe with salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, lift up your hands to the sanctuary, and bless ye the Lord.

The Lord bless thee out of Zion; even he that made heaven and earth.

Praise ye the Lord, ye that stand in the house of the Lord.

Sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the assembly of the saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord, in the courts of the Lord's house.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord; the righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:

We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

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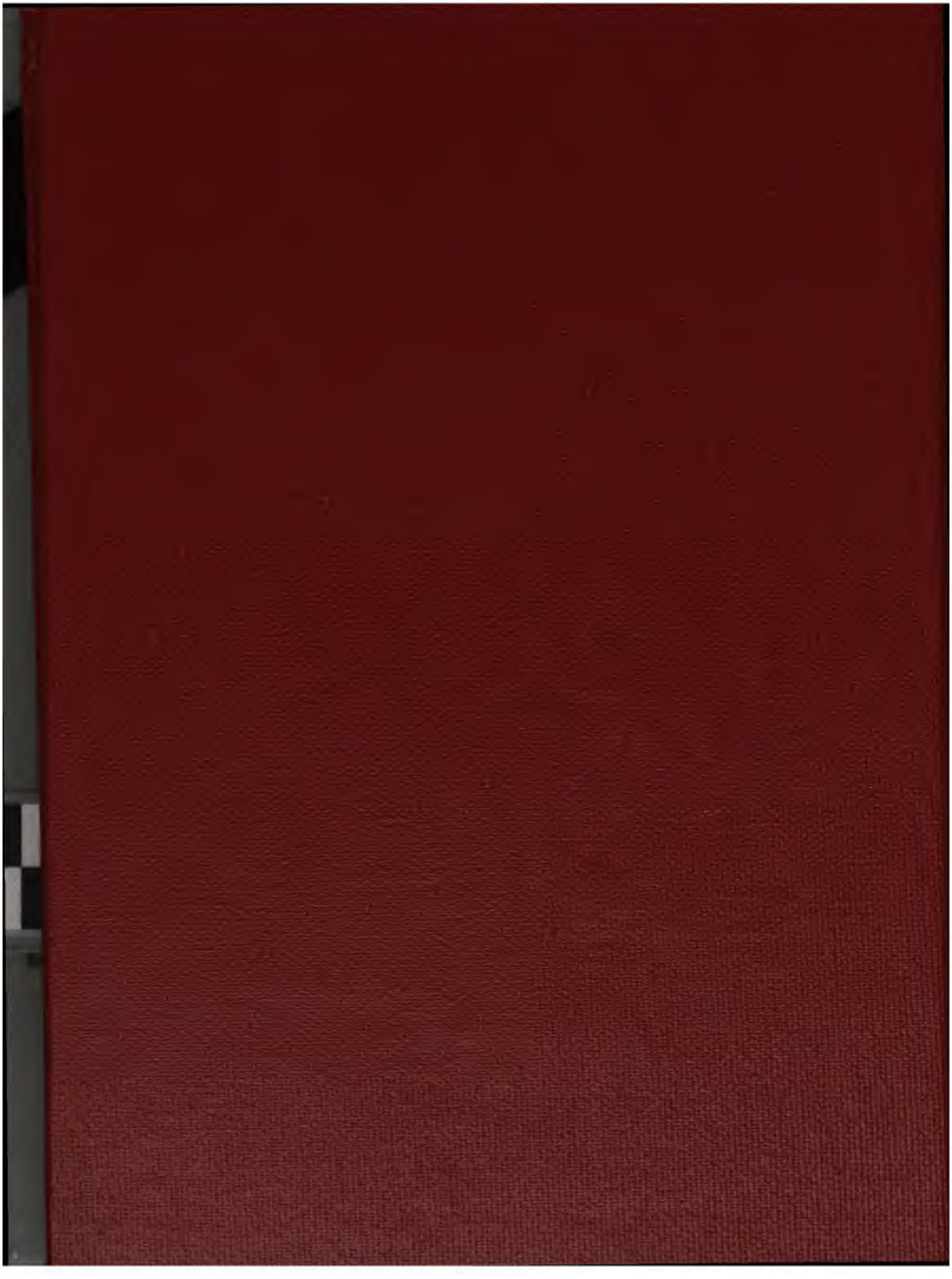
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